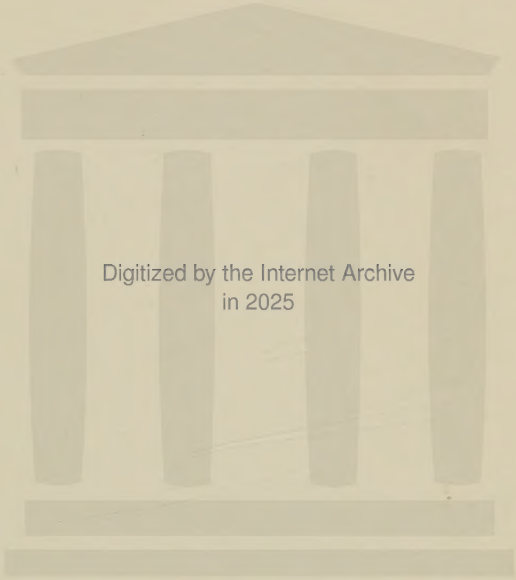
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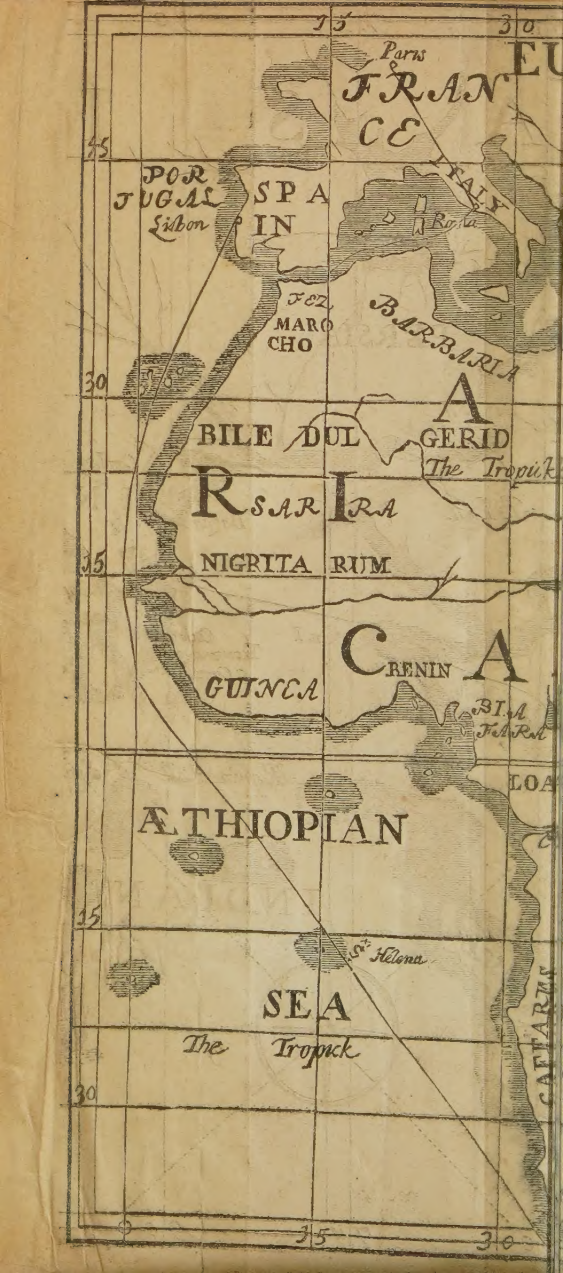
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THE LIFE

OF

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER,

Apostle of the Indies and Japan.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF

D. BARTOLI AND J. P. MAFFEI.

WITH A PREFACE

BY

THE VERY REV. DR. FABER.

MIRABILIS DEUS IN SANCTIS SUIS.
Psalm lxvii.

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1859.

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TO

The Society of Jesus,

THIS EDITION OF THE

Life and Apostolic Labors

OF ONE OF THE

MOST ILLUSTRIOUS MEMBERS OF THE ORDER,

IS, WITH THE GREATEST RESPECT, DEDICATED,

BY THEIR OBEDIENT SERVANTS,

The Publishers.

PREFACE.

THERE are certain moments in the history of the world when we cannot in imagination look out, as from some mountain-top, over the wide and various earth, without a deep thrill passing through our souls. It is not a thrill arising from the dramatic interest of the scene before us. It is rather a sudden sense of the presence of God, and the sweet trouble of holy loving fear which always comes therefrom. Such a moment was that when God looked over the newly-created earth, adorned with all its beautiful and mysterious species, and pronounced it very good. Such a moment also was that, when the day of Pentecost was over, and our Lady and the twelve apostles found the whole world lying before them, with its false religions, vain philosophies, and gigantic political systems, all to be broken down and brought into subjection to Jesus Christ and Him crucified. Yet, rightly considered, the earth always presents to the Christian eye something of this last picture. It always needs converting. It is always strong against God. The Church is always feeble in appearance; and now men can almost judge her decrepit. There is always the same foolishness of the Cross, the same want of worldly wisdom in the Church, the same disproportion between her means and ends. She has worse civilizations to deal with now than the unholy Roman empire; heresies worse than heathenisms; philosophies more devilish; and corruptions less remediable, because they are sins

against so much greater light. Neither has she, in all her width, the strength of twelve apostles in her among her living sons. But she has Mary, and Peter, and the rest in heaven; and she goes on her way, never misdoubting of her strength, and she succeeds always, sometimes by conquering, sometimes by persuading, sometimes by growing, and always, at least, by outliving all her enemies.

But the spirit of the Sacred Heart is the life of the Church. She does not sit still. Unchangeable as she is, she clothes herself in every age with mutability; and her changes are akin to the changes of the restless world itself. She goes forth to seek sinners. She speaks to them in a language which they well understand. She undermines by her sweet varieties the fortresses which the world has built in their hearts, and which are impregnable to all but her. Thus she in some measure copies the times, and takes the world for her model, that she may the better conquer it for Christ.

If this be so, it is always important for the faithful to understand the times in which they live. They must bring new things with the old out of their treasures, as our blessed Lord expressed it: else are they unskilful in the things of the kingdom of heaven. What, then, is the spirit of our own age? It can hardly be mistaken; and yet, when we name it, we cannot help thinking it a spirit seemingly uncongenial to so materialist an age. It is a spirit of enthusiasm. It may be doubted if ever men were more enthusiastic than they are now. The times are positively made up of enthusiasms. They are partly material and partly intellectual. There are enthusiasms in science; enthusiasms in literature; enthusiasms in politics; enthusiasms in geographical discovery; and enthusiasms in commerce. All men are at work aiming at great things, believing in their own aims, with all their souls, minds, and hearts in their endeavors. They spare no expense. They have almost infinite personal sacrifice at their disposal. The impossible seems

almost fading out of view. Men have agreed one with another that there is no impossible. They are bent on proving it. No one can doubt their faith.

This is the lesson the world is reading us; and it is also precisely the lesson which the life of St. Francis Xavier is calculated to teach us. Among the countless enthusiasms of the day, why not, then, an enthusiasm of being all for God? We must have our enthusiasm, as other men have theirs,—a sober, steady, business-like, persistent enthusiasm; yet, for all that, a downright enthusiasm, a positive, unmistakable enthusiasm. A piety which is content to shine like a star, and emit edification, and do no more; a devotion which makes itself lukewarm in order to be practical; an energy which administers opiates to itself in order to enjoy the praise of placidity and moderation; a strength which does less than it could do, so as to make sure of not doing overmuch; a prudence which consists in venturing nothing; a success which never fails, because it makes no attempts,—these are not the weapons which will enable us to cope with the enthusiasm of the day. They are not adequate to the work which is now required of us. We also must be practical enthusiasts,—such enthusiasts as Xavier was. He is the type of Christian enthusiasm. It is not easy to conceive a more perfect model in this respect. What men now are for physical sciences, new branches of commerce, and political novelties, that was Xavier for the gospel of Jesus Christ.

But where does Christian enthusiasm begin? And how does it first show itself? The apostle of the Indies will teach us this also. It begins in the sanctification of our own souls. It is a fire which burns inwardly before it burns outwardly. We are living in times of extreme effeminacy. Comfort is the order of the day. The relaxing softness of domestic ease, of fashionable voluptuousness, of sumptuous tables, of costly varieties of dress, of luxurious equipages, of multitudinous servants, of grand furniture, of insidious

mental refinement, of inordinate worship of health, and of ambitious display,—these things are the prevailing characteristics of society. Do we Catholics stand out from all this corruption in any distinguishable way? Not in the least. Worldliness is corroding us in every direction. It is sad to see; it is shameful to see! Oh, such littleness, such niggard alms, such petty ambitions, such a low standard of holiness!—and yet we are the descendants of those for whom Hilton and Baker wrote! and yet we have a nation to convert, who can only be converted by our holiness, by the intensity of our prayers, by the prodigality of our munificence, by the severity of our mortifications!

Xavier shows us what one man can do who is all for God, who has begun by sanctifying his own soul, and who then keeps within his own appointed sphere. The very sobriety of his own enthusiasm kindles his fervor rather than stifles it. It is the characteristic of his enthusiasm to neglect no means of grace; and he finds it an especial means of grace to live in an unbelieving country. It quickens his faith; it simplifies his hope; it increases his charity. His zeal is being animated all day long by the sights and sounds of restless misbelief. Here is his example for us in England. England is our Japan. We have to convert it. An English Catholic may well tremble to appear before the judgment-seat of Christ, who has not spent his life, up to downright self-denial, in trying to convert his country. It is the one mission given him: dare he go to God without having striven to fulfil it? Alas! he *must* go to God, whether he dare or not. Many have so gone out of the bosom of all this modern smoothness, human respect, and self-indulgence. It is disconsolate to think of them. We also must take care. They were praised in their day for not proselytizing: oh, they would give much to come back to earth and proselytize now!

What, then, we little hearts have got to do is to pray God to send great hearts among us. We want enthu-

siasts like Xavier. We do not so much need churches of brick and mortar, or even, what is of more consequence than churches, great material schools, or newspapers, or literature, or associations. But we need men, apostolic flesh and blood, heroes, enthusiasts, Xaviers,—men mad with St. Paul's madness and drunk with the drunkenness of the apostles at Pentecost. It is not so much great outward actions which we require, as a great fervor and a great interior spirit. It is only men of prayer who dare great things and bring great enterprises to a successful issue. Natural activity is but a weak weapon. It is brittle as a straw. It is impulsive, and not steady. It wants the steadfast kindliness of real supernatural zeal. It is intermitting, impetuous, and uncertain. Neither has it got within itself the root of perseverance. We want supernatural men, heroes of prayer, rough-handed for assiduous work in the cause of God, shunning publicity, and living deep down in the Sacred Heart of Jesus. Men of many plans are, for the most part, men of little power. Xavier was a man who did not try to mould his work, but let his work mould him. He took it as it came. I know no lesson which is more marvellously taught by the life of St. Francis Xavier than this:—how few plans he had, and how little he set even on these few!

Saints are often made by reading saints' lives. Let us hope that something of this grace will accompany the reading of this life. It has a peculiar interest just now, because of the particular circumstances of India. We have much to give at home,—so much as to be almost above our means. Yet love has a quick eye, and will soon find out for us, if we search into our own lives, some hitherto unthought-of self-denial, which we can practise, and by the practice of which we can help India by helping more munificently the work of the Propagation of the Faith. But still England is our grand India; and there is none of us, however humble or obscure his station may be, who cannot help on the work of this poor land's conversion more than at first he dreams of.

Only let him be all for God. Let him give Jesus an undivided heart. Let him subject himself to the free empire of the vigorous, cheerful, prompt, elastic spirit of mortification. Let him busy himself in prayer. It has been recently remarked by a very keen observer that, during the last twenty years in England, nearly all plans which *directly* concerned the salvation of souls among us have been singularly blessed with a success so disproportioned to the means as to be plainly supernatural; while, on the other hand, grand promising plans for other Catholic goods, only *indirectly* connected with the salvation of souls, have as strangely and as invariably dwindled from their promise, and have withered away no one knows how. If this be so, God is teaching us what he wants of us. We had better concentrate ourselves upon it. It is sad work to be working outside the sphere of a heavenly benediction.

It is with these thoughts that we venture to call you once more to the well-known life of the saintly Xavier, to learn that hot-hearted prudence which is the special want of the present day. When we look at the map of the world and see the countries which St. Francis overran; when we think of the thousands whom he baptized; when we weigh his difficulties, count up his failures, follow him in his thankless toils, and learn feelingly to estimate his disappointments, we are amazed and gladdened also while we are amazed,—gladdened with that humility which inspirits rather than depresses, to see how much one man can do, to whom nature has given an enthusiastic loving heart, and grace has added the magnificent gift of being simply, always, and only,—All for God.

F. W. Faber.

The Oratory, London,
Feast of St. Gregory, the Apostle of England.
1858.

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THE

LIFE OF SAINT FRANCIS XAVIER.

Book the First.

No sooner had the Society of Jesus found birth in Europe, than God was pleased to summon it to Asia, there to be employed, not in the toils of youth or manhood, but in the labors of a giant. Numerically insignificant as was the little band of the first ten Fathers, (of whom His Holiness Pope Paul III. soon formed a new Religious Order,) they were found sufficient, through the special predilection of Almighty God, to the necessities of the two most distinguished divisions of the globe; restoring Christian piety in the one, and planting the Faith in the other: so true it is that virtue, not numbers, imparts value and power to men. And in fact, one single man, full of spirit and vigor, like Samson or Daniel, is, in the army of God, equivalent to ten thousand others who are not thus qualified.

A man of this stamp was Francis Xavier, one of the first companions of Saint Ignatius, admirable in the eyes of the very idolaters, men without laws, men scarcely human. He astonishes us by the prodigious length of his land journeys, over all-but impassable roads; by his voyages across tem-

pestuous seas; by his enduring patience and constancy amidst continual toil and suffering; by his gift of tongues in such a variety of barbarous nations; by his stupendous miracles; by the exalted character of his many virtues; by converting to the true faith such innumerable multitudes of souls; things which have acquired for him the glorious surname of an Apostle; a title first conferred on him by the unanimous consent of the people, and afterward confirmed by Pontifical authority.

Francis Xavier was the first who introduced the Society of Jesus into the East; opening the path to the many who followed his footsteps; less as the guide of their journey, than as their model of the virtues requisite to so high an office as the Apostolate. This great saint, the glory of the Society of Jesus, and the bright light of the Church, sprung in legitimate descent from the royal blood of the kings of Navarre, as we are informed by credible authors, as well as by the attestation made by Cardinal Anthony Zappata in his solemn examination. His father was Don John Giasso, a jurisconsult of renown, noble both in rank and virtue, and created by King John III., who was much attached to him, auditor of the royal council. The saint's mother was Donna Maria d'Azpilqueta and Xavier, two of the most illustrious families in the kingdom. As this lady was the last remnant of the family of Xavier, and as it was of importance to perpetuate the name, some of her sons assumed the maternal name of Xavier; Francis was one of these, and he was the last born of a numerous family. His mother gave birth to

this child of benediction in the castle of Xavier, distant about six leagues from the town of Pampeluna: this castle gave its name to the family, which abandoned its ancient cognomen of Asuarez when King Theobald bestowed the territory upon them.

Father Orasius Torsellino, who was the first to publish his life, and who has been copied by subsequent biographers, tells us that he was born about the year 1497; but it must be owned that on this point Torsellino and his followers have been mistaken. The error was occasioned by an old family manuscript, where it was negligently noted down that he was believed to have been born in that year; and Torsellino relied on this information; but later, when fresh researches were made in the family archives, the same manuscript was found, with the following correction written in Spanish on the margin:—"The holy Father Francis Xavier was born on the 7th of April, 1506." And the same notice was found in the manual of his brother, Captain John Azpilqueta, who copied it from a book belonging to their father, Don John Giasso. This latter opinion would appear the most probable, because, as the saint finished his course of philosophy in 1530, this date would bring him, according to his earliest biographers, to the thirty-third year of his age, which we can scarcely suppose to have been the case: a man of his powerful intellect and uninterrupted application to study would surely have been more advanced at the age of thirty-three: however this may be, the reader who wishes for more exact information on the subject may consult the work entitled *Petri Posini, e*

Societate Jesu, de anno natali S. Francisci Saverii dissertatio.

Divine Providence, having selected Francis as an instrument for the promotion of His glory, endowed him with such prerogatives of soul and body as would enable him to succeed in the greatest enterprises. He was gifted with a strong, active mind, with an ardent desire of literary excellence: differing in this respect materially from his brothers, who, like their illustrious ancestors, devoted themselves to the military career. He was naturally docile, affable, and good-tempered, magnanimous, and somewhat haughty; of strictly pure morals, and of noble, yet engaging aspect, well calculated to win the esteem of those with whom he associated. His parents, who were both remarkably pious, studiously endeavored to form their children to habits of early virtue, especially little Francis, whom they called their *Benjamin.* It was less their object to make him a noble cavalier, than a worthy Christian; and perceiving, when he had finished his course of Humanities, that he was inclined to pursue his studies through the higher sciences, they sent him to the then famous University of Paris, hoping that he would illustrate his family by his success in literary attainments, as much as his nearer relatives had done by their daring feats of arms. Nor were his friends deceived in their expectations; for on his arrival in Paris he entered the college of S. Barbara, and after completing his Philosophy, he received the degree of Master, and immediately began to teach with great applause.

It would certainly seem little less than miracu-

lous how this young man, naturally ardent and impetuous, can have preserved his virginal innocence in the midst of such unbridled license, and of such profligate companions, with which the university then abounded: temptations of the most dangerous nature were resorted to in order to entrap him: even his master was in the habit of conducting his scholars to abodes of vice; but never could he prevail on Don Francis to be the companion of their nocturnal revels. Close companionship with Peter Faber probably contributed much to the preservation of his innocence; the two shared the same lodging in the college of Saint Barbara. Faber was of lowly parentage, belonging to the neighborhood of Geneva: after studying Latin and Greek he resolved to try his fortune in the University of Paris. It was a subject of surprise to many to see the haughty spirit of Don Francis seeking to bind itself in confidential familiarity with the humble Savoyard; we shall, perhaps, find the key to this secret in the high intellectual powers and in the distinguished virtue of Peter Faber. At the early age of twelve years he consecrated his chastity to God by vow; and amidst the dissolute profligacy of Paris he aspired only to piety and perfection, leading the life of a cloistered religious.

For the complement of the graces destined to Don Francis, God was pleased to conduct Saint Ignatius, of Loyola, from Spain to Paris, who, a few years before, had been converted, and, having abandoned the army of his country, had thrown himself, heart and soul, into the militia of Jesus Christ. The motives which had led the saint to

this celebrated academy were not only the greater facilities for progress in his studies, but also the chances of collecting a chosen band of young men suited to the sublime enterprise which he had in view. Singularly enough, he became the fellow-lodger of Xavier and Faber, and, discerning in both of them admirable natural dispositions to virtue, he deemed them fitted to his purpose. He had little or no difficulty in gaining Faber, already easily accessible to the impressions of grace. One day he disclosed to him his own intentions of devoting himself entirely to the conversion of souls. This was quite enough for the good youth, who immediately offered to become his follower; whereupon the saint, taking him to a retired spot, applied him to the *Spiritual Exercises*, a work composed by himself in the grotto of Manreza, in the first year of his conversion, and in the composition of which he had been materially assisted by the great Mother of God herself. Indescribable was the fervor derived by Faber in these new lessons of the most sublime of all sciences: suffice it to say, he spent several successive days without tasting any other food than the manna of Paradise. That the aspect of the heavens might the better raise his soul to God, he used, in the depth of winter, as it then was, and in the middle of the night, to kneel for many hours praying in an open court, so that he was often covered with icicles. He had provided a small heap of fuel against the excessive rigor of the season; but being warmed by a better fire, he only used his bundle of charcoal as a couch, on which he nightly allowed himself a few hours of what we scarcely know whether to

call torture or repose. He would have carried these austerities to excess, had not the saintly master moderated the indiscreet fervor of his novice-scholar. Thus did Ignatius make the conquest of Faber, who afterward signalized himself by his noble deeds in Germany, and proved himself truly the worthy first-born of his illustrious spiritual Father.

But not so easily could he work on the soil of Don Francis, where earthly hopes and expectations of literary renown had taken deep root. His natural talents certainly justified his own expectations and those of his family. The penetrating eye of Ignatius saw how glorious such prey would prove to the Church; whereupon his zeal became anxious and active. He constantly prayed with abundance of tears; he macerated his body with the severest austerities; and neglected no opportunity of assailing the soul of his companion by the adroit application of appropriate texts of Holy Writ. But these well-aimed blows proved powerless; for the mind of the generous young man was full of chivalrous notions, and being, as yet, unlettered in the school of Christ, he disdained Ignatius and his sayings, ascribing to meanness of spirit his humble demeanor and his mode of living only on alms. The wise and holy patriarch found that he must have recourse to other weapons; and perceiving that Francis was ambitious of intellectual display, he resolved to catch him in his own net. He began to show the greatest interest in his success, praising his acquirements on all occasions, procuring him new scholars, and even following his lectures himself. This disinterested conduct

quite changed the opinion of Francis with regard to Ignatius. He could not but own to himself that Ignatius was likewise of noble birth, had been educated at court, had distinguished himself in the army, and had been laden with honors; therefore, in all probability, his present humble deportment, so far from being the result of mean-spiritedness, was, in effect, the best fruit of a mind superior to all earthly things.

No sooner had Ignatius thus conciliated the esteem and love of his companion, than he easily and efficaciously set his own battery to work: over and over again did he assail him with this powerful sentence, which originally proceeded from the lips of the divine Redeemer:—"What will it avail a man to gain the whole world, if he lose his own soul?" Adding such reflections as his ardent heart suggested. On one of these occasions, he insisted so opportunely and so energetically on this text, so clearly demonstrating the importance of everlasting salvation, and the vanity of all worldly designs, that Francis, unable any longer to resist the impulse of grace, was obliged to yield; and accordingly placed himself in the hands of Ignatius, to be fashioned as he pleased.

And let us here remind those who profess zeal for souls, of the value they should attach to this emphatic question of the gospel, "What will it avail, etc." It is certain that our Apostle, who had himself experienced the effects of it, constantly made use of it, and wrought many wonderful conversions by means of it. In one of his letters, written from the Indies to Father Simon Rodriguez in Portugal, he expresses an earnest desire

that this great maxim of our Lord should be engraven in the heart of King John III., saying, "If I could but flatter myself that the king would take my dutiful advice in good part, I would beseech him to meditate daily for a quarter of an hour on this divine sentence, *What will it profit a man to gain the whole world, if he lose his own soul?* And I would exhort him to beseech Almighty God to give him a right understanding of it, together with a sincere affection of soul; nor could I wish him to put any better conclusion to all his prayers than this, *What will it profit a man, etc.*"

Don Francis being now completely changed, as we may say, into a new man, found no greater delight than in frequently conversing on spiritual matters with Saint Ignatius; growing strong in virtue by the nourishment derived therefrom. But the infernal enemy, who dreaded the conjunction of two such brilliant planets, devised a cruel scheme of separation, by taking the life of Ignatius; and he would surely have succeeded, if God had not interposed his arm: the case was this. Don Francis had for some time had in his service a man named Michael Navarro, base both in blood and manners; who, suspecting that his master was intending to retire totally from the world, conceived the most inveterate hatred against Ignatius, as the cause of it all. Watching his opportunity, one day, when the saint was alone in his room, Michael stealthily ascended the stairs, determined to kill him with a cutlass which he carried with him for the purpose; but on approaching the chamber-door, he heard a terrible voice exclaim, "Whither art thou going, wretched man? What

art thou about?" Astounded at the threatening accent from heaven, the man lost all his audacity, and fell trembling on his knees at the feet of the holy man, acknowledging his wicked design, and begging forgiveness, which he easily obtained.

Though defeated in his first attempt, the devil planned another; persuading Don John, Xavier's father, to recall him from Paris, under the plea that further residence there was mere loss of time, and detrimental to his future fame. Don John had actually determined to recall his son, when he received a letter from his daughter Donna Mary Magdalen; who, after spending her early years amidst the ladies of her Catholic Majesty's court, renounced all earthly hopes in the bright bloom of life, and assumed the religious habit in the convent of the bare-footed poor Clares at Gandia; where she lived like a saint, favored by our Lord with his most special caresses. This is not the proper place to dilate on the heroic virtues of this illustrious lady; nevertheless, her close affinity with Francis, and her interference in his behalf on the present occasion, would seem to justify a slight expression of our gratitude, by the following account of her precious death,—a fitting close to such a well-spent life. Whilst she was governing the convent at Gandia, in quality of Abbess, Almighty God was pleased to reveal to her that he shortly intended calling her to glory, and that her death would be most calm and sweet; adding, however, that another certain nun would die at the same time, in dreadful suffering and anguish. The good Superior, acting the part of a tender mother, spent several days in prayer, beseeching our Lord to change the lots,

and to bestow on her spiritual daughter the consolations of his right hand; discharging the chastisements of his left hand upon herself. Our Lord was pleased with the request of his servant; and in another revelation, assured her that it was granted, as she expressly told a confidential friend, who afterward witnessed the verification of the assertion. In fact, the said nun was favored with so happy a death, that she seemed merely to have fallen asleep on the bosom of her God; whereas the holy Abbess was assailed with excruciating torture, so that it seemed as if her body was torn in a thousand pieces. The sisters who surrounded her bed, wept with compassion at the sight of her sufferings; she alone remained cheerful; fervent and generous to the last, till, consumed as a holocaust of charity, she expired, bequeathing to her community an exquisite example of perfection. Now, whilst Don John was planning the return of his son from Paris, God disclosed to His spouse at Gandia, His high designs over her brother. Whereupon the devout daughter of S. Clare immediately wrote to her father, entreating him on no account to remove Don Francis from the University of Paris, "because," as she expressly says, "God has destined him to be the Apostle of a new world, to the great glory of His name, and to the increase of holy church." This advice, given by a daughter whom the father venerated as a saint, was sufficient to make him change his opinion, and leave the entire disposal of his son to the dispensations of Divine Providence. The letter of this servant of God was long preserved in the family archives, and was seen and read by many, who attested it

on oath in the juridical *processes.* Francis being left to his studies, and to the culture of Ignatius, was by him applied to the Spiritual Exercises, the furnace in which he was accustomed to purify and refine his chosen vessels. Here the spirit of the fervent young man began to show itself in severe austerities; for the first four days he did not allow himself so much as a mouthful of bread; caring only to nourish his soul with the more solid food of meditation, in which he luxuriated, as we may say, day and night. As to the manner in which he for the first time made the Spiritual Exercises, we find in some old memoranda belonging to the earliest days of the Society, that he used to place himself in prayer with his hands and feet tightly bound with cords; either to signify that he appeared before God as a slave ready to execute his commands, without reserving to himself the liberty of moving hand or foot, otherwise than according to the divine will; or else to show that he looked upon himself as the unworthy man, who, when invited to the marriage feast, ventured to appear there without the nuptial garment; in consequence of which, so far from being admitted to the favor of the prince, he was first bound hand and foot, and then cast into exterior darkness.

This retreat completely changed Francis into another man; and from having formerly been full of the world, he was now full of God; nor had he, from this time forward, any other desire, pleasure, or pretension, than that of serving God, and glorifying him alone.

In the mean time, in addition to Faber and

Xavier, Ignatius had gained four more companions belonging to the university; all of them distinguished for talent, learning, virtue, and good connections: all of them were resolved on dedicating themselves unreservedly to the service of God, by imitating the life of Christ, though as yet no particular form of life had been decided upon. S. Ignatius, more enlightened than the rest, proposed that they should all bind themselves to the cross, by the vows of perpetual chastity and voluntary poverty, renouncing whatever they possessed, and casting themselves wholly in the arms of Divine Providence. As charity is like a fire, converting into fire all that is thrown upon it, so did fraternal love impel them to add another vow, namely, of repairing to the Holy Land, there to labor in the conversion of the infidels. To them, this seemed a beautiful field, well worthy of cultivation; and happy would they deem themselves if, in addition to their toil and sweat, they might be called upon to give their blood in the same place where Christ our Lord shed his for us. The proposal of Ignatius was extremely gratifying to them all, especially to Francis. After much prayer, and much consultation between themselves, it was unanimously agreed, that in the event of their being unable to pass over to the Holy Land, after waiting a whole year at Venice, they were then to go to Rome, and offer their services to the Sovereign Pontiff, to be employed as he pleased, without pretending to, or accepting, any remuneration whatever. Having come to this decision, they resolved on carrying it into effect on the near approaching festival of our Blessed Lady's glorious Assumption; each one pre-

paring himself according to his actual measure of grace and fervor, by means of prolonged prayer, fasting every day, and other penitential works. They chose for the purpose a retired church, at about half a league's distance from Paris, called Our Lady of Montmartre, a place of great devotion, consecrated to the memory of Saint Denis or Dionysius. Here, on the 15th of August, 1534, being all assembled, Peter Faber, the only one as yet a priest, celebrated Holy Mass. At the Communion, he turned from the altar, and as he held the sacred body of our Lord in his hand, they all of them, in rotation, pronounced aloud, amidst sweet tears of devotion, their vows of poverty, chastity, and of repairing to the Holy Land in the manner before described. This day was ever afterward looked upon by them as the birthday of the Society, the members of which consider it a special favor that their Institute thus sprung into existence under the auspices of the Queen of heaven.

Eagerly as they looked forward to their departure for Palestine, it was, nevertheless, deemed advisable to remain some time longer in Paris, in order that such of them as had not yet completed their course of theology, might be enabled to do so; for Ignatius was well convinced that they became more fitting instruments in the hands of God, and more likely to convert souls, when endowed with wisdom and learning.

Francis resumed his studies, with no other view than that of the divine honor; worldly glory no longer had charms for him, and it was now his grand aim to unite speculative with practical theology: he avoided company and conversation,

spending much time in prayer, and punishing his body with various austerities; he frequently discoursed with his pious companions on heavenly topics; and, together with them, annually renewed the same vows, in the same place where they had been first offered, so long at least as they remained in Paris.

Business compelled Ignatius to separate from his beloved sons, and return to Spain; before his departure, they agreed to meet all together again in Venice for the 25th of January, 1537. In consequence of this arrangement, two months before the date prefixed, they set out on foot, in the garb of poor pilgrims, with staff in hand, each one carrying his own bundle of writings, &c. on his shoulders, taking the direction to Venice. They were nine in number; for to the six gained by Ignatius, the zeal of Faber had added three others, all masters of theology, and two of them already priests.

As they were on the point of starting from Paris, Francis received information that his family had just secured a rich and noble benefice for him; but his generous heart, which would have cast a whole world at the foot of the crucifix, so far from accepting the offer, would not so much as give it a second thought.

These blessed pilgrims walked along with such modesty as to excite the devotion of all who met them. They thus divided their day; in the morning before they left their last lodging, and in the evening as soon as they reached their next lodging, they all knelt down together, and spent a considerable time in prayer: such of them as were

priests said mass, when the others communicated: the rest of the day was spent in travelling; sometimes they meditated as they went on, sometimes they conversed together on pious subjects, and sometimes they sang or recited psalms, hymns, or other prayers. So scanty was their allowance of food, that they may be said to have observed a perpetual fast.

War was then going on between the emperor Charles V., and Francis I., King of France; and as the former had entered Provence at the head of a powerful army, our pilgrims thought it better not to take the usual road to Italy through Provence, but to cross Germany, and thus escape meeting the imperial troops. Our Lord would caress his servants during their journey, by giving them many opportunities of suffering. Throughout Lorraine they were deluged with heavy showers; in Germany the cold was excessive, and the snow so deep that they were sometimes detained for two or three days till the roads became passable: but it was heresy that gave them most of all to suffer, as well as to merit. Each one wore his rosary hanging round his neck; and as they passed through any town or village inhabited by heretics, the people ran to insult this symbol of their religion: sometimes the novel preachers would challenge them to disputation; and when overpowered by the superior reasoning of our travellers, they indemnified themselves for their discomfiture by having recourse to personal violence and insult, as is usual with people of this stamp. In a certain village near Constance, one of these ministers was most signally defeated,

whereupon he swore vengeance in his rage; and such was his well-known character, that according to the opinion of his own flock, he would certainly have carried his threats into execution, if a stranger (who, there was every reason to believe, was an angel sent by our good Lord to rescue them) had not opportunely offered to become their guide. He took them through paths where not a creature was to be seen; and, strange to say, whilst all the surrounding country was buried in snow, their road was perfectly free and clear: having conducted them thus for several miles, he left them safe on the highroad, took leave of them, and suddenly disappeared.

But the penances and trials common to them all, seemed as nothing to the generosity of Francis, whose inventive mind discovered a new mode of self-torture. Before he left Paris, he had been reflecting on the proceedings of his previous life, and recollected that he had taken great pleasure and some pride in dancing, for which his fine figure and lively disposition well qualified him. Resolved to avenge this juvenile levity, or vanity, (which we may not unreasonably presume to have been the most grievous excess of his innocent life,) he tightly bound his arms and the calves of his legs with small hard cords, which he took care to knot in several places. By degrees, and by the exercise of walking, these cords soon cut through the skin and penetrated the flesh: inflammation was the natural consequence, and ulceration ensued; in a short time, the strings sank in so deeply, as to be no longer perceptible. Although the saintly wayfarer suffered a martyrdom at

every step, he courageously concealed his pain, and kept pace with the rest; until, at length, being unable to stand, he was obliged to discover his state, which he did with much blushing. They were horrified when they beheld the dreadful cruelty he had inflicted on himself; and raising him in their arms they carried him as gently as they could to a neighboring hamlet, and immediately summoned a surgeon; who had no sooner examined the limbs than he at once saw the extreme difficulty of cutting the cords without cutting, at the same time, some important nerve, thus exposing the patient to a painful and inevitable death: distrusting his own skill, he would on no account risk his professional reputation on so perilous a case. Being thus abandoned by human resource, Francis was left entirely to the mercy of that Lord, for whose sake he had inflicted this cruel martyrdom on himself; nor was Heaven backward in responding to the appeal now made to it for aid. Francis was left at night to take what rest his suffering state permitted, and in the morning the cords were found broken in little pieces, dispersed about the bed; the flesh, which a few hours before was all swollen and diseased, was now quite sound and healthy, without so much as a scar remaining to show where the wounds had been: so perfect was the cure, that the sick man was able, that very same morning, to rise in robust health and pursue his journey, as he and his companions did, after returning due thanks to God for so great a favor.

The little band reached Venice on the 8th of January, 1537: it would be difficult to say whether

the sons rejoiced most in again meeting their holy father, or the holy father in again embracing his beloved sons. To give them a little rest, but a rest agreeable to their fervor, Ignatius divided them between the two chief hospitals of Venice, that of the *Incurables* and that of *Saints John and Paul*, places where each one might signalize his charity. The hospital of the Incurables fell to the share of Francis, whose delight was well expressed in his beaming countenance. Promptly did he undertake his task, looking upon every one of his wretched patients as he would upon Christ himself. It was his delight to raise them in his arms, to dress their wounds, to wash and cleanse them. Nothing could repulse him: he watched by them through the entire night sometimes; cheered and animated them with his pious discourse, prepared them for death, and when dead, disposed their bodies for burial himself. His charity frequently drew tears of devotion from those who witnessed it. Once only was he tempted to forget his generosity of purpose. He was dressing an imposthume of a more than usually loathsome description,—in fact, it was horrid and sickening to the sight,—his stomach turned, and his every sense recoiled against the undertaking. This rebellion of nature cost him much, and the saintly young man was determined to chastise himself according to his own spirit of true fervor: encouraging himself to the utmost, he stooped down, kissed the pestilent cancer, licked it several times with his tongue, and finally sucked out the virulent matter to the last drop! Our Lord did not fail to reward so heroical an act, and from thence-

forward any wound, how disgusting soever it might be, far from occasioning him any nauseous feeling, was rather agreeable and consoling to him.

Whilst they were thus employing themselves, the winter passed away, and, as the spring advanced, Ignatius decided on sending his nine companions to Rome to obtain the Pope's permission to pass over into Palestine, according to the plan originally formed in Paris. Francis and his companions set out on foot, depending upon alms for their subsistence. Many and various were their trials on the road. On one occasion they walked for three whole days without receiving a single roll wherewith to break their fast; and some of them sank down on the road from sheer exhaustion, one striving to support the other, and each one feeling the sufferings of the others more than his own. The want of charity which they experienced was in great measure attributable to a misconception on the part of the peasantry, who, seeing such a number of men walking together, in a foreign dress and speaking a foreign language, concluded they were a set of notorious criminals, obliged to go to Rome to obtain absolution for their enormous delinquencies. This suspicion soon became current, and our pilgrims were often insulted and reviled in consequence of this misinterpretation of their really pious pilgrimage. They spent several nights in the open air, all shelter being denied them; and a bundle of straw to rest their weary limbs upon, when afforded, was as great a luxury to them as a bed of down would be to the sensualist. The season, moreover,

was particularly rainy, so that the country was often overflowed, and they had to wade through streams nearly up to their waists in water; in some places they were ferried across in charity; but once, in the neighborhood of Ancona, having no means of paying their passage, they were detained in the boat by the ferryman, whilst one of them went and pawned his breviary in order to free the rest, after which they all went begging from door to door till they had sufficient cash to redeem the breviary.

On reaching Rome, they went to lodge in the hospital of S. James, belonging to Spain, and Peter Ortiz, who was then at the Court of Rome on business connected with the Emperor, introduced them to the then reigning Pontiff, Paul III. His Holiness was in the habit of receiving literary, religious, or scientific men whilst he was at table, that his mind might be refreshed at the same time as his body. One morning he gave orders for the admission of our pious travellers during his meal. After listening with delight to their discourse, he stood up, and addressed them in these precise words:—"We are highly gratified at seeing so much erudition combined with so much humility." He then inquired whether they had no favor to ask of him; and, on their answering that all they desired was the consent of His Holiness for them to visit the Holy Land and venerate the sacred places there, he was more surprised than ever. Placing his hands upon his bosom, as if in the act of embracing them affectionately, he next extended his right hand, and blessed them, giving permission for any of them, who were not yet

priests, to be ordained, under the title of *Voluntary Poverty*, by any bishop whomsoever. Grateful and happy under this concession, they again set out on foot on their return to Venice, where they were joyfully welcomed by S. Ignatius, who, for many just reasons, had remained there during their journey to Rome. They again applied themselves to the service of the sick in the hospitals with the same fervor and charity as before, and, in due time, renewed their vows in presence of the Lord Jerome Veralli, Archbishop of Rossano, then acting as Papal Nuncio at Venice. He was a person of great merit, afterward honored with the purple: the Society was much indebted to him for the zeal with which he vindicated the innocence of Ignatius when falsely calumniated.

In the mean while, Francis had been sighing for a closer union with Almighty God; and on the festival of St. John Baptist, 1537, he and some other of his companions were promoted to the priesthood. Such was the plenitude of their heavenly consolation, that it seems to have redounded upon the consecrating bishop, Vincent Nigusanti, who affirmed that of all the ordinations he had held, he had never before experienced such tender devotion.

Before venturing to celebrate his first mass, Francis would retire to some solitary spot, the better to prepare himself for this great act: he accordingly withdrew to Monfelice, somewhere near Padua. He took up his quarters in an abandoned hut, open on all sides to the weather: his bed consisted of a little straw on the bare ground; his nourishment was water, with a few scraps of bread, begged by himself as an alms from door to

door; he constantly wore a rough hair shirt, used his discipline most unmercifully, besides practising many other austerities, as his fervor happened to suggest. In the midst of all this, he experienced ineffable delight in meditation, which, together with spiritual reading, occupied him day and night. After passing forty days in this manner, he was unable to restrain his bursting zeal any longer; therefore he sallied forth to exercise it on the neighboring people. On reaching some public place, he would mount some sort of elevation, and collecting a crowd around him, he would begin to speak to them on the necessity of satisfying Divine justice, on the importance of salvation, and other essential truths of religion. His beaming countenance and sparkling eyes, seconded by his impressive tone and manner, made the greatest impression on his audience, though many of them could understand but little of his imperfect Italian. Nevertheless, they wept with compunction, declaring that he seemed to them like another Baptist, come from the desert to preach penance.

Saint Ignatius summoned his companions to Vicenza, where they all took up their abode outside the city walls, in an old dilapidated monastery, ruined in some former war, left without doors or windows, and open on all sides to the inclemency of the seasons. Francis celebrated his first mass in the city of Vicenza, favored by God with streams of pious tears, and also drawing tears from the greater part of the assistants; from that day forward, he continued always to celebrate with the same devotion as if it were the first time. But our Lord was pleased to try his servant in

various ways; after inebriating his soul with heavenly sweetness, he imparted to him some share of his bitter chalice, in the form of a dangerous illness brought on by his excessive austerities. For the better chance of cure, Ignatius had him conveyed to the hospital; which unfortunately being full, Francis was obliged to share his poor little bed with a fellow-patient, who like himself was suffering from intermittent fever; but as one was in the excess of heat, whilst the other was shivering with cold, the bed-clothes were never accommodated to the state of our saint, who, ever unmindful of himself, studied only the comfort of his associate. The more he felt the effects of poverty, the more did he rejoice, as having something to suffer for the love of God. He felt all his sufferings more than abundantly compensated, when, one night, he was favored with a visit from heaven by the great doctor of the church, St. Jerome; to whom he was particularly devoted. The saint appeared to him radiant with the glory of paradise, and consoled him with the kindest of expressions. As the chief consolation of the saints under their trials consists in the hope of suffering still more, St. Jerome told him that a still heavier cross awaited him in Bologna; and he also specified the various cities of Italy, in which his companions would be chiefly employed; this circumstance may give us some idea of the special love and protection with which Almighty God watched over the new-born society.

Every thing occurred as the holy doctor predicted. War being declared between the republic of Venice and the Turks, all chance of the expe-

dition into Palestine was at an end: in pursuance then of the vow made in Paris, Ignatius determined on going to Rome, to offer himself and his nine companions to the Vicar of Jesus Christ, to be disposed of as he might judge most likely to promote the glory of God. The holy father, accompanied by Faber and Lainez, accordingly set out for Rome; the rest being dispersed through various parts of Italy, Bologna being the destination of Francis. On his arrival there he at once repaired to the hospital, the lodging always most pleasing to his humility; though he was soon obliged to quit it, at the pressing entreaties of Canon Jerome Cassalini, rector of the church of S. Lucy; who, knowing him to be a saint, insisted on lodging him, *nolens volens*, in his own house. Though Francis at last acquiesced in this, the good canon never could prevail on him to accept a daily supply of food; Francis would touch nothing but the scraps he begged from door to door. To his abstemiousness and other excessive austerities may be added the rigors of a severe winter, and his multifarious and heavy labors. He was incessantly occupied in preaching in public places, or in hearing confessions, or in visiting prisons and hospitals, or in teaching the Christian doctrine, or in giving spiritual counsel: day and night were devoted to works of charity, sufficient to have worn out several robust workmen, instead of one who was delicate, and just recovering from the effects of a recent illness. Surprising as was his vigor of soul, it could not long sustain exhausted nature; he was attacked by a most distressing quartan fever, which hung upon him for several months.

But to his generous heart, which was preparing itself for an apostolate, it would have seemed disgraceful to yield to what his fervor considered but a slight indisposition; so, not to neglect the copious harvest of souls then on his hands, he continued his ordinary occupation as if nothing was the matter with him. His exertions on this occasion were so pleasing to God, that he blessed them with the most wonderful results, the memory whereof was long and gratefully cherished by the Bolognese: but he, in the mean time, laboring, ill as he was, as much and perhaps more than when in health, was reduced to such a state of pallor, meagreness, and debility, as to resemble a corpse, and to be in reality nearly at death's door, so that S. Jerome's prophecy was fully verified.

Whilst our zealous preacher was pursuing his unwearied labors in Bologna, Saint Ignatius, at Rome, was meditating how he might form his Society into a Religious Order, and thus raise a new body of valiant soldiers for the service of the Church. To give impetus to the work, he wrote and summoned his absent children to Rome. Francis arrived there toward Easter, 1538, and when his brethren beheld him thus languid and thin, they thought they were on the point of losing him; but they were soon undeceived, when, being divided among the different churches of Rome, Francis was appointed to that of S. Lawrence in Damaso, and they saw him (animated by the Spirit of God as he was) indefatigable in preaching, hearing confessions, catechizing, and other laborious functions. The fervor of himself and his companions produced a spontaneous excitement throughout the Eternal

City, which seemed to awake as from a lethargy. The frequentation of the sacraments—all but sunk into disuse—became general; suitable provision was made for young damsels whose virtue was exposed to danger; for orphans, for converted prostitutes, and for the Jews that were won over to the faith: all these undertakings owed their beginning to the sons of Ignatius, and were rendered permanent by him. Francis and his companions, also, signalized their charity during a terrible year of scarcity, relieving multitudes of famishing poor, who literally encumbered the streets of Rome.

We must not silently pass over a striking proof of the singular virtue of our saint, displayed in a circumstance which occurred about this time. Saint Ignatius had appointed him to attend on Simon Rodriguez, who was dangerously ill. One night the sleepless invalid began, with a feeling of devotion, to watch the countenance of Francis, who, wearied and worn out, had fallen asleep in his chair at the foot of the bed; the lamp happened to be so placed that Simon could clearly see every change of feature; after a little time, the slumberer began to move his arms, as if endeavoring to ward off some great annoyance; by degrees his efforts became so violent that a stream of blood gushed from his mouth, and he awoke in great agitation. Rodriguez frequently questioned him as to the cause of this singular occurrence, but Francis always evaded the subject until he was on the point of sailing from Lisbon to the Indies, when, being again pressed by Rodriguez for an explanation, he intrusted him with his secret, though under a strict promise of silence. "You

must know," said Francis, "that whilst I was asleep at the foot of your bed, an impure phantom clouded my mind. It seemed to me that I was in a certain inn, and that a disreputable woman approached and placed her hand on my bosom. I, who by the great mercy of God am still a virgin, was so horrified at this audacious proceeding, that, in order to push this abominable object from me, I vigorously used my arms, and, in the violence of the struggle, ruptured a vein, which occasioned the copious flow of blood that you witnessed." By these words, carefully remembered and repeated by Rodriguez, God was pleased to certify the fact of his perfect purity, by the testimony of the humble saint himself: a more authoritative witness surely could not be desired. Now, since he had thus preserved this delicate virtue unsullied up to the time of his leaving Europe, no one will suspect him of having forfeited it later, when his sanctity was authenticated by God by means of such stupendous miracles. Indeed, every one who knew him in India looked upon him as an angel in human flesh,—not only a virgin, but free even from those stains which are like spots upon the sun. Such was the opinion of the Vicar of Meliapore, in whose house he resided for several months; of Odoard Fonseca, who was intimate with him in the island of Amboyna; of Anthony Sosa, who followed him from Mozambique to Goa; of John d'Arriga, who was his companion for a long time. They all unanimously deposed, in the processes, that they had never witnessed any thing in him which could be construed into sin; and yet he did not live as a hermit in the wilderness, but amidst the dangerous temptations

of the world: hence, so perfect an innocence could only spring from a charity little less than seraphic.

The ardor of his charity was likewise manifested by another vision, very different from the one recently alluded to; and which also occurred whilst he was in Rome. Almighty God, who had chosen him for a vessel of election, one night permitted him to behold the amount of his future trials, as formerly happened to S. Paul: "I will show him what great things he has to suffer for my name." We are not certain whether this vision appeared to him in his waking or sleeping moments; but we do know that it unfolded to his mind a fearful scene, made up of thorns and crosses. He saw awaiting him rough pilgrimages on land, furious storms at sea, privation of all necessary things, sickness, persecutions, insults, blows, stones, arrows, and every other species of torment, to be referred to in the course of our narrative. At so alarming a spectacle, even a valiant heart might quail; whilst a willing acceptation of such horrors would deserve the highest praise. The charity of Francis, however, carried him beyond this; for the picture thus placed before him by the beloved of his soul, seemed nothing to his magnanimous mind; and in a burst of generous fervor he exclaimed, "Yet more, O Lord! yet more!" Rodriguez heard the words, though without understanding their mysterious meaning, until later, when Francis explained it, at the same time with the secret before related.

One dream was quite familiar to him; he seemed to be laden with an Indian on his shoulders, whom he had to carry up mountains, and over all kinds

of rough roads. The toil was so wearisome, that he often groaned under it, so as to awaken his companion; Francis himself starting up breathless, and bathed in perspiration. In this manner did our Lord go on preparing His servant, and, as it were, fanning the flames of his apostolic zeal. The saint could speak of nothing but the miserable blindness of paganism; of the beautiful opportunities afforded by India for the practice of the virtues which characterize an apostle; of the happiness of those who shed their blood for the faith, &c. When speaking on these topics, his beaming countenance betrayed the impetuosity of his heart. That he, who thus ardently sighed for an Eastern mission, did not venture to ask for it, was an effect of his profound humility, which made him deem himself unworthy of so great an honor, and unequal to so heavy a task. But at length the time was approaching when heaven consoled him, and conferred on him the blissful lot which in so many ways had been dimly foreshadowed to him.

The prosperity with which God blessed the arms of Don John III., King of Portugal, adding new conquests to his dominions in the East, stimulated the heart of that pious prince to use his best endeavors in extending the knowledge and promoting the glory of the Divine Majesty, as the best proof of his grateful acknowledgment of so many favors. He was quite as anxious to procure zealous gospel laborers, as skilful navigators and valiant soldiers; that in proportion as these latter discovered and conquered new nations, the former might subject them to Christ by aggregating

them to the Church. And God, who had for this purpose inspired his predecessors to undertake the passage from Europe to the Indies, knowing his pious designs, seconded them by giving success to his arms.

Doctor James Govea, a Portuguese, happened to be rector of the college of Saint Barbara in Paris, at the time Ignatius, Xavier, and their companions were pursuing their academic course; and, as an eye-witness, was well acquainted with their virtue, zeal, and industry in gaining souls to God. Now Govea was commissioned by the king his master to negotiate some important affairs with Pope Paul III., and was at Rome on this account, precisely when Ignatius, having lost all hope of repairing to the holy land, arrived at Rome to make an offering of himself and his companions, to be employed in the service of the Church, in any way His Holiness might desire. All this was, no doubt, owing to a special dispensation of Providence, which often, unconsciously to ourselves, conducts things to his highest purposes, by events which appear fortuitous to us. Govea felt convinced that Heaven had sent Ignatius there expressly for the benefit of his king; to whom he immediately wrote, giving him an account of this zealous little troop, their qualifications, talents, virtue, and learning; adding, that he had long known them, as being men of God, intent solely on his glory; ready to enter upon great undertakings in his service; poor, humble, indefatigable, devoted by vow to the conversion of infidels; proof against the greatest sufferings and the fiercest persecutions; in fine, fit for the

most arduous enterprises, when the salvation of souls was in question; and precisely the men that were wanted for the Indies; therefore he strongly recommended his majesty to apply for them. This was quite enough to determine the king: he wrote to Don Peter Mascaregnas, his ambassador at Rome, desiring him to speak to the Pope and to Ignatius on the subject; and so to manage that, on his return to Portugal, which was soon to take place, six of the Fathers should accompany him. But Saint Ignatius, whose view grasped more than one corner of the world, told Mascaregnas (who consulted him before he spoke to the Pope) that if out of ten, which they then numbered, six were given to the Indies, there would indeed remain but few for the rest of the world: remarking, however, that he and his companions were all at the disposal of the Pope, on whom their movements depended. It seemed to him, that out of so small a number, two would be no small share for India; and His Holiness seems to have been of the same opinion; he referred the whole matter to the decision of the saint, who, as usual, began to take counsel with our Lord; weighing also in his own mind the qualifications requisite for so arduous an undertaking, and which of his subjects seemed best suited to the purpose. After prayer and mature deliberation, he decided on Simon Rodriguez and Nicolas Bobadilla; both of them indefatigable laborers, and of a spirit worthy of such a call; were it not that God, who had higher views, had otherwise predetermined. Neither of these two quitted Europe; Providence destined Rodriguez to carry the Society into Portugal and

there establish it; by which means he benefited the Indies far more than he could have done by his own individual labors; whilst Bobadilla became the prop of the Catholic religion in Germany, in opposition to the Lutheran doctrines recently introduced there. In the mean time, our holy Francis, who had long desired, and had had many tacit promises from Heaven of this mission, remained tranquil and said not a word that could indicate his wishes. Wholly absorbed in his humility, he thought himself far beneath an office of which none but an Apostle could be worthy; whilst, at the same time, he saw the requisite merits in the two who were appointed to the charge; nor did he for a moment think of comparing himself with them.

But God, who had chosen him, and not them, for the purpose, so disposed events that the lot should fall on him, as if from a necessity of human prudence; whereas it was, in truth, a special dispensation of Divine Providence; which permitted (not without mystery) that Ignatius should in the first instance be mistaken, in order to show that this election to the Apostolate was reserved to God himself, who alone could determine it.

Rodriguez was recalled from Sienna, and Bobadilla from the Kingdom of Naples: the former sailed immediately toward Portugal; but the latter no sooner reached Rome than he fell ill, and, as his malady was less a natural indisposition than an appointment of our Lord, there seemed no probability of his recovering in time to set out with Mascaregnas, who could no longer delay his departure. Ignatius was thus compelled to make

another choice. A new light suddenly dawned on his mind as his thoughts rested on Xavier; whereupon, calling him to his bedside—for Ignatius was ill in bed at the time—he thus addressed him: "By higher counsels than those of our short-sighted judgment, Francis,—for we cannot penetrate the designs of God,—you, and not Bobadilla, are destined to the mission of the Indies. The Sovereign Pontiff, to whom you have consecrated your obedience by vow, confers it on you, and I present it to you in his name: accept it, however, as coming immediately from the hand of God, who, even from the East, calls on *me* to send you thither, and on *you* to go. Thus, what we have so earnestly desired,—what we so long waited for in vain at Venice,—this passage across seas into barbarous countries, now, contrary to all hope, here in Rome presents itself to you: not one single province of Palestine, which we were seeking; but He gives you the Indies,—a whole world of people and of nations. This is the soil which God intrusts to your cultivation,—this is the field which He opens to your labors. Well does He prove the affection in which He holds you, since He confides to your hands, and commits to your faith, the greatest interests of His glory; that is to say, a numberless number of souls, to whose salvation He destined you before all ages, and now, in a particular manner, elects you to it. May He, then, bless your steps, and prosper your toils! And since He puts His gospel in your mouth, that, like a common crier, you may proclaim it; and the treasure of His graces in your hands, that you may bestow them on the people

of the East; may He, likewise, be ever in your heart, and fill it with such ardent flames of charity, that you may enkindle His holy fire throughout the new world, that so the brightness of the light may extend from there even to us, together with the accounts which you will send us, —details which will be alike worthy of your zeal, and of our expectations! In the mean time, we shall be with you in heart, as our affection for you so justly demands; our prayers will accompany you; and whatever seas and lands may separate us, never shall we be so far apart as not to find ourselves closely united before and in God, in whatever part of the world you may happen to be." Whilst Ignatius was speaking in this strain, so many varied emotions were contending in the heart of Francis, and such deep feelings were at work there, that he could scarcely find words to express them,—tears best conveyed his meaning. His first endeavor was to offer, with generous promptitude, to devote his whole energies to the salvation of the Indians; neither to spare his life, nor shun any of the sufferings, toils, and dangers to which the office of an Apostle would expose him. He next expressed his humble astonishment that God, the keen Searcher of hearts, who could not have discovered in him any of the virtues requisite to so arduous an undertaking, (an undertaking for which the powers of a giant would scarcely suffice,) should, notwithstanding, place it on his feeble shoulders. Then, with modest bashfulness, he betrayed his soul's delight at seeing his long-cherished wishes on the point of being realized,—wishes which he had hitherto concealed in

his heart,—wishes which sprung only from his love of suffering, and his hope of extending the kingdom of Christ. Now, at last, were the enigmas unveiled, and he was able clearly to interpret the secret warnings with which our Lord had, on several occasions, promised to employ him in His immediate service amidst an idolatrous people, and under an immense weight of sufferings, at the contemplation of which, so far from being dismayed, he cried out, "Yet more, O Lord, yet more!"

Father Rodriguez was the first of the two whom Saint Ignatius had destined for the missions of India. As he was laboring under a quartan fever at the time of the Portuguese ambassador's departure from Rome, he would only have been a burden to the retinue on a land-journey, consequently he proceeded to Civita Vecchia, where, finding a merchant-ship on the point of sailing for Lisbon, he at once embarked, ill as he was, together with Father Paul di Camerino, who had lately joined the family of Ignatius. They left Rome on the 5th of March, 1540, and, having a very favorable passage, they entered the mouth of the Tagus on the eighth day. By order of the ambassador they were conveyed to a demesne of his own, called Palma, the air of which was very salubrious, and where he hoped Father Rodriguez would soon regain his health and strength. He remained there but a short time, for his Majesty, with expressions of great benevolence, soon summoned him to Lisbon, where he arrived on the 17th of April. I am particular in specifying the date for reasons which need not be explained here,

further than to say, that a memorandum of it was found in Father Simon's own handwriting, in a Bible which he afterward gave to Father Anthony Quadros, who took it with him to the Indies, from whence it was brought back to Europe by Father Alexander Rhodes.

Xavier quitted Rome with the ambassador on the 16th of March; he had but one day's notice, just time enough to mend his worn-out habit, give a farewell embrace to his friends, and go on and receive the paternal blessing of Pope Paul III., who most cordially bestowed it on him. His Holiness addressed him in wise and emphatic terms, encouraging him under his arduous enterprise; recommending him to distrust his own powers, as inadequate to so great a task, but to rely entirely on Him for whose glory he undertook it, in the certain hope that He, who elected and destined him to a ministry so far superior to human weakness, would, at the same time, qualify him for it. God as he is, he has no need for our talents; for, with a word, he changed Fishermen into Apostles; rough and illiterate men into masters of the world; poor men into princes of the Church, placing at their feet the crowns and sceptres of kings, and bending before them the heads of the learned and the pride of the worldly great. He reminded him of the many dangers which awaited him in the East; and also, that such elevated enterprises were not to be successfully carried out but at the expense of great risks;—that he could not gain the merit and the honor of an Apostle otherwise than by following their footsteps, and that he, in imitation of them, must be resigned to lead a life some-

what similar to a continual dying. As God was sending him to remodel the paths formerly traced by the Apostle S. Thomas, the first conqueror of India,—the first father of a church now so long laid waste and desolate,—he must take upon him the spirit of this his illustrious predecessor, and remember, that if it should be necessary for him to die in the cause, no end could be more appropriate to the life of an apostle than the death of a martyr;—that he could not do any thing more glorious to God, (who became man only that he might seek souls,) nor any thing more acceptable to the Church, (which, like her Divine Spouse, cares only for souls,) than to bring many of these precious souls into the ways of salvation: "and," added the Pontiff, "how will both hold themselves obliged to you, and how great will be your merit, and how liberal your recompense! I beseech Almighty God to give it you, according to the measure of my wishes, and according to the great expectations which I have already formed."

Xavier listened as if our Lord himself were speaking by the mouth of his vicegerent; feeling himself both confounded and encouraged. In his answer, he so well blended his humble sentiments of self, with a noble intrepidity of heart which prepared him for every hardship, that the worthy Pontiff was extremely gratified and edified; even then foreseeing the successes of which he continued to receive details during the nine years which he survived; successes which he declared surpassed his most sanguine expectations. After renewing his hopeful prayer that God would bless and prosper him on his voyage, as well as amidst

his toils and sufferings, he blessed him and took leave of him.

Xavier had now nothing more to do than to give and take a last embrace of the dear brothers he was going to leave in Europe, who, whilst they regretted to lose him, could scarcely repress a feeling of holy envy of his noble destiny. Before quitting Rome, he placed a paper, in his own writing, in the hands of Father James Lainez, still preserved in the archives of the Gesù; in which he approves the rule and constitutions established by Ignatius and his companions; pledging himself to the observance of them: electing Father Ignatius to be the General; or, in the event of his failing, he named Peter Faber: offering to God the three vows of religion, of poverty, chastity, and obedience in the Society of Jesus; to be valid as soon as apostolic authority should constitute it a religious order; which was shortly expected, and which actually took place the following year.

The zeal of the first members of the Society of Jesus was as great as their spirit of poverty. Francis was starting for unknown regions, without so much as thinking of the bare necessaries of life. At the moment of his last adieu, Ignatius perceived this, and exclaimed, "O Francis, this is really too much! What, not a piece of cloth to cover you!" and taking off the under-waistcoat which protected his own chest from the cold, he compelled the fervent missionary to put it on. In this instance, we see two men, both of noble birth, yet so enamored of holy poverty, that between the two there was not even a second under-garment. Francis left Rome in company with the

ambassador and his suite: the journey occupied more than three months: everywhere did he leave behind him vestiges worthy of his virtue. He carried nothing with him but himself; having his poor patched habit on his back, and his breviary under his arm: having God in his heart, he neither wished for nor stood in need of any thing else. He adhered to this same system of apostolic poverty after his arrival in the Indies, with this addition, that when he was travelling through idolatrous countries, he loaded his shoulders with the precious bundle containing the vestments and other requisites for the celebration of holy mass. By orders of the ambassador he was provided with an excellent saddle-horse, which, however, was always at the service of any of the party; and whenever he saw any one worse mounted than himself, an exchange was usually concerted; he rejoicing, doubly, in being able to gratify another at some expense to himself. On reaching the inns, or other lodging-houses, he was ready to assist everybody, even the domestics; and that they might have more time to rest, he either supplied their place, or, at least, helped them in the stables, preparing the horses ready for starting. Sometimes, one or other of the retinue would complain of the lodging and accommodations—and in so large a suite, no doubt, many may have been inconvenienced—when he invariably offered to surrender his room; he contenting himself anywhere on some old bed, or even on the bare ground. He allowed himself but few hours' repose, always being the last to retire at night, and the first to rise in the morning; in order that he might be

able both to assist others, and pay his accustomed debt of prayer to Almighty God. For on leaving Rome, he had predetermined to pass no day without giving a certain number of hours to meditation on the truths of eternity, a regulation which he inviolably maintained. Though, in effect, with the exception of the time spent in exercises of humility, as above hinted, and the short rest which he allowed himself, all his other moments were given to God: he could with such facility concentrate his mind on God, that neither the fatigue of travelling, nor the distraction of place or company, could withdraw him from this, the source of his highest enjoyment. Especially now when his whole heart turned toward India, he renewed the offering of himself at every step, as we may say, making acts of lively charity. His travelling companions, however, contrived to monopolize a good share of his time; for under the tedium of a long journey, they found no greater pleasure than that of conversing with Father Francis. With his affability of manner he was ever equal to himself, cheerful, kind, and indulgent to all, as if all had been his masters, or, rather, as if all were members of his own family. Notwithstanding all his condescension, his modesty so peculiarly his own, and his continual union with God, rendered him as venerable, and made him be as much respected, as his sweetness and affability caused him to be beloved. Frequently would they beg him to spare them a few minutes' chat; which he willingly did; because, beginning on indifferent subjects, he passed on by degrees to matters connected with the welfare of their souls, according to the lesson

and practice which he had learnt from Saint Ignatius; leading them far away from the opening topic, on to the things of God, with such advantage to the hearts of his hearers that, more than once, the holy man has been obliged to dismount and stop on the road, to hear confessions of some who wished it for their consolation; after which, they resumed their journey.

They travelled by the way of Loretto, where they stopped, for the sake of devotion, for about a week. They did the same at Bologna, at the request of Cardinal Boniface Ferreri, Bishop of Invrea. The reader will probably be glad to have the saint's own account of this part of the journey; and here let me, once for all, observe, that, whenever I can, I will always make use of his own words, faithfully translating them from authentic copies of his letters. He thus addresses himself to S. Ignatius, in a letter, dated Bologna, the last day of March, 1540. "I received your letter on Easter day, with one enclosed to the Lord Ambassador, with such consolation and delight as God only knows; and as I believe that henceforth we shall only meet by letter in this life, (but in the next 'face to face,' and with tender embraces,) nothing remains for us, during the space of our brief sojourn on earth, but often to visit each other by letter. In this way I will do my part, according to your desire, and will write minutely, relating events in due order. I have spoken quite at my ease to the Cardinal of Invrea, as you wrote me word to do; he received me most courteously, offering to oblige and favor me in any way in his power. On taking leave of me, the good old man

embraced me, and I kissed his hand: toward the middle of his farewell address, I knelt down at his feet, and again kissed his hand in the name of all the society. As for the Lord Ambassador, his attentions are so numerous that I should never end if I began to give an account of them; indeed, I know not how I could accept them, were it not that I hope to repay him in India with nothing less than my life. He, and other members of his retinue, confessed and communicated on Palm Sunday, in the church of our Lady of Loretto, where I said the Mass; and we did the same again on Easter-day. He recommends himself earnestly to your prayers, and still promises to accompany me to the Indies."

During his stay at Bologna, the Cardinal was not the only person to treat him with respect: he won the affection of the whole city; he labored so effectually as to produce a general reformation of manners. As soon as his arrival became known, great numbers of the inhabitants hastened to visit him. In order the more easily to have access to him, Canon Casalini enticed him away from the ambassador, and prevailed on him to take up a lodging in his house; where, being unable to satisfy the devotion of the people in the course of the day, he frequently spent the night in hearing confessions and solving doubts; nor would many of them be satisfied unless he gave them communion with his own hands. At his departure, a crowd of pious persons insisted on accompanying him for several miles, weeping bitterly at the thought of never seeing him again in this world; and had he consented to it, some of them requested,

and certainly would have accompanied him to the Indies. One universal burst of grief signalized their parting farewell. It would require too much time, were I to insist on the many various incidents which occurred during his journey from Rome to Lisbon: others of more importance and interest await us in the Indies, to which we are hastening: however, we will not omit one or two, deserving a more special notice.

The ambassador had in his suite a harbinger or forerunner, (as was usual with persons of rank in those days of slow travelling,) a man whose violence of temper often made him brutal and savage. One day, his lordship reproved him for his negligence in not procuring suitable accommodations; at which the man being much exasperated, he gave way to a fit of anger in presence of his fellow-travellers, using expressions unfit to pass the lips of any man. The saint heard him, but was silent at the time, lest otherwise he might fan the flame of ungoverned rage which was agitating the servant; resolving, however, to watch the first opportunity of making him sensible of his fault. He waited till the following day, when he expected the anger to have cooled down a little, and when he knew the man would as usual set out before the rest, in order to provide accommodations at the next halting-place: as soon as he was fairly off, Xavier requested the loan of a good horse, (a thing which he had never done before,) and set off hastily in pursuit: the issue showed that he was guided by the impulse of God, who no doubt revealed to him what was going to happen; for he overtook the messenger precisely at the moment when his

horse stumbled over a precipice, and as he fell uppermost, his preservation must have been miraculous, for the horse was killed on the spot. The saint dismounted, and with much difficulty succeeded in extricating him from his perilous position; then putting him on his horse, he took the opportunity of saying a few words so much to the point, that the poor man's heart was penetrated, and, in sorrow for his fault of the previous evening, he insisted on returning to beg pardon of his companions for the scandal he had given them; and from thenceforward he was quite changed into a new man.

Nor was Francis less serviceable to the soul and body of the ambassador's master of the horse, who was greatly indebted to his charity, merits, and prayers. The cavalcade had reached a river, which, from its depth, rendered the passage dangerous: the master of the horse, partly in youthful levity, and partly in rash daring, which his profession was so likely to inspire, resolved to ford the river and act as guide to the rest; accordingly he put spurs to his horse, and plunged boldly in; but the animal was instantly beyond his depth, and rose to the surface of the water: the current, being extremely impetuous, carried away both horse and rider, to the distance of at least half a mile. His companions on the river's edge were petrified with horror, giving him up for lost, yet crying aloud to Heaven for help, whilst the ambassador, who was much attached to his attendant, wept bitterly. Father Francis, calmly recollected within himself, poured forth most fervent prayer for immediate succor, as he saw the danger to be

imminent: his prayer was heard; and at the very moment when the young man sunk, apparently to rise no more, the horse stood up erect, not owing to the rider's skill, for he was so completely exhausted as to be unconscious of what was passing; and even had it been otherwise, he owned that his ability would have been of no avail in so desperate a case: however this might be, they were carried safe and sound to the opposite bank. Fearful as the catastrophe might have proved, the soul of the poor man seems to have been in greater danger than his body; for just before he left Rome, he had been powerfully called by God to embrace the religious state, a call which he had obstinately and knowingly rejected. The escape led to a beautiful contest of humility between the ambassador and Xavier; the former declaring that the young man's preservation was due to the prayers of the saint; whilst he, on his side, ascribed it to the tears of the ambassador. In the mean time, his companions hastened to the succor of the sufferer, cordially congratulating with him, and eagerly assisting him to a change of dress, &c.; after which Xavier looked to that which was of far greater importance than the body.

Whilst the remembrance of, and gratitude for preservation from his recent danger, were still vivid in his mind, the holy man asked him what subject had weighed most heavily on his soul, at the moment when death was staring him in the face. He sincerely acknowledged, that when he believed himself on the point of appearing at the judgment-seat of God, the religious order, to which he had so lately felt himself called, rose up before

his mind, together with severe remorse of conscience; declaring that the dread of having to atone for, and to give an account of this neglected grace, had been more terrible than the very death which he was actually encountering. Francis availed himself of so favorable an opportunity, insisting much on the young man's neglect of his salvation, and of the atrocious sufferings prepared for sinners; in fine, he spoke with as much energy and feeling as if the other had been rescued from the flames of hell, instead of from the waters of a river.

But the dangers of the travellers and the charity of Xavier did not end here. In crossing the Alps, the Secretary missed his path in the snow, which was unusually deep that year, and unfortunately fell from the side of one of the mountains into a deep precipice, which he had not perceived in consequence of the hollow being apparently firm, though in reality it was full of drifted snow. God was pleased to arrest his fall before he quite reached the bottom, otherwise he would have been precipitated into a torrent which ran along the foot of the mountain: as it was, his position was so dangerous that no one would venture the descent with a view to his rescue: Francis alone had courage, or rather the charity, to make the attempt. He was lowered with ropes to the spot where the unfortunate Secretary was suspended, whom he first placed in safety, though not without considerable difficulty, after which he made good his own ascent. The rescued man was truly grateful to his deliverer, whom he called the father of his life; and the saint, availing himself of his affection, as he had done with regard to the other two whom he saved

from death, turned all to the profit and amendment of his soul,—the first and chief object of his solicitude in whatever he undertook for others.

After crossing the Pyrenees, they passed within a short distance of Xavier Castle, where Francis was born, and where his mother still resided. The ambassador expected that he would ask permission to swerve a little from the main road, in order to visit the venerable old lady and his brothers, and give them, at least, the melancholy satisfaction of a last adieu; but finding that the saint did not even allude to the subject, the ambassador reminded him of the locality, and earnestly entreated him to go, if not for his own sake, at least for the ambassador's, who would wish to show respect and courtesy to so noble a family; especially as Xavier had been separated from them for so many years, and was now on the point of leaving Europe, with little chance of ever seeing his aged mother again on earth. But the saint, who, from the hour when he forsook all earthly things for God, had not another thought for any thing belonging to himself, such as country, relatives, or any other human tie, could not be persuaded to turn, so much as a few steps, out of the direct road of his apostolic mission, saying, that he had rather defer seeing his friends till he could meet them in heaven, when the meeting, instead of being transitory and all-but useless, would be everlasting in the perfect enjoyment of God himself. Mascaregnas, who was a man of remarkable prudence and penetration, had closely observed every motion of the saint; he was then thoroughly convinced of his exalted virtue, and had conceived

such an esteem for him, that, whilst they were still on the journey, he sent forward a courier with despatches to the king, the chief contents whereof consisted of the praises of Father Francis, whom he was conducting with him for the service of his majesty, and for the conversion of the Indies, insisting so much on his charity, innocence, humility, disengagement from all earthly things, and self-contempt, that the king was highly delighted, and published the news throughout his court, the members of which, no less than their sovereign, were most anxious to become acquainted with a person of such eminent virtue.

Francis arrived at Lisbon toward the end of June, and chose for his lodging the hospital of All Saints, where his two religious brothers, who had accomplished the journey by sea, were already domiciled. Here he encountered Father Simon, at the very hour when his attack of quartan fever was about to come on, but as he embraced him he completely cured him, by a sweet miracle of his charity, nor did he, from that time, experience the slightest return of his long-standing and very tedious malady. On the third day after his arrival they were both summoned to court, where the king and queen received Xavier with the respect due to a saint; they seemed as if they could never be satisfied that they had sufficiently conversed with him;—first one, then the other, asking questions, chiefly with regard to the mode of life of the new Institute; and the furious persecution raised against Saint Ignatius at Rome, with which the whole world was then resounding, rejoicing in the admirable providence of God in turning to his honor, and

as proofs of his innocence, the very things which his adversaries had planned for his destruction. Their majesties would also have him introduced to their royal children, the Prince Don John and the Princess Donna Maria, placing them under the spiritual care and guidance of Xavier and Rodriguez, at least till the time of their departure for the Indies, which could not be before the spring of the following year. The junior members of the Portuguese nobility, amounting to nearly a hundred, then forming the court of the young princes, were also committed to the care of the two fathers, to be by them trained up in habits of Christian piety. Their majesties then dismissed them, and they returned to the hospital; for they would on no account consent to accept a lodging either at court or at any of the magnificent houses offered them by the king's ministers; nor would they accept the supply of provisions assigned them by royal order, going out at a certain fixed hour to beg their daily sustenance through the streets of Lisbon, until they found their time so fully occupied in assisting souls, that they judged it better to avail themselves, in part, of his majesty's liberal offers, as then their time could be more profitably employed for others than in seeking alms for themselves; nevertheless, they always reserved one day in the week on which they resumed their reluctantly-resigned custom of begging from door to door,—less from necessity than humility, it is true. Martin Azpilqueta, commonly called the Doctor of Navarre, who was Xavier's maternal uncle, and who then filled the first chair in the University of Coimbra, hearing of his nephew's

arrival in Lisbon, wrote most urgent letters to the king, entreating his majesty to send Francis to Coimbra, that, if for nothing else, he might have the satisfaction of seeing him, and of giving him a last embrace previous to his departure for the Indies. By way of prevailing on the king, the doctor promised, if he would but grant this favor, to give, free of stipend, two extra lessons in the University; one of mystical theology, the other of canon law; promising, moreover, at some future time, to follow Father Francis to the Indies, and there preach the gospel: but his offers and entreaties proved of no avail,—the remonstrances of the saint influencing the king far more than the wishes of the Navarese. Xavier did not go to Coimbra. With regard to accepting him as the companion of his missionary labors in the Indies, Azpilqueta thus wrote:—"I would have gone at that time, and there have died, if he, when he left Lisbon, had not thought me in my old age unequal to the labors which he foresaw must be undergone; he wrote to me, therefore, recommending me to bear patiently the affliction arising from his absence, with the hope of enjoying his company in heaven."

It would be difficult to describe the fervor of spirit, and the corresponding amount of fruit, resulting from the labors of Francis and Rodriguez; by preaching in various parts of the city; by administering the sacraments, appeasing discord, converting dissolute men of rank by means of the Spiritual Exercises; by daily visiting the prisons of the Inquisition, which were committed to their charge; by the wonderful amendment of manners among the nobility, especially at court, and by

other good works, which acquired for them the name of apostles, with which the king and people unanimously honored them; a precious inheritance which they transmitted to their successors in the Society.

The high opinion in which they were universally held induced others to join them, who willingly adopted their mode of life: indeed, affairs went on so prosperously with them, that Xavier actually made it a subject of lamentation; well knowing that when great things are undertaken for God, they seldom or never lead to great results, unless they encounter a good deal of opposition, especially at the beginning.

Time stole on while they were thus laboring for the good cause in Portugal; the season for sailing to the East was approaching, and the ships were already in course of preparation. But the king was so delighted with them, and the reformation of manners, effected at court and among the nobility and common people, was so evident, that he could not make up his mind to deprive himself of them; and he thought he should be guilty of a great mistake, if he made more account of strange and distant countries, than he did of his own more immediate dominions. The subject was seriously discussed in council, and good reasons were adduced on both sides. The Infant Don Henry warmly espoused the cause of India, whereas his majesty took the opposite view; the council yielded to his opinion, and it was decided that the fathers should not leave Portugal. Worse news than this could not possibly have reached the ears of Xavier and Rodriguez, to whom their long

delay already seemed insupportable; and now when they were on the point of starting, to find themselves suddenly deprived of all hope of going, was really a heavy blow. They wrote immediately to Saint Ignatius, imploring his advice and aid. To be the more secure of acting in conformity with the will of God, he consulted the Pope, who was of opinion that the decision should be left entirely to the King of Portugal; and that the fathers should either remain there, or proceed to the Indies, according to his majesty's good pleasure. But as Almighty God had destined Xavier for the East, he inspired Ignatius with the thought of writing to Mascaregnas, and of telling him that Xavier and Rodriguez were both entirely at the disposal of the king; yet, if his majesty should wish for his (Ignatius's) opinion, it seemed to him advisable to give Xavier to the Indies, and detain Rodriguez in Portugal, by which means both parties would be satisfied. This proposition was accepted. God, who had suggested it to the mind of Ignatius, likewise disposed the mind of the king to acquiesce in it. And surely the detention of Rodriguez in Portugal was by the special appointment of Heaven for the benefit of the Indies; for to him in great measure the Society was indebted for the foundation of the illustrious Portuguese province, and especially of the famous college of Coimbra, from whence annually proceeded so many fervent workmen to labor in the vineyard of the East with such wonderful success for the benefit of souls. The vessels destined for the Indies were now nearly ready: merchants had long been employed in making the necessary

arrangements; provisions to supply the necessities of such multitudes of people of every class had been furnished, when King John III. sent for Xavier, to announce the approaching departure of the fleet; and, being fully convinced of his prudence no less than of his exalted sanctity, he treated him in the most familiar and confidential manner, warmly recommending to his care the interests of God and of his crown; empowering the father to visit the fortresses and presidencies established by the Portuguese; ordering him to send him a minute and faithful account of whatever he might deem advisable for the maintenance of piety among the people already converted, as well as for the propagation of the faith among the infidels; committing to his zeal and toils both the Christians and the pagans of India; and not only of India, but of Ethiopia too; a territory with which he expected to open amicable relations in a very short time. And, in order that he might with more authority and less contradiction carry out his plans in the service of God and the conversion of the people, his majesty bade him accept the briefs whereby the Sovereign Pontiff created him his Nuncio; as he said this, he presented him the four briefs which, unknown to Xavier, had been expedited in Rome, dated respectively the twenty-seventh of July, the second of August, and the two last, the fourth of October, all of the same year, 1540. In two of them, his Holiness constitutes Xavier his apostolic Nuncio, giving him ample faculties befitting such an office, for the maintenance and extension of the faith in the East: in the third, he recommends him to David, Empe-

ror of Ethiopia; and in the last he recommends to all the princes and rulers of the various countries and islands, extending from the Cape of Good Hope along the eastern coast of Africa, the Persian Gulf, and in both sections of India, that is, above and below the Ganges.

And here I may be permitted to notice an oversight on the part of most authors who have written about Xavier; all of whom allude to his refined obedience in accepting the missions of India at the command of Ignatius, whom he was not bound to obey; because, as the Society was not yet duly founded, nor Ignatius as yet elected General, he had no right of authority over one who, properly speaking, was not yet his subject; whereas, in real truth, in this act Xavier yielded obedience immediately to the Pope, at whose disposal, for the service of the Church, he had actually placed himself by vow, as we have already shown; nor had Ignatius any other part in the affair, than that of selecting the persons whom he judged best suited to the purpose; and this he did in consequence of *faculties* given to him by the same pontiff. The three Auditors of the Rota, when they began a relation of the virtues and miracles of Xavier, with a view to his canonization, expressly notice the singular privilege of his having been appointed to the Apostolate of the Indies by the authority of the Holy See, which destined him to this important office. We will quote their words, worthy alike of their authors and of the saint:—"The evangelical net belonging to the bark of Peter, (from whence Christ our Lord preached,) when cast into the sea, enclosed such a multitude of

fishes as sufficed to fill two boats almost to sinking: this net admirably symbolizes the preaching of the faith of the Gospel, which, from the bitter sea of infidelity, draws vast multitudes of rational fish, when cast upon the waters by the Roman See, the bark of Peter. England was won over to Christ by Augustin; the greater part of Germany by Boniface; Franconia by Chilian; Albania by Eleutherius; Livonia by Maynard; Norway by Nicholas; whilst other countries were won by other apostolic men. Gregory the Great sent Augustin; Cono sent Chilian; Gregory II., Boniface; Anecitus, Eleutherius; Alexander III., Maynard: others were sent by Nicholas I. to convert Moravia; others by Stephen VII. to convert the Bohemians; others by Agapetus II. to win over the Danes. In this manner did the Church carry her thoughts over the whole world; making herself heard by the voice of her apostles to its utmost limits; fishing and enclosing within her nets whatever was outside her bark. And truly such was the result of their labors, that Imperial Rome conquered fewer subjects by force of arms, than Christian Rome by means of Peter's net. But of all the fishermen employed by the Holy See, none went so far, none penetrated such distant countries, as (is still in the memory of our fathers) Francis Xavier; who, sent by Paul III. to distant isles and nations, spread his net to the uttermost shores of the East, and collected such multitudes of fish, that, being unable to draw them to land himself, was often obliged to summon his companions to go and help him. So many were gained by Xavier, most holy Father, that his fishing alone has added

to the Church such flocks of various people in the East, of all tribes and tongues, as to be beyond the reach of computation. Acknowledge the power of Peter's bark, the efficacy of its nets, and the fruitful industry of your fishermen by etc., etc."

Being now clearly destined to the Indies, the royal purveyor of the fleet, Don Anthony Ataida, Count of Castanera, requested Xavier to give him a list in writing, as the other missionaries did, of whatever he should require for his expedition: he made him the most courteous and obliging offers, at the express command of the king, who desired that the saint should be provided with all that he might ask for. But he who wants nothing asks for nothing: an amicable contest arose between Xavier and the count, of courtesy on the one side, and humility on the other: the count, who was warmly attached to him, besought him to accept the offer of royal munificence; whilst Xavier besought the count not to wrest from him his beloved poverty; a treasure which left him without a desire, because it left him without a want. However, not to appear haughty, or contemptuous of a generosity which was in itself a virtue, Xavier yielded so far as to accept a few spiritual books, and three coarse felt cloaks, one for himself, and one for each of his two companions, Father Paul de Camerino, and Francis Mansella; the former having accompanied Rodriguez from Rome, and the other joined him after his arrival in Lisbon. To give so little, seemed to the count like giving nothing at all; so, renewing the assault, he entreated Xavier at least not to refuse the offer of a servant, required by the dignity of his office, if not

necessary to his personal convenience; for, after all, he was Apostolic Nuncio; and it would therefore be degrading to his rank to be seen washing his own dirty linen, or preparing his own meals among the rabble at the common fire. The count hoped that this line of argument would prevail; and though it was apparently plausible enough, it was in reality deduced from the philosophy of this world, which strives to rule even in the things of God: the wisdom of the flesh is folly, as the Apostle says; whilst, on the other hand, the wisdom of Christ is as folly to the world. Xavier replied that, however vile such services might appear, they would not degrade the dignity of the Nunciature, in the opinion of any one who understood the real value of things; adding that base human respects, more than any thing else, had reduced the Church to her present deplorable state; and, concluding with more than his usual warmth, he declared that, so long as Almighty God allowed him the use of his hands and feet, he would never consent to be waited on by others. He thus freed himself from the kind importunity of the royal purveyor, who used afterward highly to praise Father Francis, and said he had more trouble in persuading him to accept a few books and a rough cloak than in gratifying the insatiable demands of others.

The more than moderate necessities of Xavier being thus supplied, he went on board the flagship called the *Saint James*, on the 7th of April, 1541,—on his own birthday, he then entering his six-and-thirtieth year,—sailing in company

with Don Martin di Soza, the new Governor of the Indies.

So great have been the improvements in the art of navigation, and so great are the present facilities of travelling both by land and sea, that the modern reader would scarcely credit the amount of hardship and inconvenience to be encountered in the voyage from Europe to the East Indies in the days of Saint Francis Xavier: it seems necessary, however, to the interest of our history to give some details of his journey and of the fleet which conveyed him.

The ships—or galleons, as they were called—destined to traverse that vast expanse of water exceeding the distance of fifteen thousand miles, were of enormous size, divided into four or five stories, suited to the accommodation of an immense multitude of men, such as sailors, soldiers, slaves, merchants, officers, and others of every rank, together with merchandise, luggage, furniture, &c. The number on board amounted to eight hundred or a thousand, and sometimes more. The value of the cargo often exceeded a million of reals, and so enormous in bulk, that, when seen on the quays, one would think it impossible to be stowed away within the compass of a ship; and yet it scarcely suffices for ballast. Then, again, must be considered the arms and ammunition, and the supply of provisions necessary to feed a thousand human beings, perhaps for eight months. The fabrication, furnishing, and maintaining these immense ships could only be done at the expense of a great king. When the voyage was prosperous, it was usually accomplished in about six months; but when dis-

astrous, as was the case the year Saint Francis Xavier undertook it, much more time was consumed upon it. The misery and inconvenience to be endured are beyond conception, as contrasted with our present luxurious East India steamers. Besides being shut up for so many months with a set of men, generally speaking, debased in manners and in morals, there was the unwholesome diet, confined to biscuits and salted provisions, the want of ventilation, the squalor, the offensive odor, each disagreeable enough in its own way. Yet all this was as nothing to the travellers in comparison with other inevitable evils. In the first place, whilst sailing along the coast of Africa, the perpetual and violent agitation of the waves deranged the strongest system, producing such straining of the organs as frequently to rupture a blood-vessel, attended by a consequent vomiting of blood. The calms on the coast of Guinea sometimes detained them for weeks, when the air and water seemed like fire, and they were left without a breath of wind: this reduced them to a state of extreme languor; delirium was of common occurrence, and an utter loss of appetite. Twice had they to cross the equinoctial line in the torrid zone, when their provisions putrefied and their fresh water turned corrupt, so that they could scarcely take sufficient to keep themselves alive; and when they did drink this water, they usually swallowed it with closed eyes, to spare themselves the horror of seeing what they were taking. Venomous showers were not uncommon, which produced blisters and wounds; and still worse was the malady which usually assailed the crews as they approached a

certain small island called Loanda, belonging to the kingdom of Congo. Here a burning thirst caused the gums to swell immoderately, so as quite to cover the teeth; the legs swelled, pestilent imposthumes formed, and the humor, mounting gradually to the vitals, produced raving madness, and finally destroyed the life of the victim. Formidable, too, are the tempests in those latitudes, when the enormous masts of the ship are shivered as easily as if they were composed of some frail cane: irregular as storms may be elsewhere, they were sure to be encountered at a certain point of Africa called Cape Tempestuous, but now, to mitigate in some degree the terror of the poor sailors and voyagers, called the Cape of Good Hope. Endless would be the task of describing all the dangers from shoals, rocks, sandbanks, marine monsters, and cannibals, to which our forefathers were liable when they ventured upon a passage to the East Indies. At the time of which we are writing, travellers were accustomed on these occasions to carry a winding-sheet with them,—a poor defence, it must be owned, against the voracity of the fishes, whose prey they would become in the event of their dying on board a ship. The difficulties and dangers here described in brief will enable us to form some idea of the ardent charity which burned in the heart of our Apostle, who for the glory of his crucified Savior joyfully quitted Europe and exposed himself to trials sufficient to damp any thing less than the most fervent zeal or the most insatiable avarice. It remains for us now to give some details of the ardent charity displayed by Xavier in the course

of an unusually long and disastrous voyage. As he never felt his own maladies, or, if he felt them, applied any other remedy than that of attending to the sufferings of others, so during this voyage he devoted himself to the relief of the bodies and souls of his fellow-travellers: he was their doctor, infirmarian, comforter, father, servant: in fine, he was every thing to every one. There were nearly a thousand persons in the same ship with him: several died; and but few escaped a long illness, so universal and dangerous was the infection that year. The wretched sufferers lay here and there in all directions; and, being in such great numbers, they robbed each other, when they could, of the scanty pittance furnished them by those who were still in health. Xavier, who belonged equally to all, bestowed his charitable services on all, without distinction of rank: he was incessantly passing from one to another, preparing and giving them medicines, or feeding such of them as were too weak to help themselves, or washing their filthy rags, even emptying and purifying the common vessels. But above all did he prepare the dying to make their confessions, reconciling them to God, praying for and with them, and supporting them in their last awful passage; and he continued all this at a time when he was much more fit for rest and refreshment than for labor. For two whole months he suffered from nausea, vomiting, and that extreme languor induced by the calms and insufferable heat of Guinea. The Governor di Soza offered him his own table; but witnessing, as he did, so many objects of misery, he could not consent to feast on delicacies. It is true, he

accepted the portion which was daily sent him by Di Soza; but he never touched a mouthful of it himself, the whole of it being divided among the most necessitous of the sick, he begging a few crusts of bread from the merchants for his sustenance, and drinking nothing but the allowance of water common to the crew.

During the latter part of the voyage the Governor assigned him a tolerably convenient little room, which he did not refuse, but which he immediately turned into an infirmary for the benefit of those who suffered most, he taking his brief repose in the open air on deck, with the cables for his bed and pillow,—a custom which he retained in all his after-voyages in the East. In the mean time, he applied himself to the care of the healthy, as well as of the sick, benefiting the souls of the former as much as the bodies of the latter; and it was admirable to see how well he could adapt himself to the manners, inclinations, and profession of each one, and with what graceful affability he made himself agreeable alike to nobles and plebeians, soldiers and merchants, men and children, conversing first on subjects interesting to themselves individually, and then drawing them off to the things of God, to esteem of salvation, to the contemplation of one's last end,—doing this so adroitly, yet with such affectionate playfulness, that every one was as much delighted as edified and improved. Gambling was the common occupation of the passengers under the tedium of the long voyage; but, whatever may be the motive for engaging in it, it is seldom unattended by one or other of these three evils,—loss of time, loss of

money, and loss of conscience. As a counterpoise, then, the inventive charity of Xavier suggested certain little practices of Christian piety, whereby he led many from their games and the mischiefs consequent upon them.

He regularly preached at the foot of the main-mast on all festivals, heard confessions, and instructed the children and the ignorant sailors in the mysteries of the faith. No discord or quarrel broke out that he did not hasten to appease, no disorder or vice that he did not vigorously endeavor to smother. In fine, such was his conduct throughout, that he was known by no other name than that of the *holy father*,—a name which he never lost, even among the gentiles of India. Thus toiling and thus suffering, Xavier reached Mozambique, the fleet anchoring for the first time after sailing about twelve thousand miles: they were now at the end of August, and had left Portugal nearly five months. Mozambique is on the eastern coast of Africa; the natives are negroes, barbarous and wild, though not so much so as their neighbors the Caffres: intercourse with the merchants of Ethiopia and Arabia has civilized, or rather humanized, them. There was no basin or port along the coast where ships could be sheltered; but a small island, not quite a mile distant, afforded this advantage. It shares the common name of the kingdom, Mozambique, and is situated at fourteen degrees and a half south latitude: the channel is here so deep that the largest vessels may safely ride at anchor. It was formerly under the dominion of the Saracens, and was governed by a Xeriffa Moor; it was afterward taken by the

Portuguese, who raised a fortress there, for the safety and convenience of their fleets.

As for Di Soza, he was obliged to stay and winter here, the season being already so far advanced as to render farther progress toward India dangerous; in addition to which, the great number of invalids requiring help and rest made it still further advisable to remain where they were. Not that this isle was by any means suited to their purpose: so far from being likely to restore the sick, there was more chance of its killing those who were in health: so unfavorable was the climate, that the country was commonly called *the tomb of Europeans.*

Unhealthy as the air at all times is, it happened to be particularly pestilential the year of which we write; so much so, that, during the six months whilst the fleet was wintering there, upward of eighty died; and, considering the number of the sick, that the deaths were not more numerous is to be attributed to the charity of Xavier.

No sooner had the ships cast anchor in the Mozambique, than the first care of the Governor was to have the invalids conveyed to the hospital; and it was Xavier's first care to attend upon them. This was the only solace he allowed himself after the miseries of his long voyage: he remedied previous sufferings at sea by redoubling his labors on land,—thus satisfying, *not* the necessities of his body, *but* the fervor of his charity. And in truth he found objects enough whereon to exercise it, until the powers of nature sank beneath the load; for the hospital was occupied not only by the sick of his own ship, but by those of the whole

fleet. He undertook the care of all, as if all had been committed to his compassionate piety; though, the number being so great, he was unable to bestow as much attention on each one as the urgency of the case in reality demanded.

Every one wished to have him beside them,—some for the comfort of the body, some for the comfort of the soul, whilst others felt relief from the mere sight of him. His angelic countenance, the mirror of a soul ever filled with the sweetness of God, possessed the power of inspiring cheerfulness in those who looked upon him: his appearance was that of one of the beatified of heaven, rather than of a poor pilgrim belonging to this earth. He, who was called for by every one, hastened to every one; and, not satisfied with the incessant fatigues of the day, he would spend his nights amidst the dying, stretching himself on the ground at the foot of the bed of the greatest sufferers; and no sooner did he hear a sigh or groan than he was up, endeavoring to afford relief. But his strength of body did not keep pace with his generosity of soul: nature sank, weakened as it was by the sufferings of his long voyage, and oppressed by the still more recent labors in the hospital: he was seized with a violent and malignant fever. Ill as he was, he could bear his own sufferings better than he could witness those of others: therefore, parched with his burning fever, and trembling on his knees in very weakness, he still dragged himself along among his sick, going from bed to bed, wholly unmindful of himself, yet believing he was taking good care of himself, hoping to end his life with a death just suited to

his wishes, namely, occasioned by his indefatigable charity. Whilst in this state, he was one day met by the hospital-doctor, precisely at the hour when his fever was at its height, who, feeling his pulse, declared there was not a patient in the whole hospital in so much danger as himself. In compassion, then, for so worthy and useful a man, the doctor entreated him to retire to bed,—if not to remain there, (as was really necessary,) at least until the crisis of the fever had taken a turn and had somewhat subsided. But he could not be prevailed upon just then. However, not to appear rash and disobedient, he adduced his reasons for resisting; namely, that one of the crew, a young man of most profligate life, was dangerously ill, who, before he could be persuaded to make his confession, had become delirious, and was therefore in danger of losing eternal as well as temporal life at one and the same moment. Xavier was resolute in spending the next night at his bedside; and the event showed that God had revealed to him the time prefixed both for a lucid interval and for the death of the young man. By his desire, some servants of the hospital raised the wretched sufferer from the straw where he was lying on the ground, and placed him in Xavier's own little bed. No sooner was this done, than mere contact with the bed seems to have restored his senses, for the delirium immediately vanished, and the saint was able to receive his confession and administer the usual rites of holy Church: even then, he would not stir from his bedside, remaining there, suggesting acts of contrition, hope, charity, &c., until the patient expired, which he did in the

course of that very night, as Xavier had predicted. Being now satisfied that he had done his duty, and exulting in the delight of having rescued this poor soul, he submitted to the orders of the doctor, and went to bed.

There were many persons in the place who would have deemed themselves happy in lodging him and attending upon him in their own houses; and they made him pressing offers to this effect; for, besides the need he had of rest and better diet, the atmosphere of the hospital was quite loathsome and pestilential. This was forcibly represented to him, in hopes of persuading him to agree to their proposals; but, whether it were the will of God that he should live or die, living or dying, *he* was resolved that it should be among the poor, and in extreme poverty: for this reason he remained where was. In the mean time, his fever was on the increase, and for three days he was completely delirious; yet, wonderful to relate, throughout this delirium, whenever any one spoke to him of the things of God, or that he of his own accord did so, he was perfectly self-possessed; as if this topic rendered him superior to the natural violence of his disorder. He was bled seven times in the course of a few days, which somewhat reduced the fever, which in a short time, God so willing, disappeared. However, before he had properly recovered his health and strength, he was obliged to re-embark and resume the long-interrupted voyage toward India; for the Governor, who was himself ill, fearing lest he might grow worse, or perchance die, was determined to have Xavier with him, for the safety and welfare of his

soul. In his stead he left his two companions to attend to the sick who remained behind at Mozambique, and at the beginning of March he again set sail,—not in the *Saint James*, in which he had travelled from Portugal, but in a merchant-ship called the *Coulan*, which was a better sailer and was less laden. It is worth remarking here that, according to the assertion of his fellow-passengers in the *Saint James*, it was during this voyage that he first gave indications of that spirit of prophecy for which he was afterward, even to the day of his death, so very remarkable. Often when he heard persons praising the ship, as being the safest and best built of the whole fleet, he, so far from joining in these praises, always denounced it, as one which in a short time would meet with a disastrous end, saying, "Woe to me and to any of us if we happen to be upon her!" His prediction was verified; for in that very voyage the *Saint James* unfortunately struck on a rock off Salsetta and was wrecked. For the present it remained at Mozambique: the others pursued their voyage along the coast of Africa, ascending toward the equinoctial line till they reached Melinda, where they anchored.

Melinda is a fine city, within sight of the sea: it is built in a plain planted with palm and other fruit trees; the gardens and the surrounding country are well cultivated. The place belongs to the Moors: it is spacious and walled, and, though the buildings are in the Moorish style, they are as pleasing to the eye as they are convenient to inhabit. The people are Mohammedans, well disposed, and, in comparison with their neighbors,

are valiant in arms. They are black, and go unclad, with the exception of a piece of linen or cotton cloth which they wear suspended from the waist: this is as much clothing as they can bear, in consequence of the excessive heat,—Melinda lying little more than three degrees distant from the equinoctial line. They lived on friendly terms and traded with the Portuguese: hence, as soon as the fleet entered port, the king came down in state to welcome the Governor.

As their stay here was to be but short, and as the people cling with great pertinacity to their religious opinions, Xavier had but little chance of doing much good among them: however, not to fail in his duty of zeal, he resolved to do all that depended on him toward the salvation of their souls. No sooner did he set foot on shore than he encountered a sight which deeply affected his heart and drew tears from his eyes. In consequence of the Portuguese often halting here, some of them occasionally died at Melinda; and, as the natives were friendly, they allowed them a cemetery near the town. The Portuguese raised crosses upon each grave, and in the middle of the cemetery was a large stone cross, well carved and gilt. Xavier prostrated before this cross, full of indescribable consolation, because it appeared to him as if Christ and his cross were about to triumph over his enemies and take possession of their territories; whilst, on the other side, he grieved to see that the cross served more to honor the dead than to benefit the living. He prayed most earnestly that, since the people tolerated it among them, God would be pleased to plant it in

the hearts of the savages, as the Christians had planted it in their soil.

He was most anxious to enter on discussions with the Mohammedans on the principles of the faith. One of their leaders asked him whether piety was declining among the Christians as it was among the people of Melinda. "For," observed he, "of our seventeen mosques, fourteen are completely forsaken, and the remaining three are by no means well attended: this must be the consequence of some great sin, but what the sin may be I cannot possibly conceive." Xavier said all he could to undeceive the deluded man, to make him turn to Christ and direct his zeal to his own salvation, instead of employing it to the everlasting ruin of his followers. But his words might as well have been thrown to the winds. The infidel became only the more obstinate in his errors: all his endeavor was to discover the fault of the people, which he could not see, neglecting his own, though actually placed clearly before his eyes. At last he took leave of him, saying that he must be blind not to see that God, who is most faithful with his own, was openly reproving a sect which he would not assist, by either increasing or upholding it, and that what the Moor looked upon as piety and devotion was neither more nor less than impiety and sacrilege.

Equal with this was the folly of another, one of their caciques, as they call their chief ministers of religion, who went to Xavier deploring the abandoned condition of the mosques and the want of devotion among the people, and declaring that he would forsake the established creed of the country

if within two years Mohammed did not come in person to visit him, in which case he would seek out some worthier form of belief. "This is usually the case with infidels and great sinners," says S. Francis Xavier: "they live unhappy in, and dissatisfied with, their state, which of itself is a grace afforded them by God, although they do not recognise it."

After resting a few days at Melinda, they took leave of its hospitable monarch, and set sail, coasting the shores of Africa till they arrived at Socotora, where they again cast anchor. This island is about twenty leagues in length by nine in breadth. The heats are excessive, the land poor and barren, excepting where a chain of mountains crosses the country and affords some pasture: palm-trees grow in the valleys, the fruit of which, called dates, supplies their bread. Houses they have none (their habitations being nothing better than rude huts, to protect them from the scorching rays of the sun, and even of these there are but few): the majority of the natives content themselves with the mountain-caverns, which supply the place of palaces to them. Two small islands, so much alike as to be called the *two sisters*, shelter it from the north wind: its inhabitants are perfect savages, owning no law either human or divine. The Moors of the environs affirm that Socotora is the country of the Amazons, alleging as one reason the fact of females governing there, even to our days. Be this as it may, the island is certainly an ill-favored one; nor would men care about it were it not that the finest aloes of the East grow there. The Socotorans, however, who

have seen no other country but their own, believe it to be the paradise of the world. It would be difficult to give their religion a name, so extravagant is it, and such a compound of various rites. They have the Moorish worship of Mohammed, the circumcision of the Jews, the *names* of the Christian sacrifices, and truly little more than the bare name, and even with that little they mingle heresy,—viz., the errors of Nestorius, and separation from the Roman See with the Abyssinians. The men are named after one or other of the apostles, and most of the women are called Mary: they adore the cross, incense it, and hang lighted lamps before it: one of their ceremonies is to anoint it with butter, and then wear it suspended at their necks: they fast two Lents in the year, one of which lasts nearly two months, during which they eat nothing but dates, herbs, and roots. They have churches, but of so poor a description as to be more like sheds for cattle than any thing else; nevertheless, they have prayer four times a day, morning, noon, evening, and midnight. Their only sacrament is baptism, administered in some extravagant form: they have no idea of the mysteries of faith, nor any books which treat of them; for none of them can read, except the caciques, as their priests are called, who consecrate themselves by learning some certain prayers, unintelligible even to themselves, being in a foreign language. All their office consists in singing these prayers in the churches and incensing, repeating several times a word which has something of the sound of our *alleluia*. Above all, they have the highest veneration for the

Apostle Saint Thomas, whom they call the Father of their faith,—declaring that they are the legitimate descendants of those who first received him. A tradition, received from their ancestors, still subsists among them, to the effect that when the holy apostle was sailing to the Indies a furious tempest drove him on their shores, and that with the remnants of the wreck a church was built, which in after-times was magnificently repaired, and had been in existence within the memory of some then alive. Such is the amount of Christianity to be found among the Socotorans. The cause of their being thus degenerated, and altogether so uncivilized, may be ascribed to their vicinity to the Arabians, who have tyrannized over the island, subduing it at first by force of arms, and then, by intermarriages, introducing Moorish habits. The King of Portugal, Don Emmanuel, had done much toward Christianizing this island; but the inconstancy of the natives prevented any permanent good, for in a short time they became more than ever imbued with the fallacies of Mohammed.

Xavier conceived the greatest hopes of reducing the whole island to the faith; and, as the language of charity can always make itself understood, he, being ignorant of their language, began to converse with them by signs; and his hopes were strengthened as he found his mute preaching become available. He succeeded in convincing them of the necessity of baptism, when they immediately pressed forward, bringing their children to be baptized by him. He explained to them that the Jewish and Moorish rites, so far from being

profitable to salvation, are, on the contrary, destructive of it, teaching them to substitute Christian ceremonies in their place. Whilst he was thus gaining ground, the Governor gave orders to sail. No sooner were the people aware of this than they ran and cast themselves at the saint's feet, and in their own expressive manner entreated him not to leave them, offering him herbs and dates, and promising that if he would only remain the whole island would soon come over to the faith. The heart of the holy man was deeply affected. With streaming eyes, he repaired to the Governor, entreating to be left behind, at least, till the arrival of the other ships from Mozambique, which might call as they passed and take him on to India. But Di Soza would on no account consent: he was aware of the frequent incursions of the Arabs in quest of booty and slaves: he would not, therefore, risk the loss of so precious a man. Moreover, the king, his master, had intrusted him to his hands for the Indies, where his zeal and toils would, no doubt, win over far more extensive kingdoms than Socotora, the natives whereof could scarcely be trusted, as past experience had taught the Portuguese. So, without further delay, they weighed anchor, sailing direct for Goa. Xavier was exceedingly afflicted. He could not withdraw his eyes from a land where he was leaving so many poor abandoned souls, who had so endeared themselves to him in the short space of time he had been with them. Being unable to do more for the present, he went away with an ardent desire and a full determination of returning himself to Socotora as soon as he should have companions enough to

satisfy the demand of the Indies; or, if unable to return in person, at least he resolved to send others in his place. And, in effect, he did attempt the latter plan several times, appointing Father Alphonsus Cipriani (whom he was afterward obliged to send to the coast of Coromandel) and others beside. Not content with this, he wrote to Father Simon Rodriguez, in Portugal, deploring the abandoned condition of these incipient Christians, and entreating him to appeal to the king's conscience to have compassion on their souls; "more especially," adds he, "as his Majesty's order would suffice."

Quitting the shores of Africa, the vessel bearing Di Soza and Xavier traversed the Sea of Arabia and finally arrived at Goa, where they disembarked on the 6th of May, 1542,—a date ever memorable in the Christian annals of the East,—after a voyage of thirteen months, including their sojourn at Mozambique.

Almighty God was pleased to choose the Portuguese nation for the propagation of his most holy name through the vast regions of the East Indies. One significant indication of this was vouchsafed to Don Alphonsus Albuquerque. When, at the head of his noble fleet, he was in search of new nations, just before the coasts of India came in view, he beheld in the air, toward the west, a resplendent cross, the color of vermilion, similar to that which heretofore appeared to Constantine the Great. At this sight the pious admiral and all his fleet prostrated, weeping with delight: then, ordering a discharge of artillery and the drums to beat, he seemed in this manner to respond to the

call of Heaven inviting him to carry the sacred sign of salvation to barbarous kingdoms. At the time of which we write, Goa was the queen of Indian cities, the seat both of the archbishop and of the viceroy. It had been built by the Moors about forty years before the great Albuquerque arrived and added it to the dominions of Portugal; at which time God was pleased to verify the celebrated prophecy of the Apostle S. Thomas with regard to the revivification of the faith of Christ, which he had carried to the Indies, and even much farther,—to the confines of China. The apostle left a warning to future times, engraven on a stone column, planted at no great distance from the walls of Meliapore, the metropolis of Coromandel, on which an inscription, in characters peculiar to the country, declares that when the sea (at that time distant about forty miles) should so far advance as to bathe the foot of the said column, white men from distant lands should land in India and restore the Christian religion, which he (the apostle) had introduced, to its pristine state. Then, as in more modern days, incredulity treated the prophecy as impossible of fulfilment. Nevertheless, it was so literally verified that at the very time Vasco da Gama first set foot in India the sea had reached the column. Gradually, yet surely, it had worked its way. Nor is the phenomenon by any means unparalleled, as the experience of maritime districts attests: the Indians account for it by a corresponding change on the opposite side of the country, where, according to a very ancient tradition, the Sea of Arabia once watered the foot of the chain of mountains bounding Comorin, the

waters of which have so far receded as to leave the whole plain of Malabar between the mountains and the sea. As a fitting accompaniment to the prediction ascribed to S. Thomas, we subjoin the following, taken from the records of the illustrious Order of Mercy. "When Vasco da Gama sailed for the Indies, he took with him as his confessor the venerable Brother Peter of Covillan, of the Order of Mercy, who was massacred by the savages on the 7th of July, 1497, forty years before the birth of the Society of Jesus. When at the point of death, he uttered these emphatic words:—*There will soon arise in the Church of God a new Religious Order, which will bear the name of Jesus; whereof one of the first Fathers, conducted by the Holy Ghost, will penetrate to the remotest confines of the East Indies, which, through his preaching of the divine word, will embrace the faith of Jesus Christ.*"

According to the prophecy of S. Thomas, Christianity began to revive in India on the arrival of the Europeans,—though, as religion was far from being the first consideration of the earlier colonists, no very great progress was made. By degrees, the attempts that were made were in great measure defeated by the licentious and unbridled conduct of the Europeans, many of whom undertook the long and dangerous voyage from Europe to India with no other aim than that of enriching themselves as speedily as possible and then returning to their native countries. In their eagerness to attain their object, they were not over-scrupulous as to the means they used: their extortions upon the natives resembled plundering rather than fair

traffic: hence hatred to the religion was joined to hatred to the persons of their oppressors.

The luxury too of Asia, nowhere carried to greater excess than in India, so softened and enervated the minds of the Christians that they scarcely led better lives than the pagans. Useless then was it to preach the cross of Christ, continency, justice, and the desire of heavenly things, whilst a contradictory mode of life on the part of the majority told so fearfully against the teaching of a few,—general example being far more persuasive than the words of a few zealous men can be when endeavoring to inveigh against all-but universal vice. In the year 1542, most appalling accounts of the immorality of the Portuguese settlers were sent to Don John III., with a view to some vigorous attempt at reformation: it was shown that, so far from Christian purity having been introduced among the Mohammedans by the Christians, Mohammedan excesses had become familiar to the Christians. In a word, the mind recoils from the bare consideration of the vices of every stamp which, according to cotemporary historians, then revelled among the Christians of India: nor need they be detailed here: sufficient is said to show the arduous nature of the task to which Xavier had to apply himself on his arrival at Goa,—who had not spent four months there ere a very notable improvement was perceptible.

As for the Gentiles, their vices seem to have been of the most degrading description. The least guilty among them were, perhaps, those who acknowledged no religion and no God: they did not, like the rest, adore the devil in acts of the grossest im-

morality, or offer him human sacrifices either in the persons of others or of themselves. Many of the pagans tore themselves or others in pieces in sacrifice before their idols; others found some new god every day, adoring the first living creature which they happened to meet with in the morning; for instance, a dog, a pig, a serpent, or any other irrational animal. Each sect had its various mode of belief, or worship, and of licentiousness, the latter being everywhere carried to excess.

The transmigration of souls was universally believed, and was so strongly insisted upon by one particular sect that to kill a flea was as great a crime as to kill a man, or rather greater; for among some of them to kill a man (especially if it were a noble who killed a plebeian) would excite no more remorse than the massacre of a flea would to us. They sold their own children for slaves, at the price of less than a crown a head: cannibalism partially existed, so far at least as prisoners of war were concerned: widows were compelled to bury or burn themselves alive with the remains of their deceased husbands: necromancy and witchcraft were prevalent. And yet what we have been describing was but the least part of what Christianity had to contend against. The Saracens were much worse, and were extremely powerful out there, both as regards wealth and numbers; so that in reality they ruled the country: the richest districts belonged to them, they had allied themselves by marriage with the native princes, and had persuaded them to embrace the Koran. The Portuguese wrested many of their possessions from them, and in proportion to their losses, so

did their hatred of Christianity redouble. It is inconceivable with what pertinacity they opposed the propagation of the faith, which encountered no less enmity at the hands of the Jews, then also very powerful in India; so much so, in fact, that the King of Cochin was surnamed the King of the Hebrews, on account of his having more Jews than Gentiles among his subjects.

Into this den of wild beasts, then, to use the expression of S. Leo the Great with regard to S. Peter's first entrance into Rome, did Francis Xavier make his way; and such was the invincible strength of soul which led him on, that, whereas it would have been an almost superhuman task to restore piety among the Christians of the metropolis alone, he not only did this, but even reduced multitudes of idolaters to the knowledge and observance of the gospel. Among the miracles which God, who had destined him to be the apostle of that part of the world, enabled him to effect, one, not of the smallest, was the facility with which he won the veneration of the people,—a veneration which his subsequent stupendous miracles confirmed, and which procured for him the name of the *god of nature.* His labors, inferior only to his desires, and far superior to ordinary human powers, together with the vigor of his charity and the example of his life, were as stupendous as his miracles: they, more than any thing else, gained him the victory in his many difficult undertakings, when he had to withdraw from their hereditary superstitions and from their own vices the vast multitudes of souls whom he converted.

On his arrival at Goa, Xavier took up his abode

at the hospital, where he made himself not only poor among beggars, but like a slave did he devote himself to the corporeal as well as spiritual necessities of its unfortunate inmates.

Before entering on his functions on behalf of souls, he went and cast himself at the feet of the archbishop, presented the briefs of the Sovereign Pontiff, explained the reasons which had induced his Holiness and the King of Portugal to send him to those regions, and resigned himself entirely to his lordship's hands, promising only to use his authority of Apostolic Nuncio according to his good pleasure. It was his inviolable practice always to subject himself in this manner to the prelates of the Church, whatever might be their rank: this was the effect of his humility, and from his conviction that the interests of God, so far from being prejudiced, are, on the contrary, often promoted by our condescension to those who are beneath us. Correct, indeed, is the remark so often made by S. Ignatius to his followers, that humility and modesty frequently prevail where arrogance and authority would effect nothing; because the former easily conciliate superiors, whereas the latter excite contests and litigations, especially when one is somewhat more punctilious than is needful, than which nothing is more prejudicial to the welfare of souls or more disedifying to the people. Don John Albuquerque, a religious of the Franciscan order, was at this time Archbishop of Goa, a prelate of great virtue: it is not therefore surprising that souls like his and Xavier's, both so zealous in the service of God, should at once intertwine in the bonds of holy friendship

and conceive mutual respect for each other. The archbishop immediately raised the man of God, looked at the briefs, and returned them, expressing himself fully satisfied that he should use all the authority conceded to him by the holy see, offering to second him to the utmost of his power.

Thereupon Xavier at once began his labors, much upon the following plan. Three—or, under extraordinary need, four—hours of the night were given to repose, though not without interruption; for he often rose to attend to the sudden call of some poor patient. Here, as at Mozambique, he generally extended himself on the ground at the foot of the bed of some dangerously-affected invalid, in order that he might be on the spot, ready to give prompt assistance if called for. The rest of the night was given to prayer, though in effect the holy actions of the previous day formed little less than one continued prayer: his employments for the good of souls, which were seldom or never interrupted, did not in any way withdraw his mind and heart from God. Early in the morning he quitted his own hospital, and repaired to that of the lepers, in the suburbs, where he visited the patients one by one, consoling them with his expressions of tender charity, serving them, relieving their necessities by means of alms which he procured from the Portuguese, who were most liberal to him in this regard, hearing their confessions; and then, collecting them all together, he made them an appropriate discourse, to their extreme consolation. On festival-days he said Mass in this hospital, and gave communion to the lepers with his own hand. After this, he returned to the city,

where he preached to the Portuguese. The nature of his discourses, his appropriate adaptation of them to the necessities of so dissolute a population, and the fervor of spirit with which he handled them, will be best understood and appreciated by the effects which followed, and by the wonderful change of manners which was soon perceptible. Whereas previous to his arrival few persons went to confession even once a year, *now* there were but few who did not go more than once a month; insomuch that the saint, writing at this time to the Fathers at Rome, tells them that if he could multiply himself tenfold, and be in ten different places at one and the same time, he should still be unable to satisfy all who applied to him for confession; adding, that this popular impulse was entirely owing to the impression made on their hearts by the incontestable truths of the gospel. He might have added that the impression was made by the forcible manner in which he himself placed these truths before their eyes: his own incessant meditation on the things of eternity enabled him to develop the most awful truths with such clearness as to render them evident to the dullest mind; and hence those results which ever accompany a true conversion,—viz., the severance of illicit connections, the renunciation of usurious contracts, the restitution of unjustly-acquired property, the restoration to freedom of slaves unfairly claimed, the forgiveness of long-standing injuries, the renunciation of inveterate enmities, the restitution of fame and property, where the first had been injured and the latter stolen, and other similar things; so that in a few months Goa was so com-

pletely changed from what it had formerly been that the very gentiles called the change miraculous.

Hitherto we have merely detailed the saint's labors of the morning. Later in the day, on festivals, he explained the symbol of the faith, when such crowds of persons, of every rank, pressed to hear him, that the largest church could not contain them. On these occasions he used the coarse rough dialect of Portugal, that he might be the better understood by his hearers, many of whom, being native Indians, spoke the language of their masters but very imperfectly. In the afternoons of ferial days he visited the prisons, instructing the prisoners how to examine and purify their conscience, after which he heard their confessions. On quitting the prison, he next perambulated the city with a bell in his hand, and, halting at the top of the more frequented streets and public places, he sounded his bell, calling aloud on the people, for the love of God and for the safety of their consciences, to send their children and slaves to hear him expound the Christian doctrine. But his audience was not always exclusively confined to the two above-named classes: fathers and masters, accompanied by their whole families, assembled round him. After these public instructions, he would repair to some church, followed by two or three hundred children, to whom he there explained the principles of our faith, mingling these instructions with rules how to live well; and nothing seemed more profitable to the public good than these familiar conferences; for where childhood and youth are passed in such profound

ignorance of religion as was the case in Goa, vain must be the expectation that manhood would be virtuous, unless indeed it were accomplished by a miracle: vices imbibed with the milk of infancy generally strengthen as age advances. Now, under the indefatigable zeal and charity of Xavier, the children of Goa made such progress in the knowledge and practice of religion and religious duties, that vicious parents could meet with no sterner reproof than the very virtues of their own offspring: in fact, they were often reprehended by them with a freedom and zeal far superior to childhood; when, often, on such occasions, confounded and affected, the parents would allow the children to conduct them to the holy man, to be by him turned to a better course of life, declaring that they were ashamed of being taught by the example of their children. At the recommendation of our saint, the archbishop promulgated an order for the public instruction of children in all the churches of Goa, which had never been done there before; and the practice proved of great public and private utility.

To these salutary labors of fervent zeal, Xavier added familiar intercourse and private conversation with sinners. There was nothing rigid or austere about him: on the contrary, he was extremely affable, more especially to those sinners whose consciences were most deeply stained: he resembled in this an affectionate mother, whose love increases and whose heart softens the more she sees her dear child suffer. To men who were publicly and notoriously immoral he addressed himself with cordiality, even inviting himself to dine at their table, feigning ignorance of their

excesses and the fruits of them; of which conduct and its consequences admirable details will be given elsewhere. It was no small advantage to him to have gained their friendship, and to be looked upon by them as a man who could deal leniently with sinners; because, when any one of this stamp became converted, he trustingly placed his soul in the hands of Xavier, sure of meeting with compassion as well as with a remedy for his maladies; and then, again, it enabled him, with the freedom of a friend, to express an interest in the welfare of their souls. There was something quite remarkable in the manner and method of his charity when working at a conversion: in the beginning he so well knew how to accept *the little* as if it were *not* a little, which the weakness of the sinner's virtue was then disposed to give; and his never leaving them to themselves, as if it belonged to *them* to take all the trouble of preparing their confession, or as if *they* were to discharge the whole debt of penance due to God for their sins: the heaviest part of both generally fell to his own share.

In the fourth book we shall dwell more fully on the soothing and efficacious means which he used to gain souls, not only at Goa, but throughout the rest of India.

The religious position of Goa being thus improved in the first six months from the date of S. Francis Xavier's arrival there, God was pleased to think it time to summon him beyond the narrow boundaries of a city, to place his zeal in a more ample sphere and where it might employ itself in the conversion of the pagans.

The eastern coast of India stretching from Cape Comorin as far as the island of Manar, which is called the Fishery, from the pearls which abound in and which are dived for in that sea, was first frequented by the Saracens for traffic only; but by degrees, as they increased in power, wealth, and numbers, they tyrannized over the poor natives, who were obliged to submit to their oppressions, because not powerful enough to resist them; until the year 1532, when, their patience being exhausted, they resolved to shake off so insupportable a yoke, by the total extermination of those who imposed it. The final provocation which led to this decision was this. In a dispute between a Saracen and a Paravan (as a native of the coast is called) the former instantly tore off the ear-ring of the latter, carrying with it a portion of the ear. Now, among the Indians, this is one of the greatest insults that can be offered; and, as in this instance the offended party was one of the chief personages of the tribe, the whole district felt itself outraged, and vowed vengeance accordingly. The Paravans took their measures so secretly that in one day they contrived the massacre of all the Moors, with the exception of a few who fled to their boats and pushed off to sea; but even they did not escape, God so willing that a storm should sink their vessels.

As soon as this slaughter of the Saracens became generally known, their coreligionists of the surrounding parts, who were strong in numbers, combined for purposes of revenge; and, unexpectedly falling on the Paravans both by sea and land, they slew them by thousands, destroying

their habitations and carrying away an immense booty. And, in order that not one of them should escape, they promised the peasantry belonging to the states bordering on Parava, to pay them a sum equivalent to four reals for the head of every Paravan they should bring to them: however, later, when the number was found to be so great, they reduced the price to one real: so despicable among savages is the life of a fellow-creature as to be valued at a lower rate than the carcass of a brute beast.

But, in spite of all this, the Paravans were not wholly exterminated: great numbers escaped to the neighboring kingdoms, among others a man named John of the Cross, who, not long before, had gone thither from Goa as a merchant. He was a native of Malabar, a Christian, and a person of great discretion, having served as ambassador to Portugal, in the name of the Samorin of Calicut, his master. During his stay in Europe he was baptized, and King John III. honored him with the order of knighthood; but on his return to Malabar his own sovereign banished him from court in disgrace as a renegade.

To him, then, did the expatriated Paravans apply, less for counsel than for aid: having already consulted among themselves, they had decided on placing themselves under the protection of the Portuguese; so that all they now wanted was a person to accompany some of them and interpret their wishes and necessities to the commander of Cochin. The Malabarese knight willingly entered into their views in compassion for their miseries, and still more from a hope of gaining over their

souls to the faith of Christ. Fifteen of the principal members of the tribe, together with John of the Cross, travelled to Cochin, where they stated their case to the Portuguese ruler there, and entered into a mutual compact of protection on one side and of conversion on the other. As the Portuguese undertook to arm a fleet and rescue Parava from the Saracens, the fifteen who were to remain as guarantees for the fulfilment of the Paravan part of the agreement seemed but a very small security; but when this was suggested to them one of their number returned to his countrymen and easily procured seventy more hostages. In the mean time the Moors obtained intelligence of what was going on, and, assembling in council, decided on sending an embassy to Cochin, who was authorized to offer the commander a very large sum of money, besides other valuables, if he would break treaty with the Paravans; but he, having purchased the salvation of these people, answered, like a good Christian, that a mountain of gold would not suffice to shake his purpose, and he dismissed the Saracen ambassador with contempt.

The eighty-five Paravans were baptized by Michael Vaz, the vicar-general of the Indies, and, after accompanying the fleet, which attacked and defeated the Saracens, regained possession of their territories along the coast. Twenty thousand of them, inhabiting thirty townships, became Christians at once, and finally all of them were baptized. But further than this they had no instruction, for there was no priest who knew their language; nor had the Portuguese intercourse with

them beyond what was necessary for the few merchants who repaired to the fishery only during the pearl-season. Affairs remained in this state for ten years, till Francis Xavier arrived in the Indies,—when it occurred to the mind of the vicar-general that he was a man equal to the difficult enterprise of cultivating the still-unformed Church of Parava; and accordingly he made the proposal to him. No offer could have been more gratifying to the heart of the holy man; for, though his labor in Goa increased and succeeded to his wishes, he was incessantly sighing for the conversion of the infidels, and wondering how long it would be ere Almighty God would load his shoulders with the idolatrous Indian which in Europe had so often foreshadowed his slumbers.

Extending his arms, as if to enclose within them the whole of Parava, he generously offered himself to the vicar. Then, receiving the archbishop's blessing, and obtaining a promise from the Governor that as soon as his two companions should arrive from Mozambique he would send them to him, he quitted Goa, to the inexpressible regret of the whole city. Di Soza would have furnished him with any amount of money to enable him to appear with becoming dignity at the fishery; but holy poverty was as precious to him as his zeal was apostolic; and he refused all the offers of the Governor, with the exception of a pair of shoes to preserve his feet from the scorching heat of the sands, and a something, of I know not what description, to serve as a shade against the burning rays of the sun. For his companions in the enterprise he had two young Indians, who from

childhood had been familiarized with Catholic rites, and who had recently been made deacons.

They sailed from Goa to Cape Comorin, a distance of six hundred miles; then they pursued their way by land as far as Tutucurim. On the road they halted at an idolatrous village, where, by means of one of his companions acting as interpreter, Xavier began to announce the name of Christ; but his endeavors were fruitless, the pagans declaring that they could not change their religion without the consent of their lord and master. Almighty God, however, would not allow these first labors of his servant to be wholly useless: to encourage his hopes, and as a presage of what his future was to be, he here imparted to him the gift of miracles, which then and afterward rendered his name as famous as the miracles themselves. For three days a pagan woman had been suffering in the pains of childbirth: neither the prayers of the Brahmins nor the force of medical aid could give her any relief, so that she was actually at the point of death. The holy man, hearing of her state, went with one of his interpreters to her house; "and," says he, "forgetting that I was in a strange land, I began to invoke the name of the Lord: nevertheless, all parts of the world belong to him, and the inhabitants of them are likewise his. I then explained the principles of the faith to the suffering woman, persuading her to place her confidence in the God of the Christians. And God, who by means of her restoration to health intended to work the salvation of that people, inwardly moved her to believe; so that when I asked her whether she believed in

Christ, and whether she would receive baptism, she readily answered both questions affirmatively." Hereupon the saint read one of the Gospels over her and baptized her, when she was immediately delivered and was cured.

The evidence of the fact astounded the whole family, and occasioned the greatest joy: they threw themselves at the feet of Xavier and demanded baptism, which he conferred after giving them the necessary instructions.

A report of this event soon spread throughout the neighborhood: so, following up this good beginning, he endeavored to become acquainted with some of the more influential persons of the place, to whom he freely spoke of the law of Jesus Christ. However willing they might be to believe his teaching, they did not dare to embrace it without the consent of their prince. One of the ministers of the royal revenue happening to be on the spot, the saint addressed himself to him; and our Lord gave such efficacy to his words, when explaining the truths of religion, the importance of salvation, and the eternal torments of hell, that the official acknowledged the beauty of Christianity, and agreed to the baptism of such of the people as wished for it.

Upon this, Xavier cheerfully began to instruct some of the chiefs, whom with their families he baptized: then the rest of the people, of all ages and ranks, eagerly followed the example of their superiors, and became Christians. Deferring their further instruction to a more convenient time, he proceeded to Tutucurim, from whence he began to traverse, one by one, the various hamlets dispersed

along the coast. As we have already remarked, nearly half of them were nominally Christians, and the rest idolaters; but, as far as the knowledge and practice of the gospel were concerned, Christians and pagans were equally ignorant; for the former, with the exception of baptism, which they had received rather to escape the yoke of Mohammed than to embrace that of Christ, lived much like the latter.

"What could I do here among them," writes the saint, "since I neither knew their language, nor they mine? My only plan was to choose some of the best-educated among them, who, besides their native idiom, had some knowledge of Portuguese: by working assiduously together for several days, we translated into Malabarese the mode of making the sign of the cross, and of thus acknowledging one God in three persons,—the Apostles' Creed, the *Pater Noster*, the *Confiteor*, the Commandments, the *Ave Maria*, and the *Salve Regina*. I then transferred all this to my own memory, and, sallying forth bell in hand, I collected as many men and children round me as I could, and, leading them to a suitable spot, I recited to them what I had been learning. I did this twice a day for a whole month, desiring those who heard me to repeat to their families at home what I had been saying to them. On Sundays I had a general assemblage of all the people, men, women, and children, who came in crowds with great delight, when the prayers were sung in common. Beginning with the sign of the cross, to testify our belief of Three in One, we sung the creed, which being ended, I recited the first article, all the rest being silent,

and asked them whether they verily believed it: hereupon, crossing their arms upon their breasts, they all together cried out that they did. Then I, and they conjointly with me, prayed thus:—'O Jesus Christ, Son of God! give us grace firmly to believe, and without ever doubting, the first article of faith; and, to induce thee to give us this grace, let us recite a *Pater Noster,*' which being ended, we thus proceeded:—'O holy Mary, Mother of Jesus Christ, obtain for us the grace firmly to believe, without the least doubt, the first article of the creed; and, that you may obtain this favor for us, let us recite an *Ave Maria.*' In this manner we went through the twelve articles of the Creed, and then passed on to the Ten Commandments, first all together, and afterward each one separately, mingling the *Pater Noster* and *Ave Maria* as we did in the Creed, but changing the petition for *belief* into that of *faithful observance.* It is impossible to describe the admiration of the gentiles as well as the new Christians for our holy law, which they declare to be so perfectly in conformity with the law of nature and right reason. What I chiefly insist upon, and most frequently repeat, are the Creed and the Commandments. I make them all say the *Confiteor,* especially those whom I am about to baptize; after which they say the Creed, I asking whether they sincerely believe. And upon their answering yes, I explain the law of Christ, and what they must believe in order to salvation; and then I baptize them. We conclude our service by reciting the *Salve Regina.*" Thus writes the holy man.

He remained a month in each place, diligently

instructing the people in this manner; and, after baptizing the inhabitants before leaving one village for another, he assembled some of the best disposed and best instructed, and gave them in writing all that he had taught them, constituting them the teachers of their tribe, desiring them to assemble on all festivals, to keep alive the memory of what they had learned, repeating it all in the same manner as they had done with him. To the care of these neophytes did he intrust the churches which were raised in the more populous districts, desiring them to attend to them, and adorn them as far as the poverty of the country permitted. That these Catechists, or *Canacopoles*, as they were styled in their own language, might not give their time and labor without some sort of remuneration, he requested that the annual tribute of four thousand small pieces of gold, paid by the Coast of Fishery to the Queen of Portugal, might be divided among them. The Governor consented to this plan, which was approved of by her Majesty, to whom Xavier wrote for the purpose.

It would be difficult to give an idea of the harvest of souls, or the works worthy of an infant church in its first fervor, which here attended our holy Apostle: he himself, in a letter to S. Ignatius, owns that he has not words to describe them, but says that frequently the multitudes who flocked to him for baptism were so numerous that he was unable to go on raising his arm to make the sign of the cross for the administration of the sacrament, and that his voice literally became extinct from the incessant repetition of the Creed, the Commandments, and a certain brief admonition

on the duties of a Christian life, the bliss of heaven, the pains of hell, and what good or evil deeds lead to the one or the other. In one single day he baptized the inhabitants of a whole parish: of children only, who died before they lost their baptismal innocence, and who in death went at once to the enjoyment of God, he counted upward of a thousand.

He found the children so assiduous in what concerned the service of Almighty God, and so anxious to learn more and more about the mysteries of faith, that they scarcely left him time to snatch a hasty meal by day or a short repose by night, or even to get through the recitation of the divine office: he was actually obliged to hide himself when he had to fulfil this last duty; and yet this did not often succeed, for they generally contrived to find him out. In their ardor, they were continually disputing, and at war with the pagans: they hunted up the idols, which they brought and tore in pieces at the saint's feet; and then, piling the fragments in heaps, they treated them with the greatest contumely, kicking them about, covering them with filth, and reducing them to ashes which they cast into the sea. If they discovered any Christian showing respect to a pagod, as they call their idols, these fervent youths would boldly reprove him, even if he were their own father; and if this did not suffice to check the impiety, they ran to complain to the holy father, who, surrounded by his youthful group, proceeded to the house, and, seizing all the idols he could find, gave them up to the contempt and execration of the children.

Happening to hear that one of the Christians gave public scandal by his idolatry, and finding that his bestial, grovelling soul would not be influenced either by faith or reason, he resolved to find some means of making him understand something of the flames he would be condemned to for eternity, in company with the devils he persisted in adoring, and accordingly gave orders for the house to be burned; and scarcely would he accede to the entreaties of the idolater and his friends that the furniture might be spared: all the rest, but especially the idols which had occasioned the mischief, were reduced to ashes, as a fearful example and warning to those who, like this impious man, might be tempted to break faith with God. Neither did the boldest among them venture to contradict or raise an arm against him, so great was the reverence with which Almighty God had inspired them for him, and so great was the awe occasioned by his miraculous powers; to which we may also add the prompt and severe chastisement which overtook an audacious infidel who insulted him. He was one of the nobles of Manapar, to whose house Xavier went and begged that he would give him an audience, as there were things of importance to the welfare of his soul which he wished to speak to him about. But the barbarian would not so much as see him: he gave orders that the door should be shut in his face, with this ungracious answer:—"Tell him he may do the same to me when he sees me coming to seek admission into his church." Almighty God registered his words, and gave them their literal accomplishment; for soon afterward this very nobleman

was suddenly assailed by a troop of armed men, who were pursuing him to death: flight was his only chance of escape, and, perceiving no other place of refuge than the church, he directed his steps toward it at the height of his speed, quite unmindful of his own malediction. The enemy were in sight, sending their arrows after him, though still at too great a distance to take effect. The Christians who were assembled in the church for their usual devotions heard the cries of the wretched man, and, seeing the fury of his pursuers, supposed it to be directed against themselves, and, fearing that the soldiers were coming to rob the church, or to commit some other outrage, hastily closed and secured the door at the very moment the fugitive reached it: his entreaties for admittance were (under the misapprehension) all in vain, and he was left to the mercy of his enemies, who by his death avenged not so much their own injuries as the outrage offered to the saint.

The Brahmins themselves, much as they hated him in their hearts for exposing their abominations both of doctrine and private vices, outwardly showed him marks of affection and reverenced him as a holy man. Among the Indians, these Brahmins are the most noble race, and are more respected than any others: their most ancient records affirm them to be of Divine origin,—explaining their belief in this manner. They say that Para-Brahma, the first and chief of all their gods, though of invisible substance, was once seized with a desire of rendering himself visible, and for this purpose made himself man; that, whilst in this state, he, by the mere act of his

will, conceived a son, which issued from his mouth, and whom he named Maiso; that he afterward gave birth to a second, which came forth from his breast; and then in like manner a third, which proceeded from his bowels: he called the former Vishnu, and the latter Brahma. Having thus alone generated these three children, he determined to return to heaven, and there rest in the enjoyment of himself; but he would first assign a patrimony to each of these three sons. To the eldest he awarded the first space immediately below heaven, with dominion over the elements, of which he was to compose mixed bodies, of such quality and quantity as he pleased. To Vishnu the second space was given, with authority to administer justice among men and to succor them in their necessities. The third space below heaven was awarded to Brahma, whose office it was to preside over sacrifices and ceremonies, and to superintend the ablutions, rites, and all other forms connected with religion. The Indians represent these gods under the figure of a man with three heads, thus denoting that they all spring from one and the same root. These three are much honored and invoked; whilst Para-Brahma is wholly neglected, under the plea that, dwelling in heaven wholly concentrated in himself, he has no regard to mundane affairs. It is said that, in order to readjust the discordant concerns of mankind, Vishnu has been thousands of times on earth, but assuming a different figure each time, —sometimes of animals, and sometimes of misshapen, hideous-looking men: hence the number of their pagods, as they call their inferior divini-

ties. Brahma, being anxious for posterity, descended on earth and became the father of the Brahmins, now multiplied beyond number, yet all claiming to be of the same divine origin. However poor and abject they may be, the people look upon them as demi-gods, and believe them to be saints, because of their presumed observance of a rigorous precept which forbids them ever to eat flesh-meat, fish, or any thing having life. Their food, even though they be kings, must consist only of milk, fruit, herbs, and roots: nevertheless, greater rogues never existed in this world. Saint Francis Xavier, who had so much to do with them and who knew them so thoroughly, said that if there were no Brahmins there would not be a single idolater throughout the vast regions of India. The authority and influence which they have over the princes, the veneration in which they are held by the people, the thousand artifices which they use to impose on popular credulity, their immense numbers, the union they maintain among themselves, their selfishness, render them almost invincible, and, at the same time, the most determined opponents of Christianity. Goa was actually full of them, where they openly celebrated their sacrifices, ceremonies, marriages, and obsequies, according to the Gentile forms,—burning widows with the remains of their deceased husbands, and performing their public solemnities just as they pleased. In a word, he said that we might apply to them the prayer which David made to God:—"From the nation that is not holy, and from the wicked and deceitful man, deliver me." They lived at the expense of the idols,

feasting on the luxuries presented to them, selling fables for mysteries, and preaching every absurdity which entered their brain, of which one of the chief was to make the people believe that the pagods have appetites like ordinary mortals, or, rather, far more voracious than ordinary mortals; that they imbibe the essence of the meats set before them through the effluvial medium, and that, though the meat remains apparently the same, it is in effect only the bark or husk, but, as this has been consecrated to the idols, the Brahmins alone can be permitted to consume it. Upon the strength of such fables as these are the Brahmins and their families maintained in luxury and ease.

Should the offerings of the people become scarce, the Brahmins scour the country, proclaiming the indignation of the gods, who are about to send chastisements of famine, pestilence, and war, or else that they threaten to abandon the country, since they are left to starve. The consequence is, the poor deluded beings, in dismay, would rather see themselves and their families in want than their pagods dissatisfied or their priests lean. In some places numbers of these Brahmins dwell together, almost in the manner of religious communities among us, and some of their monasteries maintain several hundreds. Some, again, are called Joguies, in whose persons the devil would seem to counterfeit the ancient hermits of the desert: they withdraw to the wildest and most solitary places, a cave in a mountain, or the trunk of a tree, or an iron cage, or some roofless hut, where they spend a certain number of years in

fasting, nakedness, silence, cold, and excessive heat, until, hardened like a board, and become of horribly savage aspect, they either return to the city, or undertake the wandering life of a pilgrim, rambling all over the East, everywhere reverenced, and looked upon as men come down from heaven. Whatever abominations they may commit are considered virtues, rather than crimes, for they are believed to be impeccable: their insults become honors, and a wound, even if mortal, if inflicted by them, is held to be sanctifying. Their doctrine corresponds with their manners and morals. They study, it is true, and they have academies, ancient authors, books of poetry written on palm-leaves, the paper of the Indians. They have, evidently, a knowledge of a primary cause, or God of the universe, of ministering intelligences, of the creation of the world, of rewards and chastisements, of the immortality of the soul,—doctrines taken from an ancient volume, which tradition says was composed by a disciple of Saint Thomas. But with what is true they have mingled such a vast amount of their own falsehoods that for one grain of truth we may find a hundredweight of lies; for every Brahmin may invent and teach whatever he chooses. And even what truths they do know, of God and of a future state, they take care to keep to themselves,—it being their inviolable law never to disclose these things excepting to the master-Brahmins, and then only under the obligation of strict secrecy. Their religion, however, ends in incantations and magic, in which they are adepts, in ceremonies and sacrificial rites, with which they honor devils, and in inventing new pagods with

hideous faces, distorted limbs, horns, and tails: the more monstrous they are, the more they are revered. Their belief in the transmigration of souls is accompanied with the most fearful excesses; because with them an animal differs from a man only in figure. Cows are the most holy and the most venerated objects in India: even kings plaster themselves, their walls and pavements, with the excrements of these favored animals. Blessed is he who is sprinkled by a Brahmin's hand with the ashes of a cow's bones; but still happier he who dies with the tail of one in his hand: *this* is the sacrament which sends him forth absolved from every sin; *this* is the cord which draws a soul out of its body to convey it into that of a cow,—provided he be worthy of such a lot, to which only kings and grandees should aspire.

Of this pernicious race of Brahmins, Xavier for a long time could only win one over to the faith, notwithstanding his frequent disputations with them, and notwithstanding the miracles they saw him work; and yet he convinced thousands of them of the errors of their own sect: so difficult is it to introduce the light of supernatural truth into a soul blinded, not by the mistakes of the intellect, but by the malice of the will. He rendered palpable, as it were, the impiety, the absurdity, and the falsehoods of which they were the teachers, and they, unable to resist the force of truth, owned themselves vanquished: nevertheless, though they owned themselves deceived, they would not renounce the deceit, or desist from deceiving the people, who estimated their own merit by the

amount of alms which they bestowed on their priests.

Father Xavier himself relates that he was once passing near a monastery where upward of two hundred Brahmins resided. Drawn either by curiosity to see so celebrated a man, or by some other motive, a number of them came forth to meet him. He, as usual, received them affably, and, after the usual compliments of courtesy, he and they sat down and began to discourse on the salvation of the soul. He inquired what their gods demanded of them in order to their being happy after death. Hereupon great excitement arose among them as to which of them ought to answer this question,—whether it should be the one most learned or the one most elevated in dignity. At length they decided on an old man of eighty, who had grown gray in malice as well as in age. Knowing that he was pleading a cause which could only bring shame upon his party, he strove to divert the question by saying to Xavier, "It is fitting that a stranger should first give an account of himself before he calls others to account: I will tell you what our pagods give us in recompense, when you have told me what the laws of your God require of you." But for once his astuteness was defeated. The father, seeing the old man's object, replied, "No: on the contrary, reason tells us that he who first asks ought to be first satisfied." And he said no more, waiting for the issue. Being thus pressed, the Brahmin, rather than appear unable to give an answer, reflected very seriously for a brief interval, and then, with a solemn countenance, he demurely said, "Two things secure for us the blessed com-

pany of the gods,—things which with their own mouths they have commanded: 1. Never to kill a cow; 2. To give alms to the Brahmins who serve the pagods." This sapient reply drew forth the applause of all the rest. The saint tells us that this miserable blindness brought tears into his eyes, and, deploring so barefaced an imposition, he did not wait to be called upon, but, making them a sign to remain seated, he rose up, and, making a profound inclination, recited the Apostles' Creed, and the precepts of the Decalogue, giving a succinct explanation of each one as he proceeded. Then he described heaven and hell,—the immense glory of the one, and the dreadful torments of the other; showing that in proportion as we live well or ill, we merit a blissful eternity with God, or an eternity of torments with the devils, whom they adored under the figures of their pagods. The Brahmins, who now heard these truths for the first time, listened to him with profound attention, and when he ceased speaking they all rose up and embraced him, declaring that the God of the Christians was the true God, because his law was so completely in harmony with the principles of natural religion. They next overwhelmed him with a variety of questions, each one asking according to his own doubts: such as, whether the soul really could be immortal, and how it vanishes when we expire? at what part of the body it issues from when we die? Whether, when in our dreams we seem to be in distant places, or conversing with absent friends, this happens in consequence of the soul being able temporarily to quit the body and go whither in our sleep we seem to

be, and then returns and re-enters the body? Of what color is Almighty God?—whether black or white? Great disputes existed between their theologians on this point,—the white men affirming that he is white, and the black that he is black: the greater part of their pagods are of the latter color, because the black Brahmins form the majority.

Father Xavier answered all these questions in a manner suited to the gross material minds he had to deal with, and so well satisfied them that they thanked him in the most complimentary terms. Then he, seeing them so far instructed, and so well disposed, pressed upon them the necessity they were under of embracing the law of Christ; because the plea of ignorance could no longer save them from the penalty of hell, since the truth had been made manifest to them. "But they," says the saint, "answered me much as many Christians do nowadays:—'What will the world say of us if we make such a change? and how shall we subsist without the alms which are given to the pagods?' Hence the same happened with them as with others whom self-interest, worldly reputation, and convenience overrule: the knowledge of the truth only serves to their greater condemnation; since they prefer enjoying the comforts of the present life rather than provide against the future torments of the next."

No better success attended his interview with the most celebrated Brahmin of that country, a man really possessed of some learning. He had been educated in the first academy of the East, and was intrusted with a knowledge of those mysteries

which are concealed from all save a few of the most learned of their theologians. The saint was most anxious to see him; whilst he, on his side, was equally anxious to meet with Xavier. The motive of the latter was the hope of gaining him to the faith, and of gaining with the master many of the scholars. Great numbers of the Brahmins looked up to this one, as to the oracle of their law. The greeting was mutually courteous and cordial, religion becoming at once the topic of discourse. Whatever may have been the cause, certain it is that the Brahmin conceived such a regard for the saint that he unfolded to him the secrets of his heart, and with them the secrets of his creed, which he had bound himself by oath to conceal. Of these, the first was, that the idols are devils; that there is but one God, the Creator of the universe, who reigns in heaven, and to whom alone adoration and service are due; that in his honor the most learned of their members observe the Sunday as a most holy day, during which no other prayer is recited than this, "By thy grace, O God, I adore thee, now, and for eternity," but that this prayer was obliged to be recited in the lowest possible whisper, lest the oath of secrecy should be violated. Moreover, he recited the Decalogue, giving a tolerably fair exposition of each precept. He said that, in the academy where he was educated, there was a regular professor and teacher of sorcery; that plurality of wives, though not a law, was a privilege of nature; and that some of their most ancient manuscripts affirm that the time will come when the whole world will be under the subjection of one and the same law.

Such were the mysteries which the Brahmin intrusted to Xavier, and requested a corresponding confidence on his part, promising strict secrecy, in order to induce candor in the saint, who, amused at his companion's mistaken idea of the case, rejoined, "No, no: I will only unfold our mysteries to you on condition that you do your best to publish them." Having obtained a promise to this effect, he began with these words of our Saviour, "He who believes, and is baptized, shall be saved," explaining them most amply; and, going steadily onward, he so clearly made him understand the truths of the gospel and the necessity of baptism that the Brahmin owned himself convinced, accepted the faith, asked to become a Christian, but in secret, because he could not consent to be publicly known as one. This very circumstance rendered him unworthy of the grace, such a condition being incompatible with the sincerity of faith and with the candor of the Christian's life. He requested, however, to have these words of Christ in writing, together with an explanation of them and the Apostles' Creed. He, moreover, told Xavier that one night, with sensible pleasure to himself, he had dreamed that he was baptized, and that he accompanied the saint to preach the gospel in distant countries: nevertheless, the dream proved to be nothing more than a dream, for it led to no effect. All the entreaties of Xavier could not induce him to promise that he would teach the people to worship one only God, the Creator of the world: he said that if he did this he should be breaking his oath of secrecy, and he feared that then the devil would come and kill him.

Our holy apostle had now sufficient proof that the malice of the Brahmins was insuperable, that conviction would not change them, and that they would not be drawn from their deceptions by the mere fact of being convinced that they had been deceived and were deceiving. No other course then remained open to him but to expose their impositions and frauds: he therefore boldly affirmed that the Brahmins well knew, and secretly confessed, that the pagods were devils, and their religion nothing but a sacrilege; that vanity or self-interest induced them to encourage the worship of idols, because if they did otherwise they would forfeit the honor of being priests, and the offerings of their deluded followers.

By degrees they became contemptible and odious to the people: the very children would point at them with scorn, and reproach them as being cheats and hypocrites, telling them they knew very well what the truth was, though they swore to conceal it, and that the honor of the pagods was nothing more or less than the gluttony of the Brahmins. Finding themselves in such disrepute, and in danger of losing the means of subsistence, they denounced terrible threats in the name of the angry pagods,—famine, pestilence, earthquakes, and whatever other maledictions their rage suggested; but their artifice was discovered, and the people who used formerly to tremble at their wrath now ridiculed it.

It must have been a miracle of Xavier's virtue that could make him be thus feared or respected, insomuch that these infuriated men never ventured to assail him: they merely endeavored to

move him by the most humble entreaties to have some compassion upon them. They often went to visit him, as if that alone would satisfy him; and they would own that they believed, as he did, that there was only one God, to whom they promised they would pray for him, if he would but desist from troubling them and would leave them in peace as they were; assuring him that the case was not as he represented, because it was not from real malice that they upheld the worship of the pagods, but only to obtain a reasonable maintenance for themselves; that they had no other adequate means of support in so poor a country. "Besides," said they, "what advantage will it be to God to see us, our wives and children, die of hunger? and what harm can it do *him* if the people maintain *us* from a motive of piety and charity? We will make him rich presents of money, pearls, and of all the most valuable things which are given to us, and which we will send to you, that you may offer them to him." But the saint would neither yield to their entreaties, nor accept their presents, which he invariably returned without so much as looking at them, but always accompanied with some useful admonition adapted to the condition of men who were doubly lost,—first in their own wilful malice, and next as the corrupters of the innocent.

With men who understood sanctity of life and rectitude of conduct, the contrast between the holy life of Xavier and the scandalous life of the Brahmins could inspire nothing but contempt and detestation. The holy man's fare was that of the poorest inhabitants of the coast,—a little roasted rice, with plain water; or, when he would regale

himself somewhat sumptuously, he took a little fish, with no other seasoning than that of his own appetite; but, whatever his food might be, it was always received as an alms from the peasantry. His lodging was either in some fisherman's hut, or in the open air on the bare ground: the coverlet given him by the Governor when he left Goa was made over to the first poor person he happened to meet: as for the shoes which were intended to protect his feet from the burning soil, they were either worn out, or given away; for certain it is that he went barefoot. If he did not feel the scorching heat of the fishery-coast, nor the thorns and brambles which lacerated his feet later in Japan, we must attribute it to his charity and zeal for souls, which made him regardless of, and, as it were, insensible to, his own inconveniences: the sweet hope of the goal softened all the roughness of the path to it.

He owns, however, that his labors for the Paravans were almost beyond endurance; and if we look only to the powers of nature, instead of to the vigor of his charity, we should scarcely believe it credible that he could have undergone what he did. In addition to preaching, instructing, baptizing, hearing confessions, (he being the only priest among forty thousand Christians,) no dispute or litigation arose which was not referred to his arbitration; and as these instances were numerous, he appointed a fixed hour every afternoon, when, with extreme patience and charity, he listened to the arguments, or rather to the complaints, of both parties, and then decided according to justice, and restored peace between a set of savages, who

without this interference would probably have had recourse to blows, if not to arms.

There was no sick person who did not send for him; and it was his greatest affliction to find that where there were so many sufferers he was unable to attend upon them all. Great part of the night was spent in wandering from village to village for the comfort and service of the sick, even encroaching upon his brief three hours' repose for this purpose. He hastened whithersoever there was a birth or a death, to give baptism in the first instance and burial in the second.

This will give some idea of his mode of life and the measure of his labors whilst cultivating the territory of Parava. It must, however, be owned that he had other and better restoratives than that brief repose at night and that scanty allowance of food which he took by day; for Almighty God satiated him with Himself, and filled his soul with such abundance of heavenly delight that it seemed to him as if he dwelt, not amidst toils in barbarous nations, but amidst the blessed in paradise,—insomuch that he often besought our Lord to restrain his arm and withhold some part of his consolations, it being too great a torture to him to struggle against the love of a beauty which he could not see, and to sip a blessing which he was unable to imbibe in draughts. He himself, speaking as of another person, relating in a letter to the father of his soul (as he called St. Ignatius) the labors undergone in the conversion of the Paravans, says, "I have nothing particular to say about this country, excepting that the consolations which Almighty God imparts to those who endeavor to

win over these Gentoos to the faith are so great, that, if there be such a thing as real happiness in this life, they certainly enjoy it. Often have I heard a person laboring among these Christians falteringly exclaim, '*O Lord, give me not such great comfort in this life; or if, in your excess of infinite goodness and mercy, you will thus favor me, call me to your heavenly glory, for it is too great a torment to live any longer without seeing you.*'"

The two chief means which, on the part of our holy apostle, mainly contributed to the conversion of the pagans inhabiting the coast of Fishery, were his indefatigable labors and the example of his life. We may add a third, namely, the gift of miracles, —miracles so stupendous as to procure for him the surname of the *man of heaven*, even from the very pagans, as we find recorded in the processes, and which were sufficient in numbers to fill a thick volume. "It would seem," writes Xavier himself, "as if Almighty God sent maladies upon these people to draw them, as it were, in spite of themselves, to the knowledge of him, and that, being cured by evident miracle, they may understand how great a difference there is between the God of the Christians and the pagods of the Brahmins, whose prayers over the sick prove unavailing." This was so notorious among the Paravans that there was scarcely a suffering Gentoo who had not recourse to the saint, both for his cure and for baptism.

As we have already remarked, invalids were so numerous that it was impossible for him to visit them all himself. Our Lord, however, deigned to multiply his miraculous power, by imparting it to

those whom he commissioned to visit the sick in his name; and these were some of the native children, whom he had baptized and so well instructed in the principles of the faith as to be employed as teachers, probably in the manner of our catechists. To some of these the saint intrusted his rosary, his crucifix, his reliquary, or some other object of devotion, and then dispersed them through the neighboring hamlets where there happened to be any invalids calling for help. In order that the cure of one might contribute to the conversion of many others, he commissioned his catechist, on arriving at the place appointed, to assemble the families belonging to the vicinity, and then to recite aloud several times the creed, the commandments, and whatever else they had learned of the Christian doctrine, and to ask the sick whether they sincerely believed in Jesus Christ, and whether they were willing to be baptized. Upon their answering affirmatively, the reliquary, or the cross, as the case might be, was applied to them, when they immediately recovered, and afterward received health of soul at the hands of Xavier. Seldom or never had he these little objects of devotion in his own possession, his catechists retaining them in order to work miracles by means of them. His rosary, which he had previously been accustomed to wear round his neck, was in special demand; so that when he had to quit one village for another he generally had to hunt up his rosary.

On one occasion he was surrounded by a vast multitude, to whom he was giving instructions, when messengers from Manapar arrived, and, interrupting him, requested he would accompany

them to their master and relieve him from the tyranny of the devil, who was tormenting him in a frightful manner. But Xavier, who disdained to honor the devil so far as to suspend the profitable task in which he was actually engaged merely to go and drive away so contemptible a foe, very calmly took off a small cross which was suspended at his breast, and, giving it to some of his dear little ones, bade them go and release the possessed man. The children set out for Manapar, accompanied by many other persons, anxious to witness the result, and, on their arrival, found the man in a state of fury and howling terrifically,—the devil no doubt being enraged at foreseeing his impending discomfiture, aggravated by the contemptuous circumstance of being expelled, not by the prayers and presence of a great saint, but at the bidding of mere children, who showed how confident they were of being able to accomplish that which their holy father enjoined; for whereas at that tender age they would naturally be terrified at such a sight, they did not so much as show the least sign of fear. Advancing, as if it were a dog instead of a devil which they were going to drive away, they boldly grouped themselves round the frenzied man, sung the usual prayers, and then, in spite of his contortions and violent reluctance, compelled him to kiss the cross. Nothing more was needed: at that very moment the fiend was expelled, not only from this man, but likewise from many more of the idolaters, who, when they saw the incontestable power of the cross, were converted and requested baptism. This victory was achieved by the hands of children. But the following wonder-

ful cure could not have been effected without his own co-operation: we are not certain whether it occurred at Manapar, or farther on toward Cape Comorin; but we may safely say the manner of the cure could scarcely be the act of any other man than a S. Francis Xavier, whether we consider the power of the miracle, or the miracle of virtue which accompanied it. There was a poor beggar, whom poverty, no less than the custom of the country, caused to go about almost naked, and whose body was covered from head to foot with sores and scabs: his filth and wounds made the mere sight of him absolutely sickening. One day he happened to meet with Xavier, of whom he probably begged an alms: however this may be, the charity of the saint urged him to give much more than he was asked; for, taking the man aside, he washed him thoroughly with his own hands, and then, by a stretch of heroic mortification, he was seen by two inhabitants of Manapar, who were privately watching him, and who were deeply affected by the sight,—he was seen, I say, to drink a considerable quantity of the filthy water in which he had just washed the leprous mendicant; after which he knelt down and spent some time in silent prayer. But prayer was no longer necessary to the poor man's cure, which had been immediately effected by the merit of such an act of virtue: the crusts fell from all the wounds, and the wounds themselves were perfectly cured: the beggar was restored to full health, and went away blessing God and exulting in the name of Xavier. Nor was this the only miracle of this description; as we find in the processes that he frequently

washed ulcers and other loathsome wounds, and afterward drank some of the water, whereupon the sick were instantly cured.

Another cure cost him much less, though the favor itself was not a small one. A courteous Indian of Punical, who always gladly received and lodged the holy man when he passed that way, had three children, all girls; but he was most anxious for a son. As he believed Xavier to be a saint, he ventured to beg him to obtain this favor for him. The father encouraged him to confide in God, using words indicative of no slight hope. The Indian, however, was not satisfied with this: he wished for a written pledge,—for instance, the name of Francis in his own handwriting. This he willingly gave, remarking, at the same time, that Almighty God would undoubtedly gratify him. The effect verified the prediction of the saint, and surpassed the hopes even of the Indian; for in due time he became the father of as many sons as he already was of daughters.

These, however, were not the most illustrious or the most surprising miracles with which our Lord was pleased to give evidence of, and to honor, the merits of his saintly apostle. According to the acts of his canonization, we read that he restored many dead to life during his sojourn on the coast of Fishery, though unfortunately few minute details are given of these resuscitations: the power was perhaps conceded to him in reward for the many thousands of souls whom he preserved from everlasting death. We give three of the most remarkable of these cases.

He was travelling with two young Indians,

named Anthony Miranda and Augustin Pina, who served as his acolytes and catechists. Night overtook them at a place called Pandocal, a hamlet situated between Tale and Manapar: the two youths retired into a hut to rest, and the saint into another, that he might pray at his ease. Venomous serpents are common throughout India: few are more dangerous than the hooded serpent, so called from a cartilaginous skin which shades the head: the sting of this reptile is so poisonous, and so prompt in its effect, that its victim seldom survives a couple of hours. One of these creatures had its nest in the very hut where our two unsuspecting children went to sleep, and bit Anthony in the foot, without even awakening him. It was late in the morning before Augustin awoke, who immediately called his companion. After shaking him and receiving no answer, he soon ascertained the cause; for, on raising the mat where they had both been reposing, the serpent sprang forth. With a cry of horror, the child ran off to the saint, and, with sighs and tears, related what had happened. Without the slightest agitation or appearance of surprise, Xavier smiled, and calmly answered, "Let us go and look at him. Perchance he may not be dead." On reaching the cabin, he knelt down by the side of the dead body, fixed his eyes on heaven, and, after a short prayer, touched the swollen and livid foot with spittle, blessed him with the sign of the cross, and, taking him by the hand, said. "Anthony, in the name of Jesus Christ, arise!" He said no more, nor was more needed to make the child arise: he immediately stood up, not only alive, but as healthy and strong as

ever he was; whereupon they all three resumed their journey.

The second resuscitation occurred at a village of the same coast, called Combutura. Xavier was in the little church there dedicated to S. Stephen, the protomartyr: he was vested, just ready to celebrate holy mass, when all at once loud sounds of lamentation and cries of desperation disturbed the solemn silence of the place. He inquired the cause, and was told that an unhappy mother, accompanied by her relatives, was bringing her son to be buried, who had unfortunately fallen into a well and been drowned. The saint was moved by compassion, both for the misfortune of the son and the heart-rending affliction of the mother: vested as he was, he went forth to meet and comfort her. No sooner did she set eyes upon him, than a vague hope arose in her heart that possibly he might be able to restore her child: prostrating herself before him, she repeatedly kissed his feet, and, by tears rather than by words, besought him to resuscitate her lost loved one, telling him that he so easily could, if he had but the will, seeing that Almighty God did whatever he requested. The surrounding friends joined their tears and entreaties with those of the disconsolate mother; nor were these prayers and tears fruitless. The saint knelt down and recited a short prayer; then, rising, he took the young man by the hand, and commanded him, as he had done the other, to arise in the name of the Lord Jesus. The effect was instantaneous; the dead man arose, every one exclaiming, "A miracle! a miracle!" Groans and lamentations gave place to songs of gladness,

and tears of grief were changed into tears of joy.

Greater faith, and no less favor, attended two of the principal inhabitants of Punicale. A deadly pestilence was raging there, during which most admirable was his *charity* in visiting and his *faith* in curing the sick. Notwithstanding this, a youth belonging to one of the first families died: he was the sole hope and delight of both his parents, who were inconsolable at his loss: they accused themselves of being his murderers, inasmuch as they had neglected applying to the holy father in time, as so many others had done, whose friends had consequently been spared. Hope, however, revived in their hearts as they reflected that he could as easily restore the child to life as he could have cured him when ill: with this impression, they themselves raised the lifeless body of their son in their arms, and set out in search of Xavier, whom they met, and, placing the corpse before him at his feet, they declared, with streaming eyes and bursting hearts, that they would not stir from the spot until he restored their son to them alive. Xavier's tender soul could not resist such a moving appeal; and, ascribing his power to the merit of their lively faith, he raised his eyes to heaven, as usual, prayed, and then, merely calling the deceased by his name, he restored him alive and well to his delighted father and mother.

These are the only three resuscitations at the coast of Fishery which I undertake to detail, because I find them expressly inserted in the acts of his canonization. Another, however, ought not to be entirely passed over, though the circum-

stances of it are not described. A young girl of Bembar was restored by him to life; and (what turns still more to his glory) by means of his young catechists, whom he sent about to cure the sick with some pious object belonging to him, two other dead persons were raised to life in the territory of Punicale, as we read in the Processes.

The fame of these prodigies spread all over India, and rendered the name of the saint illustrious, at the same time that they gained great veneration and respect for the laws of Christ. In Goa, especially, they were spoken of with great joy by the Portuguese; and when Saint Francis arrived thither on his return from Parava, a circumstance occurred which put his humility to a sad trial. His friend Doctor Borba, a famous theologian and preacher, once ventured, in familiar conversation, to ask him in what manner he had raised the dead to life during his sojourn on the coast of Fishery. The question was like a mortal wound inflicted on the modesty of the holy man: he cast his eyes on the ground in confusion, and blushed in such a way as to excite compassion. Anxious, however, to evade another blow, he ran and embraced his friend, saying, with a smile, "Ah, my Jesus! can it be said that such a wretch as I have been able to raise the dead? Surely, my dear Diego, you have not believed such folly? They brought a young man to me whom they supposed to be dead: I commanded him to arise, and the common people, who make a miracle of every thing, gave out the report that a dead man had been raised to life." A year and more had elapsed since the holy father had begun his labors among

the Paravans, and as yet there was no appearance of Father Paul Camerino and Francis Mansilla, whom the viceroy Di Soza had promised to send to him as soon as they arrived from Mozambique. Anxious as the saint was to carry the faith into other countries, he could not, however, make up his mind to leave the Christians of Parava unprovided with a pastor. He resolved, then, on returning to Goa, to collect workmen to whom he might intrust this portion of the vineyard. He quitted the Fishery toward the end of the year 1543, and arrived at Goa in the middle of the following January, taking with him several promising native youths to be educated in the new seminary there. He was received with extraordinary rejoicings, and found his two companions, who had already been at Goa some considerable time, having been detained by the viceroy at the suggestion of some zealous persons who were unwilling that the city of Goa should be deprived of their valuable services. For the same reason, the saint was unable to take both of them with him when he returned to Parava: he was obliged to leave Father Camerino to preside over the seminary recently established for the education of young Indians destined for the Church, and who, when become priests and masters, would disperse themselves all through the East and materially assist in propagating the holy gospel. The new Seminary was called the Seminary of *the Holy Faith.* The saint was extremely anxious to return to the Fishery; and, having despatched as speedily as possible the business which he had to transact with the viceroy, the bishop, and others, he again set out for

the coast in the month of February. All the assistance which he was able to collect consisted of Brother Francis Mansilla, not yet ordained, John d'Ortiaga, a native of Biscay, and two Indian priests belonging to Malabar, who, stimulated by the zeal of the saint, offered to accompany him. With these he arrived at the Fishery, and without delay set to work, confirming the people in the faith, and teaching his companions, by his own example, how best to cultivate that portion of the Lord's harvest. Having portioned the country between them, and arranged matters in the best way he could, he at last tore himself away from his beloved Paravans, and, alone as he was, penetrated into another more inland country, perfectly unknown to us even by name. His mode of action there would likewise have remained an utter secret to us, if the saint himself had not given some little idea of it in a letter which he wrote from there to Mansilla, in which he says, "You may imagine what sort of life I lead in these parts, when I tell you that I can neither speak their language, nor they mine, and that I have no interpreter to assist me. All that I can do is, to go about baptizing children, for which I myself am sufficient, and offering all the relief I can to the poor and to the sick. This is a language which is well understood without the assistance of interpreters." And such was Xavier's constant practice in every place the language of which he was unacquainted with. He discovered and availed himself of a much better language, namely, that of charity; by means of which he gained as much

respect for the faith as any words could have done.

Among savages, whose highest humanity would consist only in the absence of positive inhumanity, no better law of mutual charity exists than that of not inflicting injuries. Admirable, then, must it have been to these people to see him, a stranger, not only without remuneration, but even at the cost of his rest, toils, and fatigue, make the common miseries of the poor, the sick, and the dead *his own*, eagerly hastening to assist them, as if he were the servant of all, or, rather, as if he were the tender father of each one of them. But, whatever may have been the country, or whatever may have been the fruit he gathered there, (and, as we have already said, no memoranda of this epoch have reached us,) he was unable to remain any great length of time: an unexpected misfortune obliged him to provide for the deplorable necessities of the Christians of the Fishery.

The Badages were a set of freebooters belonging to the kingdom of Bisnagar, idolaters in religion, most ferocious in disposition, living by plunder, and perpetually at strife, either among themselves or with their neighbors; and, consequently, well accustomed to war, they had succeeded in wresting Pandi, by force of arms, from the King of Travancor, and had rendered themselves formidable and intolerable to their neighbors. Now, these men hated the Christians beyond measure: this motive, seconding their hopes of carrying off considerable booty, induced them to assemble in large numbers and fall suddenly on the unsuspecting Paravans, who, thus taken by surprise, could

not even collect their forces to act on the defensive. Nothing remained for them but to save their lives as best they could, by abandoning their country, and, taking to their boats, seeking refuge on certain rocks and islets situated between Cape Comorin and Ceylon, wholly inaccessible, except in a very calm sea, and by channels unknown to all but those who were very well acquainted with those coasts. Hither, then, did they flee with their wives and children, the Badages in the mean time overrunning the country, carrying destruction everywhere.

But where was the advantage of having found security on rocks where not so much as a drop of water or a blade of grass could be found? Besides which, they were without shelter, exposed to the burning rays of the sun; so that they literally wasted away, and no day passed without some of the number dying, either of hunger, thirst, or the intense heat of the atmosphere.

The ruthless conduct of the Badages, the extermination of the Christians, and the misery of the survivors, soon became generally known. A report of it all reached even Xavier, in the country; where, as we have said, he was laboring in the service, both spiritual and corporal, of a people whose very language was unknown to him.

The deplorable account of his dear Paravans went like a dagger straight to his heart, and he at once hastened to afford relief. Passing rapidly across to the western coast, he appealed to the charity of the Portuguese in behalf of the persecuted new Christians, beseeching them to arm twenty boats and load them with provisions, which he himself would

accompany and convey to the poor famished beings who were perishing on the rocks. The plan was carried out exactly according to his wishes. And moving indeed was the meeting between the saint and his dear children: tears fell abundantly on all sides; *his*, at seeing them reduced to such a state of misery; *theirs*, at finding themselves rescued, as it were, from the very jaws of death, and in delight to meet with him again.

He divided what he had brought among them, comforted them by his more than maternal kindness, wept with them over their respective losses, —some of wives, others of children, and *all*, of their poor patrimony. He wrote to the consuls and Christians of another district, which had been left unmolested by the Badages, to have compassion on their brethren of the Fishery. He likewise wrote to Mansilla, who, like himself, lived on alms, desiring him not to be importunate in asking, to accept but little from the poor, and from the rich a little more when they were disposed to give. So careful was he not to shock these souls, as yet but young in the faith, or not to give them the idea that they must pay for being Christians at the cost of their own interests.

Having thus satisfied the duties of piety and compassion toward the children whom he had generated to Jesus Christ, his mind and heart again reverted to those inland countries where innumerable tribes of pagans had never heard the law of Jesus Christ, and who did not even know of its existence.

He was obliged, however, to defer the realization of his wishes in this respect, and remain

as he was; because where there were no Portuguese to protect the new converts, the idolaters and Moors around them made war upon them, either putting them to death, or compelling them to become renegades. He confined himself, therefore, to the maritime districts, travelling as usual on foot in the direction of Travancor along the coast, peopled chiefly by fishermen dwelling in good-sized villages dispersed here and there.

By favor of the Portuguese, he obtained the King of Travancor's full permission to preach the gospel, and he resumed the same method which he had found succeed so well at the Fishery. The same results, or even greater, attended his indefatigable zeal and charity; for, as he himself states in his letter from thence, sometimes in one day he has poured the holy water of baptism on all the inhabitants of a large and populous village. And gratifying indeed was it to Xavier to witness the fervor of these people, who no sooner were made Christians, than they seemed to vie with each other in their eagerness to destroy the altars and temples of the idols, dragging the idols about in the most contemptuous manner, to the shame of the devils and the indignation of the Brahmins. And for the rest we cannot do better than transcribe the account given by a young native of Coimbra, a son of the licentiate John Vaz. As this young man was his companion during six months, he was an eye-witness of the following details, which he related on his return to Europe. "Father Xavier always went bare-foot, wearing an old faded patched habit, with an old black cloth hat, that could just protect his head from the sun's

scorching beams. He was commonly surnamed the *great father;* the king publishing a proclamation throughout his realms, that his brother, *the great father*, was to be obeyed by all his subjects like *another himself*, and that all who wished it might become Christians. The king, moreover, made him large offers of money, or any thing he liked; but the saint would accept nothing for himself, applying whatever he received to the relief of the starving, naked poor. Along this part of the coast he founded no fewer than forty-five churches; he spoke the language of the people fluently, though he had never learned it; and, as there was no building spacious enough to contain the vast crowds which flocked to hear him, he would sally forth into a field, followed by five or six thousand people, and, climbing up into a tree, preached to them from what we may call nature's pulpit. He likewise celebrated holy mass in the open air, raising a canopy composed of nothing better than the sail of a ship over the altar, and making the whole country serve as his church. In a word, as for his mode of life, and as for his works, they were the astonishment and admiration of every one."

To the details given by young Vaz, we may add the testimony of others no less trustworthy, to the effect that when Xavier entered the kingdom of Travancor he found it entirely idolatrous, but when he left it, after a few months, residence in it, he left it entirely Christian; and this is all the more surprising, because the hatred which the natives bore to Christianity was so well known, that when he first proposed entering these states

the Portuguese endeavored to dissuade him from it, as being an utterly useless attempt. We may easily conceive the rage of the devil at seeing, in so brief a space and by one single man, so many souls wrested from his grasp, whole states over which he had ruled undisturbed for ages; and he vented his spite by raising a bitter persecution against the saint, even inciting some of the savages to attempt his life; and if they failed in their object, at least their malice was partly gratified, for one of their arrows wounded him, God so permitting. Though his life was too necessary for the salvation of souls for Providence to permit it to be sacrificed, he had the satisfaction of shedding some of his blood, as a partial indemnification for the non-accomplishment of his ardent desire of dying in tortures, as the martyr of Jesus Christ.

Xavier suffered much less from his own wound than from the apprehension of those which threatened his spiritual children, much more dear to him than his own life; when the devil, foiled in his attempts against the person of the saint, turned his weapons upon the people whom he converted, arousing the cupidity and vengeance of the Badages, who the previous year had made such sad havoc among the Paravans.

They did not, however, succeed on this occasion: Xavier, instead of being at a distance, was now on the spot, and he himself was a host. They were furious when they found that the kingdom of Travancor had embraced the law of Jesus Christ; and, rising up in arms, they formed a league against the converts, and openly declared war. Having now to contend, not against poor fishermen, as

was the case with the Paravans, but against tolerably well trained soldiers, they were obliged to be more wary in their plans: so, raising a large army, and placing themselves under the command of the naïch of Madura, they marched along the coast of Comorin. These warlike preparations came to the knowledge of the inhabitants of Travancor, who were much alarmed, more especially when they found that the villagers of the frontiers retreated to the interior of the kingdom, carrying with them all their movables. The king, however, made the best arrangements he could,—collected his troops, and, heading them in person, went forth to meet his enemy. That the battle would be a sanguinary one seemed most certain; and it seemed equally certain that victory must be on the side of the Badages, considering their overwhelming numbers and their headlong daring; but Xavier warded off all danger, and himself alone secured the victory. The cause was indeed the cause of God, as the event showed. The holy man prostrated himself on the ground, and with prayers and tears thus addressed himself to Heaven:—"O Lord God, remember thy promises to assist, support, and defend those who belong unto thee: abandon not this thy dear little flock to the fury of the wolves: let not these new Christians, still young in the faith, still weak in virtue, have reason to regret having given themselves to thee, seeing that they are exposed to this great risk only because they belong to thee: put it not in the power of the barbarians to boast that they, by force of arms, are more powerful than the faithful of Christ protected by Heaven!" Having thus prayed, he arose, and, full of that

superhuman courage which God infuses into the soul, he rushed toward the declivity of the hill, carried forward by the impetus of his soul, nor did he stop till he came in front of the Badages, who were steadily advancing in fine order along the valley. He stood erect, and, with a voice of thunder, and with flashing eyes, he exclaimed, "In the name of the living God, I command you to return from whence you came!" The Almighty gave such efficacy to his words that they struck terror in the hearts of the foe: the men stood motionless, as if petrified, gazing on him, yet unable to advance a step. The squadrons in the rear, unconscious of what had occurred, urged the foremost onward, but were answered that they dared not proceed, for they saw a wonderful and unknown man standing in front of them, dressed in black, whose terrific aspect was something more than human, whose stature was gigantic, and whose flashing countenance bewildered them and completely dazzled their eyes. The captains of the rear-guard went forward to satisfy themselves of the truth of these statements, and, beholding the same object, returned in terror to their troops; whereupon, apparently urged by some hidden impulse, the whole army wheeled round and fled in dismay to their own country of Bisnagar.

Xavier had been followed by a few of his friends, either for the sake of bearing him company, or from curiosity to witness the result. As soon as the Badages took to flight, these men went back to meet the King of Travancor, who was advancing at the head of his army, and immediately told him the words they had heard Xavier utter, and

the wonderful effect which they had produced. Soon afterward the saint himself made his appearance, when the king stepped forth to meet him, embraced him most cordially, and, after thanking him most gratefully for the service he had rendered him, he concluded with these emphatic words:—"I am called the great king, and henceforth you shall be called the great father." To the humility of Xavier this recompense was as painful as the honor was great. Although the king acknowledged the wonderful power which dwelt in the holy man, never could he be made to believe in its first Author,—God. This privileged king was never won over to the faith. But though this favor was unavailing to the monarch in as far as his own soul was concerned, it proved of immense service to his subjects, who, by this miraculous interposition of Heaven in their favor, were brought to the knowledge of the true God, immense numbers of pagans demanding baptism.

This was by no means the only instance of supernatural power displayed in this kingdom by the holy man. In addition to the miraculous cures of the sick, which from their perpetual recurrence were now looked upon as ordinary events, he raised four dead people to life, two women and two men. Of the two former we have no precise details: the facts, but not their circumstances, are given in the Acts of his Canonization: the two latter were accompanied by very remarkable circumstances. He was one day preaching in Covalan, where he converted a few people and had raised a church; but the majority of the inhabitants adhered obstinately to their old paganism. Many,

however, crowded to him whenever he preached, admiring the sanctity of his doctrine and the rectitude of its precepts, which they owned to be in conformity with the light of reason: further than this they would not go. Finding, then, that discoursing to them of God was merely throwing words to the winds, he changed his plan, and began to speak of them to God: he fixed his eyes on heaven, as he usually did when he prayed, and with a copious flood of tears he besought our Lord to send down a ray of his light to dispel the blindness of these poor creatures; reminded him that he held the hearts of men in his hands, and that by the mere act of his will he could soften the hardest and bend the most obstinate; concluding in these words:—"Be pleased now, on this day, to give this glory to the merits of thy holy name, and award this recompense to the blood of thy Son. Soften and subdue the hearts of these people."

Thus prayed S. Francis Xavier; and his prayer to God effected more than all his arguments could have done. Feeling confident that he was heard, and that his supplication had been responded to, he turned to the surrounding crowd, and, with a countenance and words more than human, said to them, "Since you will not yield belief to God, who speaks to you by my mouth, let us see whether any thing will be sufficient to convince you of the truth. What proof will satisfy?" Then, recollecting that a dead man had been buried the day before, he added, "Open that grave for me, and bring forth the corpse which you there deposited yesterday; and let each one of you carefully exa-

mine it, to satisfy yourselves that the man is really dead." There could be no doubt upon the subject, for the body was already beginning to putrefy, and they all observed it. The dead-bandages peculiar to the country were removed, and the spectators, in breathless awe, anxiously awaited the result. The saint knelt down, and after a short prayer arose: then, looking steadfastly at the dead man, he solemnly exclaimed, "I command thee, in the holy name of God, and in testimony of the truth of the faith which I teach, arise and live." At these words, the deceased, awaking as if (not from death, but) from a gentle slumber, rose up alive and vigorous. Xavier had no occasion to say another word: a miracle so stupendous was the most powerful of all sermons. One loud universal shout of exultation proclaimed, "Great is the God of the Christians, and true is the law which the great father teaches." The people now strove as to who should be foremost in flinging themselves at his feet, offering to obey him in all things; nor was it long before they were all baptized. Not only the inhabitants of this parish, but those of the neighboring districts, when they either heard of the resuscitation or saw the man who had been thus raised to life, would be conducted to the saint in order to be baptized.

From this time forward, Xavier was generally believed to be so powerful with God, that to ask him for any miracle whatever seemed to them nothing more than asking him for a word, so confidently did they believe that a word from him was sufficient to cure any disease or restore life to the dead. It was attested in the Processes that the

many and illustrious miracles wrought in the kingdom of Travancor, both before and after his death, were the most trustworthy and the most glorious of any that occurred throughout India; and the following certainly justifies the remark.

A youth belonging to one of the first families of Muran, a territory situated between Cariapatan and Alicale, happened to die of pestilential fever. Twenty-four hours after his death, his father, mother, and a numerous train of relatives and dependants, conveyed the body to the grave according to the custom of the country. On the road the *cortège* was met by Xavier himself, Almighty God so willing for the promotion of his own glory and the salvation of many souls. At the sight of him the bereaved parents felt that Heaven had sent him there expressly to restore their child: he was instantly surrounded; tears and entreaties signified their hopes. The more effectually to excite his compassion, the father and mother placed the body of their child before him, and, in accents of deepest grief, besought him to recall the innocent youth to life. The saint could not resist the appeal made by *their* faith to *his* charity. He prayed, sprinkled the corpse with holy water, loosened the winding-sheet, made the sign of the cross over the bier, and, taking his hand, called upon the deceased in the name of the Lord; whereupon he arose alive and well, and Xavier presented him to his happy parents. In memory of this miracle the people raised a large cross on the spot, where they used to go and pray. God, in consideration of his saintly servant, often rewarded

with many signal miracles many of those who prayed with faith before this cross.

The fame of these stupendous and hitherto unheard-of wonders, together with the conversion of so many idolatrous people to the faith, circulated widely throughout the vast regions of India; and the God of Christians was now held in veneration, whilst Xavier became universally esteemed. It was no longer necessary for him to go in quest of new kingdoms to subject them to the faith of Christ: on the contrary, embassies and letters were sent to him, inviting to go and undertake the task of conversion. This was in truth inconceivably gratifying to our holy apostle; but the consolation was met by a corresponding amount of distress. Alone as he was, he could not possibly attend to all these calls, his presence being still necessary to the further consolidation of the faith of the new converts.

These pressing considerations caused him to write to S. Ignatius at Rome, and to Father Rodriguez in Portugal, urging both of them to send fervent laborers to cultivate the vast vineyard of the Indies, where, as he said, the harvest was ripe, but there was no one to gather it in. Not satisfied with this, he had serious thoughts of writing to all the most celebrated universities of Europe, —in fact, he did write to the Sorbonne at Paris,— inviting those learned men to go over to the Indies, and there win precious souls to Christ and merit to themselves. Moving are his sentiments, as conveyed in one of his letters to S. Ignatius: we give the following extract from it. "Many in these parts of the East are excluded from the kingdom of heaven, because there are none who

employ themselves in the holy office of preaching it to them. I often wish that I could transport myself to some of the colleges of Europe, especially the Sorbonne of Paris, and thus cry out aloud to the students who would be willing to employ their talents to good purpose:—*Alas! alas! how many souls lose heaven, and are condemned to hell, through your neglect!* Oh, would that they who study so hard would study to ascertain the account they will have to render to God of talents misapplied! would that they would use due means, and make the Spiritual Exercises, the better to learn the will of God in their regard, instead of swerving from it, and of following their own inclinations! then might they say, *Lord, here I am: what wouldst thou have me to do? Send me whither thou wilt,—even to the Indies, if it be expedient in thy sight.* Then, how much more happily would they live, and how much more reason would they have to hope for mercy when they present themselves at the judgment-seat of God! because they might with truth say to him, *Lord, thou gavest me five talents: behold other five which I have gained over and above.* I fear that many who consume their days studying in the universities do it more with the view of obtaining benefices, dignities, or a bishopric, than from the desire of living conformably to the ecclesiastical state. How often do young aspirants to the priesthood protest that they only seek to advance in learning that they may the sooner secure some dignity or benefice, and that as soon as they have obtained it they will give themselves to the service of God! In reality cupidity is the guide which they follow; and inas-

much as they fear that Almighty God should not will as they will, and that his good pleasure should not agree with their unruly affections, they will not consult him on the choice of their state of life. I am very much tempted to write to the University of Paris, or at least to Dr. Picardo, and to our Master di Cornibus, and tell them how many millions of these idolaters might be won over to the faith if we had but workmen who would *seek the things which are of Christ, and not the things which are theirs.*"

It is much to be wished that the letter which he sent to the theologians of the Sorbonne could be recovered. In it he invited them to exchange Europe for India,—chairs, professorships, and sterile disputations for the apostolic ministry of preaching the faith and guiding souls to salvation. Much as this letter has been sought for, hitherto it has not been found: that it was undoubtedly written, we have the positive evidence of Don John Derada, councillor and supreme auditor of the kingdom of Navarre, who affirms that he saw it, and took a copy of it at the time he was studying philosophy in Paris. He adds that he was delighted with its truly apostolic spirit, and that several members, as well as himself, took a copy of it.

Of the many various states which, as we have already remarked, sent to ask Xavier to go and impart the light of the gospel to them, none is so deserving of remembrance, none so deserving of praise, and, as we may say, of a holy envy, as the Manarese, who proved themselves the beautiful models and masters of patience and heroic forti-

tude to the whole of that new Eastern Church. With them the reception of baptism and the shedding of their blood, their birth unto Christ and their death for Christ, went hand in hand. So rapidly did the fruit ripen of which God had blessed the seed, that they who yesterday were idolaters and to-day Christians would to-morrow be martyrs.

Manar is a small island, about forty miles in circumference, situated just above the rocks of Remanancor: it has a good port, called in their own language Tele Manar, where merchants resort for commercial purposes. The soil in general is poor Between it and Ceylon there are about twelve miles of dangerous sea, where the fury of the currents arrested by the rocks of Remanancor occasions the wreck of many an unwary crew on the shores of Jafanatapan. Widely different from and far more favored than Manar is its neighbor Ceylon, or, as the natives call it, Ternasseri,—that is to say, the *Land of delights.* If we may trust the opinion of the Cingalese, their island is the original terrestrial paradise: in support of their belief they still show, on the summit of a high and almost inaccessible rock, the impression of two gigantic human feet, left there, as they affirm, by Adam. Without subscribing to the whole of their tradition, we may safely allow their country to be called the paradise of the East; an unclouded sky, with two summers and two springs; an atmosphere so pure and salubrious that the natives live to extreme old age: indeed, decrepitude seems to be their only malady. Their trees are ever green, and whilst the fruit ripens on one side new blossoms

are budding forth on the other. The soil is luxuriant and requires but little cultivation; there are mines of metals and precious stones; valuable woods and spices; the finest of pearls abound on its coasts, and, in a word, all that can gratify the senses of men is to be found in this favored island. Yet, in the midst of all these advantages, there was, at the time of which we treat, one plague-spot sufficient to ruin all,—namely, the infamous habits of the people, barbarous and uncivilized, who lived surrounded by the blessings of Almighty God, without the slightest knowledge of God, until the fame of the sanctity and stupendous miracles of the new apostle S. Francis Xavier, spreading through the two coasts of Travancor and the Fishery, excited the desire in other kingdoms of beholding so wonderful a man, and of hearing the new doctrines which he preached.

But, before Ceylon made this request, the natives of Manar had sent ambassadors to the holy man, entreating him to go and baptize them. As he was then actually engaged in the conversion of the kingdom of Travancor, he could not forsake his new church: so, in place of going himself, he sent one of the two priests who had accompanied him from Goa; and Almighty God was pleased to crown his labors with such success that in a very short time he instructed and baptized vast numbers of the islanders. In those days Manar was dependent on the crown of Jafanatapan, the king of which was a cruel man,—in fact, a compound of vice and barbarity, the tyrant rather than the sovereign of his people. By force of arms he had dispossessed his elder brother; he despoiled and

slew the most illustrious of his subjects, lest they might raise the people in defence of their lawful prince; but, above all, he was the implacable enemy of the very name of Christ, although he simulated friendship for the Portuguese from fear of their power and arms.

When this man heard of the conversion of the Manarese, he swore not to leave one of them alive. He collected his troops, and stealthily crossed over to Manar, condemning all those innocent victims to the sword, by way of striking terror into other states. The order was executed with as much cruelty as it was given: without distinction of age, sex, or rank, men, women, youth, and infancy,—in a word, whoever had received baptism,—were ruthlessly slaughtered. Admirable indeed were the effects of the grace of baptism. As each one, in turn, was asked whether he or she were Christian, whereas a negative answer would at once have placed their lives in safety, so generous were these neophytes that, far from having recourse to subterfuge, they boldly confessed the faith, fathers and mothers answering for their little ones, to whom age had as yet denied the power of speech. Between six and seven hundred were slain on the occasion. The place of their martyrdom, called Pasim, deserved a more noble name; and, accordingly, from this date it has been called the *land of martyrs*.

Notwithstanding all his cruelties, the barbarous king did not succeed in extinguishing Christianity: it took root, not only in his kingdom, but even in his own family. His eldest son, powerfully touched by God, turned his heart to the faith of Christ, and

found means of gaining instruction from a Portuguese merchant who frequented the court for commercial purposes. The affair, unfortunately, was not carried on so secretly but that the king had some hint given him which awakened his suspicions, whereupon, without a spark of humanity, he ordered the young prince to be put to death, and his body to be thrown into a field and there left to be devoured by beasts of prey; but the merchant who had been his master in the faith, and who now looked upon him as a martyr, buried him privately in the night. Moreover, our Lord would not suffer his virtue to be thus overlooked, nor his merits to be left without some honorable testimony, nor that the precious seed of his blood should be unfruitful in the soil where it had been shed; for on the morning following his interment, a cross, extending the whole length of his body, was found sculptured in the earth which covered his remains: the sculpture was of exquisite workmanship, as if wrought by angel hands; and, indeed, this was generally and firmly believed to be the case. No sooner was it seen than it excited the astonishment of the people. To silence their remarks, the king's partisans caused the cross to be erased, and the earth over the grave to be levelled: the same mysterious cross was again visible on the second morning, and again was it obliterated: in fine, a third morning was the prodigy repeated, with the same result. And yet the savages did not gain their point: the cross, thus insulted and expunged from the earth, next showed itself in the heavens, assuming the color of fire, and surrounded by rays as awful as they were magnifi-

cent. The spectacle produced strange effects in the minds of those who beheld it, great numbers of whom embraced the Christian faith, making public profession of it even at the hazard of their lives; and they soon received a recompense equal to their deserts and a crown worthy of their generosity, the tyrant making sad havoc among them, killing as many as fell into his hands, and thus truly causing the cross of Christ to triumph in the heavens, these souls being far more resplendent than the rays even which surrounded it when it was made visible to them.

The king had a sister, a woman of strong mind, and, for that country, well educated. It is not certainly known whether she was secretly a Christian: at all events, she would have two of the young princes to be brought up Christians: one of them was her own son, and the other her nephew, brother to the martyred youth. Grace seems to have so well dictated her arguments with them that in a very short time they were sufficiently instructed to receive baptism. It now became necessary to place these princes beyond the reach of the king's cruelty; for, were his suspicions aroused either in her regard or theirs, they would meet with no more mercy than the rest of the Christians. As for herself, she cared not a straw, seeing that she neither wished to live nor feared to die: all her solicitude and affection were directed to the preservation of the princes, and Providence inspired her with a plan which proved successful. She privately summoned the Portuguese merchant already alluded to, and made arrangements with him for arming and equipping a small vessel, by

means of which he could convey the princes to Goa, where they would be thoroughly instructed in the faith; after which it was hoped that compassion and a sense of justice would induce the Portuguese to restore the lawful prince to the throne.

The merchant managed the affair so adroitly that he conveyed the royal youths safely from the island, and took them direct to S. Francis Xavier, in the states of Travancor. The holy father wept with joy as he embraced them, rendering earnest thanks to God for winning over such noble spoils from the very household of his enemy. He confirmed them in the faith, gave them most salutary instructions, together with letters of recommendation and introduction to the authorities of Goa, and to the fathers at the Seminary of Holy Faith, warmly urging the Governor of the Indies to see that they had no reason to repent having abandoned their family and country for the sake of Jesus Christ.

As soon as their flight was discovered, the king was absolutely mad with rage; and fearful would have been the consequences, had not his dread of the Portuguese counteracted in some degree his hatred of Christianity. Fearing lest the brother whom he had dethroned should follow the example of his nephews and place himself under the protection of the Christians, he resolved on his immediate death, and accordingly sent emissaries in all directions in pursuit of him, with positive orders to kill him on the spot. In spite of all their vigilance, the ex-king effected his escape, though with great difficulty, and at length reached the Portu-

guese territories. He was followed by the first officer of war, and by ten of the most distinguished native nobles, who, for the sake of Christ and his faith, forsook wives, children, country, and possessions. After a fatiguing and perilous journey of two hundred leagues, they arrived at Goa, where they were received with public rejoicings, and where, after being duly instructed by the fathers of the Society, they were solemnly baptized. The deposed prince, moreover, took an oath that, in the event of his being restored to his kingdom, it should not only be made Christian, but likewise tributary to the crown of Portugal.

All this served as a fresh stimulus to the heart of Xavier, ever anxious to open the door of new kingdoms to the faith, especially of a kingdom whose inhabitants so generously died for the faith almost before they understood it: what, then, would be their perfection in it when once they should be thoroughly instructed in its beauties and excellence? Besides, if the injustice and malice of the King of Jafanatapan were left unpunished, other idolatrous kings would be thus encouraged in their cruelties against their Christian subjects: it seemed to him a matter of absolute necessity that the kingdom should be wrested from a barbarian who possessed it unjustly and who ruled it still more unjustly. Now, to accomplish this, recourse must be had to the arms of the Portuguese, and to the religious principles of the governor, who at this time happened to be at Cambaïa. Xavier made up his mind; and, though it was at a wrong season, he set sail toward Cambaïa, having first summoned from the Fishery Father

Francis Mansilla, now ordained priest, whom he left in his place to watch over the infant church of Travancor. The saint reached Cochin on the 16th of December, 1544.

Almighty God afforded him the consolation of here meeting with Michael Vaz, the vicar-general, to whom he unfolded the secrets of his heart, telling him that he had undertaken this long journey in hopes of inducing the viceroy to chastise the injustice and cruelties of the King of Jafanatapan, and also to remonstrate against that which pierced his heart like a dagger, namely, the shameless conduct of the Portuguese officials; for whereas the idolatrous princes by their persecutions formed martyrs, the others by their scandals formed apostates. He could not endure the extortions practised on the coast of the Fishery, where frequently Christian slaves were sold to pagan masters, with evident risk of losing their religion. Saracens were everywhere placed in charges of trust and emolument. Moreover, in Goa itself the worship of the pagods was openly tolerated, and the insolence of the Brahmins left unchecked. No endeavor was made to hinder the King of Cochin, dependent on the crown of Portugal, from confiscating the property of such of his subjects as embraced Christianity. In conclusion, Xavier said that he often thought of returning to Portugal, in order to lay these grievances before the king, feeling convinced that his piety would induce him to afford redress; that he was not deterred by any dread of the voyage, but that, having maturely weighed all circumstances, he thought it was more to the glory of God that he should not abandon

so many souls, which our Lord himself had consigned to his care. The holy father spoke with such fervor of soul, that the vicar, without being expressly asked, offered himself to the undertaking, and actually set sail the month following, carrying with him letters to the king, and to Father Rodriguez, from the saint.

On his arrival in Europe, he so well knew how to plead the cause of God that he obtained all that he wished from the king, who charged him with many useful regulations drawn up in due form, with which he joyfully re-embarked, and landed at Goa toward the end of the year 1546. He presented the royal decrees, which were read in council, apparently with great respect; but whether it were that the difficulties of the time prevented, or that the avarice of some of the ministers covered their own private interests with the name of the public good, we know not: certain it is, however, the useful decrees of his Majesty were not carried into effect, excepting in a few immaterial instances.

Xavier, however, did induce the governor to send a fleet against the iniquitous King of Jafanatapan. Di Soza sent letters to the captains in command of the coasts, ordering them to assemble all their troops and meet together in Nagapatan, from whence they should fall on the King of Jafanatapan, and either slay him, or else capture him alive and place him in the hands of Father Francis, who was to be the arbitrator of his life or death. Well satisfied with this promise, the saint returned to Cochin, there to labor in the service

of souls, whilst the fleet was preparing itself for battle.

In his return he took the road through Cananor, where he was hospitably welcomed and lodged by a worthy Christian, whom he remunerated with something much better than money. The worthy host was much grieved by the conduct of one of his sons, a headstrong, vicious youth, of whom, with many tears, he made heavy complaints to the saint. Xavier tried to console him by telling him that probably the failings were but the failings of youth, and would disappear as age advanced. Having said thus much, he began to pray, and, recollecting himself in God, he fixed his eyes on heaven and his face became brilliant and beaming. After a brief interval he took his friend by the hand, saying, in a tone of extraordinary cheerfulness, "Be comforted, for you are one of the happiest fathers in the world: this boy, who now gives you so much uneasiness, will change his life and conduct: he will be a religious of the order of St. Francis, and will become famous both for learning and sanctity." Every word of this prediction was literally verified: the young man put on the habit of St. Francis, and was called Brother Luke, was distinguished in literature, led a holy life, and finally was martyred by the savages as he was preaching the faith in the island of Ceylon.

After resting here for a few days, he set sail for Cochin, where he happened to meet with Cosmo Annez, whom he used to call his great and sincere friend. As is customary between familiar acquaintances, he spoke to Cosmo of his affairs, and inquired whether the expedition of the last year had

been prosperous: the other answered in the affirmative and gave him an account of the cargo, filling seven ships, which had been sent over to Europe,—a cargo of considerable importance, comprising pepper and other more valuable spices. "Moreover," added Cosmo, "I have forwarded a very valuable diamond to the king: it cost me ten thousand ducats in Goa, and will be worth at least twenty-five thousand in Portugal." When he heard of this expensive jewel, Xavier was surprised, and inquired which of the seven vessels carried it. "The *Attochia*," replied Cosmo: "I was anxious to place it in the safe-keeping of Don John Norogno, who commands that ship." "Well," said Xavier, "that is precisely the ship to which I should have been least willing to intrust such a jewel: it would have gone safer in any other." The tone in which this was said rather dismayed Cosmo, who exclaimed, "What, father! but perhaps you speak thus because the *Attochia* once sprang a leak? Since then she has been thoroughly repaired, and I am assured she is as good as new." "This is not my reason," rejoined the saint; but he said no more. His friend, however, felt pretty certain that he knew more than his words expressed, and, becoming seriously apprehensive, he besought him to interest himself in the safety of an article which was of great consequence to his friend, entreating him to pray that Almighty God might grant a prosperous voyage to the said ship, the loss of which would ruin him irretrievably; because he had purchased the diamond entirely at his own risk, without any commission from the king, but presuming that it would be

agreeable to his Majesty: consequently, if the jewel was lost, he alone would be the sufferer. God, however, did not reveal the danger of this vessel to his servant merely that he might be able to alarm his friend, but rather to grant its preservation to the merit of his prayers, without which it would in all probability have been lost.

A few days later, as the two friends were again seated together at table, Cosmo reverted to his diamond, about which he was evidently very uneasy. Xavier could not bear to see him thus dejected, so at once said to him, "Return thanks to God: your diamond is safe in the hands of the Queen of Portugal." On the return of the vessels from Europe to India, Cosmo learned the full extent of the danger which had caused his alarm and the prediction of the saint. When the *Attochia* was about midway in her voyage, an aperture appeared, which, under actual circumstances, it was utterly impossible for them to close, and the water entered more rapidly than the pump could clear it out. With nothing but the prospect of drowning before them, the crew were often on the point of urging her upon a rock and there abandoning her to her fate, this being the only chance of saving their own lives. But other counsels finally prevailed: the main-mast was cut away, whereupon the aperture closed, no one knew how, and the vessel, with her two lesser sails, followed the others and reached Lisbon in safety.

Xavier remained in Cochin till toward the end of May, then, calling for Father Mansilla, set sail with him for Ceylon, intending to go from there to Nagapatan, where the Portuguese fleet was now

nearly equipped. Few details of this voyage have reached us. The following, however, is well worthy of notice. He ingratiated himself with the pilot, a man of very dissolute life, who seemed to care for nothing but the gratification of his senses. The saint soon perceived the deplorable state of his soul, and accordingly began to seek his acquaintance, discoursing only on nautical subjects, charts, the winds, the constellations, and so forth. By degrees the pilot began to speak of the state of his conscience, and said that he would make his confession as soon as they arrived at Ceylon. Xavier accepted the promise; but no sooner did the ship enter port than the pilot gave up all thought of confession, and used his best endeavors to avoid meeting the father. Nevertheless, Almighty God waylaid him, as we may say, and so disposed that he should unexpectedly come in contact with the saint, who was walking alone on the sea-shore. The sight of him annoyed the pilot, who blushed in confusion: however, as he could not escape, and hardly knew how to excuse himself, he tried to look as much at ease as he could, and said, "Well, well, Father Francis, when will you hear my confession?" At this question the saint smiled, and answered, "When will I hear you? Why, now, at this very moment, walking as we now are here on the beach." As he said this he made the sign of the cross, and the pilot did the same, and began, just as a matter of form, to narrate a few of his sins, without any indication of true sorrow. Not to intimidate him, the saint let him go on his own way; but the grace of God in the mean time was working in him, and the

penitent was softening by degrees. Perceiving this, the holy confessor led him slowly in the direction of a small chapel in the neighborhood, which they entered; and as the pilot showed some reluctance on the score of kneeling, to which he said he was unaccustomed, the saint, so far from showing annoyance at this weakness, reached a stool and bid him be seated. At length, overcome by the paternal admonitions of the saint, the now penitent pilot prostrated on the ground, striking his breast, weeping and sighing bitterly. He began his confession anew, in very different dispositions: it lasted several days; after which he entered upon a life of great perfection, and persevered in it till death.

After this, our zealous apostle passed over to an islet in the vicinity of the sand-banks of Ceylon, where he raised to life the young son of a Saracen; but the Processes merely state the fact, without detailing the circumstances. As the auditors of the Roman rota justly remark, the immense distance of the place, with the then existing difficulties of navigation, have deprived us of many most interesting details of the heroic actions of our saint; though from the very remnants, as we may call them, which have reached us, we may infer the vast dimensions of this colossal structure, raised by the right hand of the Most High.

Xavier next visited the isle of Manar, where he reverently kissed the soil which had been saturated with the blood of so many glorious champions of the faith. Our Lord had prepared an unexpected harvest for him here. The country was just then afflicted with a severe pestilence, which carried

off more than a hundred victims in a day. No sooner did the saint arrive than the people assembled, to the number of three thousand, the greater part of them pagans, and earnestly besought him to have compassion on them. Deeply affected at their distress, the saint asked for three days, and, retiring, he prayed fervently for the desired favor. At the end of three days, as his prayer ceased, so likewise did the pestilence cease: not another case proved fatal, and those who were already attacked recovered. This evident miracle opened their eyes to the truth: nearly all of them requested baptism; and, after duly instructing them, the saint poured the saving water on them with his own hands. He would willingly have remained here much longer, the better to confirm the people in the faith, had he not deemed it more expedient to repair to Nagapatan and urge on the Portuguese fleet, then nearly ready to set sail. To his extreme regret, he found that an unexpected event had quite changed the aspect of affairs. A merchantman returning from Pegu had struck on the coast of Jafanatapan and been plundered by the tyrant: the merchants, fearing that a declaration of war would at once destroy all chance of recovering any of their property, made such strong representations that the officers stopped the movement, which finally was utterly abandoned, as is often the case when great enterprises are trifled with and deferred. But our Lord would not permit that an affair so conducive to his glory, and so ardently desired by the saint, should be entirely forgotten. Fifteen years later, Don Constantine di Braganza, Viceroy of the Indies, defeated the

barbarous king, wrested Manar from his iron rule, and subjected it to the crown of Portugal. We ought not silently to pass over an act of great generosity displayed by the pious viceroy on this occasion. Among the spoils of Jafanatapan which fell into his possession was the famous tooth of the white monkey, so renowned throughout the East for the mysterious fables connected with it. The King of Pegu reverenced it so highly that he annually sent an embassy to worship it in his name; and he now offered to ransom it at the price of three hundred thousand scudi, in addition to many other valuables sufficient to raise the amount to a million. But the Christian noble, who prized the honor of God more than all the gold in the world, took the superstitious tooth in his hand, and, in presence of the royal council, threw it into a bronze mortar, where he reduced it to powder, and, casting the whole of it into a light brazier, offered it as a sweet-smelling odor to Almighty God.

Despairing now of any enterprise against Jafanatapan, the saint, being perplexed with many doubts, resolved on visiting Meliapore, to consult the holy apostle St. Thomas, who is there held in special veneration. He embarked on Palm-Sunday, which in the year 1545 fell on the 29th of March. They had proceeded about twelve leagues, when in the night following this Sunday such a dreadful storm arose as to compel the pilot to tack about and run inland under shelter of some hills, and there await a more favorable wind. They were detained here for a whole week, during which, according to the juridical testimony of Diego Madeiro

and others, the saint neither ate nor drank, using no other restorative than the celestial delights of prayer. On holy Saturday, at the earnest entreaty of Madeiro, he drank a little water, in which, at his own request, an onion had been boiled. On this day, too, the weather became propitious, a fine breeze had sprung up, and they resumed their voyage. They had still about a hundred miles before them, a favorable wind and serene sky, when Xavier, whose foreseeing eye penetrated beyond the present, called Madeiro, and asked him whether the ship was in a condition to withstand a storm; to which the other answered No; for that, in addition to being old, she was otherwise unsafe. "In that case," rejoined the saint, "change the sails, and let us return to port." "What! with such a calm sea and favorable wind? What are you afraid of, Father Francis?" exclaimed Madeiro: "a boat would be in safety here, and much more a vessel like this." Notwithstanding all the saint could urge, neither he nor the rest of the crew would be persuaded: they declared it would be folly to lose so favorable a season. But they soon had to repent of their obstinacy and incredulity. A sudden whirlwind arose, followed by such a tempest that their miserable craft, unable to make way, was actually driven back to Nagapatan. The saint remained here for some time, and then set out for Meliapore by land, travelling, as usual, on foot.

Meliapore more commonly goes by the name of St. Thomas, because it was here that he dwelt, that he collected followers, and that he was martyred. It is true, according to the traditions of the country,

that the ancient Meliapore has long since disappeared, having been destroyed by the gradual encroachments of the sea,—in confirmation of which opinion the natives point out certain places where, under water, are the remains of immense edifices. The fishermen even distinguish and name some of the towers, courts, the king's palace, &c. The present city, begun by the peasantry on a small scale, and afterward materially enlarged by the Portuguese, contains within its precincts a small chapel, thirteen palms square, built of hard wood, and, as is said, by St. Thomas himself. On the left side of it is a miniature altar, under which the body of the glorious apostle is believed to be deposited. Not far from the city is a hill called the *little mount*, where there is a cave, or small grotto, in which the saint concealed himself during the persecution. At the entrance, which is extremely narrow, is a cross carved in gray stone, at the foot of which is a fountain, miraculously produced by the apostle. Its source never dries, and many who drink of the water are cured of their infirmities. From this *little mount* rises another, much larger, well suited to purposes of quiet contemplation, having on one side of it a fine grove of evergreens, whilst the other side overlooks the sea. Hither St. Thomas and his disciples used to come and pray; and here he is believed to have received the lance-wound of which he died. On the summit of the hill the Portuguese found an oratory in ruins, which, in reverence to the memory of the saint, they determined to rebuild. As they were clearing away for the foundations, they met with a thin square stone with the figure of a cross engraven

in it, of a somewhat peculiar form, but precisely similar to other crosses which are well known, and which are ascribed to the workmanship of St. Thomas. Above the cross, also sculptured in the stone, was the figure of a dove with wings extended, the whole surrounded by an inscription in such ancient characters as to be unintelligible excepting to one single Brahmin, who was a great antiquary. The inscription as interpreted by this Brahmin was to the following effect. "Thomas, the apostle of Jesus Christ, was by him sent hither, to preach his holy law. Here did he collect disciples, and here he was martyred." Moreover, it was believed that he expired on this very stone; for several stains of blood were found upon it. When the Portuguese completed the oratory, they placed this stone upon the altar; and when mass was celebrated there, on the 18th of December, it was observed (though not every year) that, when the Gospel was being read, smoke arose from this stone, enveloping the altar as in a dense cloud, which, when dispersed, left it covered with large drops of liquid, produced by the condensation of this miraculous vapor.

When Xavier arrived at Meliapore, God was pleased to provide him with a lodging just suited to his wishes. Gasper Coeglio, the vicar, received him into his own house, close to the church of St. Thomas, from which it was only separated by a small garden; so that the saint could have free access there by day and night, and could pray, and recommend to St. Thomas the solution of his doubts with regard to proceeding to the isle of Macasser, or Celebes, as it was frequently called. But there

were two drawbacks to the pleasure of this arrangement. In the first place, either with a view to do him honor, or from want of room, Xavier found himself lodged in the same chamber with his host,—which was rather a hinderance to the unrestrained accomplishment of his pious designs, for he felt himself obliged to wait till the vicar was fast asleep before he sallied forth to the church. The other would have been of far more import to any one less courageous than Xavier. During the night the devils rendered themselves visible, assuming most hideous forms, and choosing for the scene of their exploits the little garden between the church and the priest's house. The consequence was, no one ventured to cross it after nightfall. But he, besides being naturally resolute, well knew that the devils had no more power against him than Almighty God was pleased to permit; so he had no notion of desisting from his purpose on their account, and went to spend his nights in prayer there, with as much composure as if the place had not been liable to their interruptions. His *sang-froid* was excessively mortifying to the pride of the fiends, who could not endure that one single man should dare to do what combined numbers fearfully avoided; and their provocation was aggravated by the knowledge of the fact that this same man had wrested from their grasp souls by the thousand. Seeing him now, as it were, in their power, they determined to greet him in their own fashion. One night, as he was kneeling in prayer before an image of our Blessed Lady, much revered there by the people, the devils fell upon him, beating him so unmercifully that his wounds

and bruises actually confined him to his bed for two days. His sufferings were intense, nor could he so much as stand on his feet. He did not say a word of what had happened to the vicar; but the circumstance was divulged by a young Malabarese, who slept in a room adjoining the church, and who was awakened by a loud noise. He arose, and, following the direction of the sounds, was terrified by the violence of the blows, as well as by the groans of the saint, whom he could distinctly hear invoking the assistance of the great mother of God. The young man related the whole affair to the vicar, who afterward in jest sometimes reminded Xavier of his own words used on this occasion. No sooner had he recovered his strength than he returned, as usual, to spend his nights praying in the church; but from thenceforward, rabid as the devils were, they never again ventured to do more than make a great noise around him, less with a hope of terrifying him than with the intention of distracting his mind and of withdrawing it from God. Once, however, they changed their style, and sang matins in choir so correctly that he really was deceived, and on the following morning asked the vicar what priests those were who had been singing matins at such an unusual hour of the night. The answer satisfied him as to where the choristers must have come from.

The graces which Almighty God here bestowed on the soul of his servant abundantly indemnified him for the outrages he received from his enemy. The things which passed between God and himself, in the silence of the night, have been concealed from our knowledge by the humility of the saint,

but we do know that he was fully satisfied with regard to the main object for which he had undertaken this long journey; for at the shrine of the holy apostle he was assured that it was the will of God he should extend his labors in the conversion of souls among the islands farther to the south; and this conviction was so forcible, and at the same time so encouraging to his soul, that he would unhesitatingly have risked his life in the undertaking. It was delightful to hear him speak on the subject. For the edification of our readers we will transcribe part of a letter which he wrote about this time to his two friends at Goa, Father Paul di Camerino and Doctor Borga:—"I hope Almighty God will bestow great favors on me in this voyage; because, to my great satisfaction and joy of soul, he has been pleased to assure me that it is his holy will that I should repair to that portion of the Celebes where Christianity has recently been introduced. And I am so firmly resolved on accomplishing that which our Lord has signified to me, that, were I to do otherwise, it would seem to me that I was contravening his express orders, whereby I should render myself unworthy of his favors both in this life and the next. If I meet with no Portuguese vessel sailing for Malacca this year, I will embark on some Moorish or pagan ship: indeed, such is my confidence in God, for whose love I undertake the journey, that, if I can meet with nothing better than a skiff crossing over to Malacca, I will resolutely risk being drowned in it. All my hope, and all my confidence, is in God: I entreat of you, for his love, to remember in your continual prayers me, a sinner."

Although during his residence in the city of St. Thomas Xavier devoted so much of his time to prayer,—the ordinary restorative of the saints after their fatiguing exertions for the benefit of souls,—he was not unmindful of the necessities of his neighbor, to whom he dedicated the day, reserving the night for God and himself. Credible eye-witnesses relate the miraculous conversions which he here effected even among the most obdurate of sinners.

He preached with such vehemence of soul as might be expected in a man filled with the Spirit of God and accustomed to the light of eternal truths,—a man whose life added such weight to his words that, even when silent, the mere sight of him was sufficient to touch the sinner's heart. Experience, and the unhappy lot of several, taught that those who pertinaciously resisted the charitable admonitions of the saint usually came to an untimely end; and this excited such a salutary fear that, rather than risk realizing the truth of the opinion, many changed their course of life, whilst those who did otherwise were looked upon as already in a state of desperation. Public scandals were removed; unjustly-possessed slaves were surrendered; discords and enmities were appeased; usurious contracts were broken; and, in fine, he did such great things during his brief sojourn here that he left the place the very reverse of what he had found it. The saint went away so perfectly satisfied that he implored a thousand blessings upon it, and said that in all the Indies he knew no better soil than that of Meliapore, as in the same way he afterward said of Malacca that he knew no worse:

hence he prophesied the increase of the one, and the destruction of the other. A few years verified the twofold prediction.

There was a rich and noble cavalier living in Meliapore, so completely abandoned to an unlawful passion as actually to glory in his guilt. In order to gain his soul, Xavier first strove to gain his friendship, and succeeded. One day he called unexpectedly at the young man's house at about his dinner-hour; and, although the holy man only relished that diet which our Lord alluded to when he said, "My food is to do the will of Him who sent me, and to accomplish his works," he civilly feigned being compelled by poverty to appeal to the charity of his friends for a meal. The cavalier felt himself honored by the visit of so wonderful a man, and gladly welcomed him: his only concern was that the saint should be the eye-witness of his scandals, for, being taken unawares, he had no means of removing many disreputable objects, and accordingly expected some severe reprehension. But he was mistaken: the saint took his seat at table, ate promiscuously of whatever was offered him, praised the delicacy of the viands, and seemed to enjoy himself amazingly, took no notice of the indecorous paintings and other objectionable objects, and even appeared unconscious of the character of the female who was at table, and who was the guilty companion of his host: he addressed her as if she were his lawful wife; his conversation was animated and agreeable; he referred not to the chastisements of God, the abominations of vice, or the beauty of virtue; not a word escaped that could lead the guilty pair to suppose he was aware

of the real nature of their connection; and he took his leave, after returning a thousand thanks to his courteous host. The cavalier was utterly bewildered when he repassed in his mind the conduct of the holy man: he repeatedly asked himself, "Can it be possible that a man so abstemious should come here in search of delicacies? Even if such had been the case, he might have gone to the houses of many Portuguese, where his virginal modesty would not have been pained, as it must have been here. Can he be the only one in the place ignorant of my immoralities, so notorious and scandalous? How *can* his zeal have tolerated so much? How can he have been so affable? how can he have preserved so serene a countenance?" The truth at last flashed upon his mind; the refined charity of the saint became evident to him; and, deeply affected, he rushed from his house in search of the saint, whom, with bitter tears, he besought to take charge of his soul. He, who had not approached the tribunal of penance for fifteen years, now made a general confession; after which, comforted and encouraged by the holy man, he entered upon, and persevered in, an entirely new course of life.

Neither was the holy father backward in relieving the corporal and temporal necessities of the inhabitants of Meliapore.

There was a noble young lady suffering from a violent fever, which deprived her of her senses, and which had already reduced her to her agony. Her disconsolate mother happened to see the man of God pass by the window, and, a beam of hope springing up in her heart, she called him, and

begged he would come and bless her dying child. He entered, and at his first glance at the sufferer he consoled the surrounding friends, desiring them not to weep, because the young lady would certainly rally. Advancing to the bedside, he recited the gospel over her, and made the sign of the cross,—whereupon she immediately rose up, perfectly cured.

A great friend of his, a merchant, who was on the point of sailing for Malacca, went to take leave of the saint and to ask his blessing: then, with the confidence of a friend, he requested some little trifle to keep in remembrance of him. The saint, who was ever most condescending, took off his beads which he wore round his neck and gave them, his poverty having left him nothing else, telling his friend to take care of them, for as long as he had them about him he would escape all the dangers of the sea. This promise was even more gratifying to the pious merchant than the gift itself; and, with the beads in his possession, he cheerfully set sail. One of the worst gulfs of India lies between St. Thomas and Malacca: however, his vessel had prosperously crossed the greater part of it, when suddenly a storm arose which completely disabled her, and she was thrown upon some rocks and was wrecked to all intents and purposes. The majority of the crew and passengers perished. A few of the more courageous clung to the rocks, our good merchant among the number; but as they were in high sea, and as the bare rock would neither supply them with food nor water, the dread of starvation compelled them to attempt a desperate remedy. Collecting what planks they

could from the wreck, they constructed a sort of raft, on which they risked their lives, with no other chance than that some strong current might carry them to land. The merchant secured his beads upon his person, firmly believing that they would prove the means of his preservation. Nor was he deceived: the promise of the saint was fully accomplished. No sooner had he and his companions committed themselves to the raft than, as might be expected, the waves tossed it about in all directions. The merchant, in the mean time, became wholly unconscious of what was passing: he knew not that he was at sea and in danger of drowning. A species of delightful ecstasy transported him elsewhere. It seemed to him that he was in the town of St. Thomas, conversing with Father Francis. His rapture lasted five days, at the end of which he returned to himself, and, to his utter astonishment, found himself stretched on the sands of an unknown shore. On looking round, not one of his companions was to be seen. They had all been swallowed up by the waves: nothing remained but the boards to which they had intrusted their lives. On inquiring of some peasants as to the part of the country where he had been stranded, they told him he was on the coast of Nagapatan, and not very far from St. Thomas, whence he had set sail.

No less admirable is the following instance of Xavier's protecting care. A soldier, named Jerome Fernandez di Mendoza, sailed from the coast of Coromandel, where Xavier was, with the intention of crossing to the opposite coast. When they had nearly reached Cape Comorin, their ship was

boarded by some pirates. We know not what became of the rest; but Jerome, deprived of all his property, and half naked, contrived to escape from his captors and from the sea, into which they had either thrown him, or he had leaped of his own accord. In due time he returned to the place from whence he had started, relating his misfortunes and asking charity wherever he could. Happening to meet Father Francis, he appealed to his compassion. The saint well knew he had nothing but compassion to bestow: nevertheless, he instinctively put his hand into his pocket and found it empty: he had not even a penny. He first raised his eyes to heaven, then, turning to the soldier, said to him, "Brother, God will provide," and then went on his way. He had not proceeded more than four or five steps, when he felt that his prayer had been granted; and, turning round, he called the poor man to him, again put his hand in the same pocket, and drew forth fifty pieces of money, partly gold and partly silver, of a coinage unknown to India. He gave it all to him, telling him Almighty God had sent it, and that he must keep the matter secret. Joy and gratitude made this impossible: the beggar felt himself bound to disclose the charity and the merit of his benefactor: he published the affair along the whole coast of Coromandel. When examined, the coins were found to be of the purest metal, leaving no room to doubt that they came from God Almighty's own mint: merchants eagerly purchased them at a price considerably beyond their weight,—the rate of purchase usually adopted in that country.

This wonderful instance of temporal succor re-

minds me of another, the place and date whereof are not recorded. As St. Francis was once travelling, a beggar asked him to give him a little of some oil, which he knew had been bestowed as alms on the saint by certain pious friends. The saint desired his companion to give the oil, who answered that there was none to give, the flask being already empty,—adding that not long before he had held it upside-down without being able to drain so much as a single drop. The holy father positively bade him go and look again: he did so, and returned, joyfully exclaiming that the vessel was now quite full. "Well, then," rejoined the saint, who took no notice of the miracle, "bestow the charity, and take care to be more generous to the needy."

More varied, and not less admirable, are the following circumstances. For the better understanding of my narrative, I must be somewhat minute in detail, as what was begun at St. Thomas was completed at Malacca. John d'Eiro was thirty-five years of age at the time of which we treat. He had been originally in the army, but abandoned it for commerce; he was the owner of a ship, and had amassed considerable property; yet he was neither satisfied with himself nor with the world, his own heart, or rather God in his heart, continually reminding him of the reverses which he might experience, and of the superiority of those goods which alone we can carry with us out of this world, and which we shall enjoy for eternity. Besides, what security had he that the sea would not deprive him of all his gains, as it had done to so many others? And then of what avail

would be all his precious toils, when he would find himself left without riches for this world or merits for the next? And, supposing that all should go on prosperously, death would at last despoil him of his all: how much more wisely would he act, if he *now* did with merit what *then* he would be compelled to do by necessity! Why not at once give his *all* to God, and, by an exchange of merchandise, purchase heaven for earth, eternal riches instead of perishable advantages? These and other similar thoughts were perpetually revolving in his mind, and made his heart dissatisfied in the very midst of his enjoyments. In the mean time Father Francis met with him in Ceylon: d'Eiro noticed his mode of life and his happiness in holy poverty, his useful labors for the benefit of others, his angelical innocence of manner: in a word, he looked upon him as the happiest man in the world.

"Now at last," thought he, "I have discovered just the sort of life I want, and the very master who will train me to it, both by his example and his admonitions." After several conversations with the saint, he opened his whole heart to him, and wished to make a general confession. As the holy man was on the point of sailing for Nagatapan, they agreed to defer it till they met again at Meliapore, whither both were going. This plan was carried out, d'Eiro disclosing all his projects, and requesting Xavier to become his guide and master in a spiritual life, protesting that, since Almighty God so far favored him, he renounced there at his feet all that he possessed, and all his worldly hopes, determined to seek God alone in future; and, if Xavier would receive him, he offered to be-

come his constant companion, and to imitate his apostolic form of life as far as his strength permitted. The saint praised the design and encouraged him, but was prudently reserved in coming to a decision. He approved of his renouncing worldly goods and pleasure; he even consented to receive him as an associate, but not to admit him to religion, till he had made further trial of him. He agreed to hear his confession in three days, and to consult Almighty God in the interim, that he might the more securely follow his divine will. Affairs seemed to go on very well: the general confession was made, the ship and merchandise disposed of, and considerable alms were bestowed on the poor. He lived, however, apart from the saint, in a hired apartment, occupying himself chiefly in prayer and works of penance, with the view of laying a solid foundation for the perfection he aspired to. The issue, however, did not correspond with these fair appearances: in a short time, this poverty, retirement, and renunciation of pleasure became irksome. He regretted having sacrificed all his riches, and thought he ought to have taken more time for consideration, till by little and little he became a merchant in heart again. Having no longer any relish for the things of God, it was no difficult matter for the devil to persuade the miserable man to seek delight elsewhere; and then, placing opportunity within his reach, he yielded at the very first assault.

No sooner had he gratified his criminal desire than he determined to go away beyond the reach of Xavier. Consequently, he either raised loans, or had some part of his own property remaining;

and with this he purchased a slave, and through him a small ship and cargo. But his flight had not been so secretly planned as to escape the eye of God, nor that of Xavier, to whom our Lord revealed it. Just as d'Eiro was on the point of setting sail, he received a message from the saint, requesting to see him immediately. The disconcerted merchant at first affected to believe there must be some mistake; but, finding that the messenger was not to be imposed upon, he agreed to go, fully resolved to deny the truth if questioned, flattering himself that, at the most, Xavier could only suspect, but could not possibly be certain of, his intended flight. Having planned his answers, he put on a bold face, and presented himself before the saint. Assuming a very earnest countenance, Xavier at once accosted him with great energy:—"Thou hast sinned, John! thou hast sinned!" There was no occasion to say more. D'Eiro fell at his feet, exclaiming, "It is true, father: why should I deny what you already know? I have sinned, and I commend myself to your compassion." "In that case, then," replied the saint, raising him from the ground, "let us have confession;" and he heard him immediately. So sincerely did he deplore his error, and so thoroughly was he changed in this brief interval, that he went away and sold his slave, his ship, and all his merchandise; and, dividing his receipts among the poorest of the poor, he again placed himself in Xavier's hands, with better purposes and better sense than ever. He accompanied him to St. Thomas, to Malacca, to the Moluccas, and back again to Malacca; and here he was again overcome by

another temptation. A pious Portuguese intrusted him with a sum of money as an alms for Xavier, which he concealed from him,—with what view is not stated: at all events, the very fact of the concealment presupposes an evil intention. How the fact reached the knowledge of Xavier is likewise unknown: suffice it to say, he became aware of it, and, considering it a fault which ought not to be left unpunished, he sentenced him to banishment in the little desert island of Upe, there to do penance in solitude and fasting until the saint himself should recall him. D'Eiro, who did not long remain either very good or very bad, submitted, and shut himself up in an abandoned hut, making the spiritual exercises, as prescribed by the holy father. One day, as he was in prayer, (we cannot say whether he was awake or asleep,) he had the following vision: he seemed to be in a magnificent church, where majestically enthroned on the altar sat the glorious queen of heaven, together with her divine Son, who, descending from her arms, approached d'Eiro, and, taking him by the hand, led him to his mother; but she, with an aspect of displeasure, repulsed him, as being unworthy to approach her, giving two reasons for this. Though not stated, it is supposed that they were sins which the gross conscience of this man had overlooked in confession. In fine, the Mother of God would not allow him to go near her, so that he rose up, intending to go away; but just at this moment the vision disappeared. The poor man was therefore left in sad distress and perplexity: he could not reconcile the favor of the son with the displeasure of the mother.

Soon after this, Xavier called him to make his confession, when he detailed whatever he judged proper, but took care not to say a word of what he had seen and heard: the whole vision was carefully withheld. The saint asked him why he said nothing of the vision with which he had been favored during his prayer, at the same time mentioning a few of the circumstances. But d'Eiro boldly denied the whole affair: whereupon Xavier (who no doubt had obtained it for him) minutely detailed all its circumstances, adding the explanation of that which had been inexplicable to the man himself. From thenceforward he resolved to have him no longer for his companion; but he well rewarded him for all that he had done for him in the course of his numerous voyages, by predicting that he would put on the habit of St. Francis, and would remain in the order till his death,—which prediction was fully verified.

Before leaving Meliapore for Malacca and the Celebes, S. Francis wrote to Father di Camerino, at Goa, desiring him to send two of the new missionaries, who were shortly expected to arrive from Portugal, together with the two Cingalese princes, whenever the Portuguese troops should be sent to reinstate them in their rights. But nothing of the sort took place: the two youths died within a year and a half of each other, so that all the hopes raised on their account ended in the Church winning two princes and Paradise two souls.

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

Book the Second.

Hitherto we have accompanied our holy apostle in that part of Asia situated between the Indus and the Ganges, properly called India, or rather Hindostan. Vast as these limits would appear, they were too circumscribed for the full exercise of his zeal. It remains for us now to follow him below the Ganges, a part of Asia which becomes like another world, comprehending immense islands and kingdoms.

Quitting Meliapore, to the inexpressible regret of the inhabitants, who accompanied him in crowds to the ship, he crossed the Gulf of Bengal, and arrived at Malacca on the 25th of September, 1545.

Malacca is a vast peninsula, and, though situated in the torrid zone, may be said to enjoy a perpetual spring. Toward the extremity of the peninsula, opposite to Sumatra, stands the city of Malacca, which gives its name to the whole country. At the epoch of which we treat, it was under the dominion of the Portuguese, Don Alphonsus Albuquerque having wrested it from the Saracens, who vigorously defended it both by sea and land. The city is large, well built, populous, and has a strong fortress. The inhabitants, partly Jews, and partly Moors, Gentiles, and Christians, though forming a strange contrast on the score of religion, were sufficiently of accord on the score of morals,—all

living in a state of deplorable dissoluteness, under a most enervating climate. Every sort of luxury and sensuality was indulged in,—the gratification of the passions being apparently the chief object of life.

In the course of his voyage to Malacca the saint gave another beautiful instance of his ever-watchful charity. As is usual on such occasions, the soldiers and sailors wasted a great deal of their time playing at cards; and there were two of them who played not for the sake of recreation, but from a sheer spirit of avarice and gain. A series of reverses seemed to pursue one of them, who, with the desperation of a gambler, raised the stakes in proportion as he lost, possibly with the hope of redeeming all his losses by one single turn of good fortune: in fine, he went on till he had lost not only every farthing of his own, but likewise a considerable sum of money which had been intrusted to him by others for commercial purposes. He left not the gaming-table until he had absolutely nothing more to stake; and then, when he began to reflect on his disastrous position, he fell into a profound melancholy, and, like a madman, cursed himself and his own life, resolving to fling himself into the sea, in contempt of the express law of that God whom he blasphemed. By some means or other, Xavier became aware of the wretched man's condition; and, hastening to him, he tenderly embraced him, and endeavored to console him, but to little purpose, the other repulsing him with great rudeness. Recollecting himself for a moment or two, and recommending the issue to God, Xavier went and borrowed fifty reals from one of the pas-

sengers, which he immediately offered to the unfortunate gamester, bidding him go again and challenge his victor. Before they began, he took the pack of cards, and, shuffling them a little, returned them: thus encouraged, the loser resumed his game, and so prosperously that the longer he played the more he won. He not only recovered all his losses, but was beginning to win from his adversary, when the saint, who was present, forbade him to go on any longer, and, taking him aside, began to speak to him about the state of his soul. His salutary admonitions completely changed the man: he renounced gambling forever, and from thenceforward led a most exemplary life.

As his passage to Malacca had been honored by miracles, so likewise was his arrival similarly distinguished. No sooner was it published through the city (we know not whether through the medium of angels or of men) that Father Francis had reached their shores, than crowds rushed forth to meet him: all the children, and even mothers and nurses, with infants in their arms, joined in the acclamations of joy and greeted the *holy father,* as he was universally designated: they kissed his hands and implored his blessing. With his characteristic charity, modesty, and affability, he accepted their welcome, and, caressing the little ones, called them severally by their proper names, as if he had lived among them for years, instead of seeing them now for the first time. This circumstance, coupled with the fame of his virtue, which had reached Malacca from the farther shores of India, at once procured for him the esteem and reputation of a saint.

Notwithstanding the entreaties of several, he

refused all offers of a private lodging, and repaired to the common hospital, as he always did whenever one of these useful institutions could be found. This plan answered a double purpose: it gratified his humility by throwing him among the poor, and his charity by enabling him to serve the sick. Moreover, he could here more freely follow his fervor in fasting, austerities, and nocturnal vigils and prayer. But he did not quite succeed, as he intended, in concealing these pious practices from every eye but that of God. Among others, Anthony and Diego Pereira, two of his most devoted friends, especially the latter, being struck with admiration at the sanctity of his life, and his incessant toil for the benefit of others, felt curious to know how he spent his nights. Accordingly, they privately watched through the fissures of the matting which formed the partition of his sleeping-apartment, and saw that, by way of resting himself after the labors of the day, he threw himself on his knees before a crucifix, and there remained transfixed as if in ecstasy: several hours passed thus in profound contemplation, with no other outward demonstration than an inflamed countenance, and streams of tears flowing over his cheeks,—the sweet proofs of his interior consolations. The two Pereiras saw no more than this, though others, more fortunate, beheld him suspended in the air, entirely surrounded by rays of brilliant light; of which more will be said later, when treating of his raptures and his intimate union with Almighty God. After thus spending the greater part of the night on his knees in prayer, he arose, and either seated himself, or else

threw his wearied limbs on his couch, formed of cords interlaced, with a stone for his pillow. He allowed himself two or three hours for repose, then recited the Divine Office, and at daybreak sallied forth to resume his accustomed avocations in behalf of his neighbor.

But his friends would not leave him in peace at the hospital. He was obliged at last to yield to the charity of certain pious individuals, who insisted on lodging him in their house. He could not do otherwise than afford them this gratification, doing so the more willingly because they were poor, and therefore, in his opinion, more deserving of this proof of his affection: besides, he could more easily remunerate them in his own style, that is, out of God Almighty's purse, that never-failing purse, in which he always found what he needed either for himself or for the necessities of others. Xavier gave a special blessing to this house, and prophesied that thenceforward whoever inhabited it should prosper. Effects soon verified his promise. The Processes relate one of these miraculous interpositions as being particularly worthy of remembrance. The house in question adjoined the castle of St. James, overlooking the city walls, which were here extremely high and fronting the sea. After the saint had lived there, it so happened that at different times two children and a woman fell from this immense height, striking against the buttresses of the wall in their descent. Under ordinary circumstances, such a fall must inevitably have killed them on the spot; yet of these three not one of them received so much as a bruise: the saint, mindful of his promise,

invisibly stretched forth his hand, and prevented the effects of the fall.

The superhuman protection afforded to this house was so fully authenticated that it became an object of veneration to the people, and many persons offered to purchase it at a high price; but its owner, John Suarez Vergara, from the moment the first of these miracles occurred, valued it more than ever, and would on no terms be induced to dispose of it. On the contrary, he said that, supposing he had no other inheritance to bequeath to his family, the legacy of this house, sanctified as it was by the residence of St. Francis Xavier within its walls, would make them rich enough, since of itself it was a fertile treasury of blessings.

Nor was this the only or the chief instance in which God was pleased to hear the prayers and honor the merits of his servant in the city of Malacca. In the depositions, attested on oath, we read that his miraculous cures could not be counted one by one, nor even in round numbers; for his mere touch cured all the sick who were brought to him. His hands were believed to be endowed with power over every kind of malady. The following are a few of the most remarkable of these cures.

Anthony Fernandez, a child of fifteen years old, was dangerously ill, and at the point of death. His mother, though nominally a Christian, was so far addicted to paganism as to confide in magic, a highly-esteemed art in the isle of Java, of which she was a native. Finding that medical aid was of no use to her son, she called in certain Indian

sorceresses of her acquaintance, and, among the rest, an old woman called Naï, who was considered quite an adept in her profession. She promised his perfect cure, after stipulating for a handsome remuneration, and threw her incantations on a mysterious cord which she fastened on the youth's arm. But the result was widely different from her expectations. The patient lost both sense and speech, and was seized with deadly fainting-fits: for three days, he neither spoke nor tasted any nourishment, and his case was now evidently desperate. In this posture of affairs, a certain worthy woman happened to call, and, compassionating the distress of the mother, who was weeping bitterly, said to her, "Why do you not send for the holy father, whose very touch will be sufficient to cure the child?" A messenger was immediately despatched to him, and, with his accustomed condescension, he hastened to the house. No sooner did he appear than the youth, who before lay like a log, rose up in a fury, screaming wildly, and could scarcely be restrained by main force. A glance satisfied the saint that this violence did not proceed from natural causes, but from the devil who had possession of him. He was confirmed in his opinion when, presenting his cross to the raving youth, he fell into convulsions, made most frightful grimaces, and spat at the honored sign of man's redemption. Xavier knelt down at the bedside, read the Passion of our Divine Lord, hung his reliquary round his neck, and sprinkled him with holy water; whereupon his rage subsided, and he became immovable as before. Then the saint, rising up, said, "Prepare

such and such food, and give it him at such an hour of the night: he will be able to take it;" and he specified the food and the precise hour. Every thing was done as he desired, and with the effect he promised. He moreover made the boy's father promise, in the event of his recovery, to take him for nine successive days to the church of our Lady *del Monte,* where the saint himself was going to say mass the next day, when he would recommend him to the Mother of God. After making these arrangements, the saint went away. The following morning, at the very time that Xavier was celebrating, the patient suddenly recovered both sense and speech, and arose in perfect health.

It cost him much less to rescue three others from the grasp of death,—Francis Lopez Almeida, a brother of Rodriguez Pereira, and a child three years old adopted by Diego Pereira. Lopez was already senseless and in his agony; Rodriguez was reduced to extremity, having tasted nothing for three days; and the child was in violent convulsions, the effect either of epilepsy or of his being possessed. The saint was asked to visit them all, which he did, and immediately cured them,—the first by merely putting his hand on his head, the second by hearing his confession, and the third by reciting a gospel over him.

He foretold to a Portuguese, a great friend of his, the risk to which some of his very valuable merchandise would be exposed whilst at sea; and, had he not at the same time duly cautioned him, no doubt the whole would have been lost. He inquired on which ship, out of several that were going to sail, he intended to intrust his cargo.

His friend named the vessel. "No, no," said Xavier, "not on that one: her voyage will be disastrous." But the poor merchant had no longer any remedy: the property was all stowed away, and the ship was on the very point of sailing: his distress was very great, for he had embarked nearly all his capital in his cargo. After a few moments of silent recollection, the saint encouraged him, saying, "Cheer up. God speed you: accompany your merchandise; and remember, whatever accident befalls you on the voyage, let nothing persuade you to throw your property overboard." Thus reassured, the merchant sailed. When about midway, a storm arose, which threw the vessel on a sandbank, and there she remained embedded: to lighten the load seemed the only chance of getting her off, and consequently it was resolved to throw over the merchandise, or heaviest part of the cargo. But the Portuguese resolutely opposed this, relating the prediction so recently made by Father Francis, who had positively forbidden him either to quit the vessel in case of accident or to permit the removal of his property: he conjured the crew to be patient a little longer, and the prophecy would infallibly be accomplished. He was believed, and the issue showed that he was right; for a sudden swell of the sea raised the ship, carried her off the sands, and she pursued her voyage.

Of all the miracles wrought by Xavier at Malacca the most wonderful was the resuscitation of a young girl, who was not only dead, but actually buried. At the time of her death he was at some distance from Malacca, nor did he return till three days afterward. The mother, who had sought him

everywhere during the child's illness, no sooner heard of his return than she resolved to have recourse to him, convinced that he who could have cured her daughter when ill could raise her to life now that she was dead. Accordingly, she went in search of him, and as soon as she perceived him, falling at his feet bathed in tears, she addressed him as heretofore Martha did our Lord:—"Hadst thou been here, my daughter had not died: nevertheless, if thou wilt thou canst restore her to life, for nothing is impossible to God, and he grants all things to thy prayers." The saint was astonished and delighted to find such great faith in a woman who had but recently been converted to the law of Christ, and she appeared to him deserving of the favor she implored. Raising his eyes to heaven, he prayed that Almighty God would console her and reward her faith: then, turning to her, he bade her go, confidently assuring her that her child was alive. Balancing between hope and fear, not doubting his word, yet surprised that he did not offer to accompany her, she ventured to observe that her daughter had been already three days in her grave. "No matter," rejoined the saint: "go and open the tomb: you will find her alive." The trustful neophyte asked not another question, but with great faith and joy went to the church, and there, in presence of a vast concourse of spectators who had assembled to witness the miracle, the stone was removed, the grave was opened, and the young damsel was found alive. Astonishment, delight, and gratitude were expressed by all: even the pagans gave glory to God for con-

ceding so great a miracle to the merits of his servant.

Stupendous as were the miracles which our holy apostle wrought at Malacca, they scarcely surpassed his arduous labors for the improvement of the manners and morals of the people. He preached every Sunday, with a freedom and zeal suited to the condition of a population where Christians differed from infidels only in dress, the mode of life being nearly similar in all. Sensuality in its grossest forms, immoderate desire of gain, forgetfulness of God, and contempt of the truths of eternity, everywhere prevailed. When preaching on these topics, he tempered his severity with sweetness, and the tenderness of his affection was equal to the vigor of his zeal. He daily instructed children (and on festivals the slaves) in the mysteries of religion and the precepts of Christian morality. He attended to the sick, not only in the hospital, but wherever he was asked for. At sunset he went through the streets of the town accompanied by a troop of children, and, tinkling his little bell from time to time, he reminded the people to pray for those who were in the state of mortal sin, and for the poor souls in purgatory,—which public act of charity made many a one reflect on the state of his own soul, and excited many a bitter pang as past sins recurred to mind.

He heard confessions, and in such numbers that time could scarcely be found to satisfy all the applicants. By these means, backed by the weight which sanctity of life gives to apostolic zeal, he gathered abundant fruit in a short space of time. He completely suppressed a most unbecoming and

vicious custom, which long toleration now seemed to authorize, namely, that of young females walking about the town in male attire,—an abuse which in most instances led to the loss of woman's fairest ornament, her virtue. So vigorously did Xavier denounce this unwarrantable practice that those who had been addicted to it resumed the dress, and, generally speaking, the proprieties, of their sex.

He effected reconciliation between many whose enmities were of long standing; he severed illicit connections, taking care to secure the means of honest subsistence for those who were thrown on their own resources by the return to virtue of the parties who had hitherto maintained them with the wages of vice. He banished immodest songs, which even children went about singing in the public streets, substituting in place prayers and pious canticles, which he composed for the purpose: little altars were erected in various places, around which the children would assemble to sing their prayers, the saint often joining with them in this act of simple devotion; thus making himself a child among his little ones, in the same way as his ingenious charity taught him how to become *all* to *all*, and to accommodate himself to the profession of each one with whom he had to treat,—the soldier, the merchant, the mechanic, or the slave: he discoursed on and made their individual interests his own, winning them to himself by his benevolence, that he might win them to God for their own salvation.

He led numberless Mohammedans, idolaters, and Jews to the knowledge of the truth, and to bap-

tism. Of these conversions the most remarkable was that of a certain rabbi, very learned in the Scriptures, and much respected among his own people. The sermons of the saint made no impression on this man: on the contrary, he strove to extinguish the light of truth, which the words of Xavier enkindled in the minds of his co-religionists: he publicly ridiculed him, combated his arguments, called his miracles impositions and jugglery, and his sanctity hypocrisy. Against all this our saint uttered not a word of complaint, but deeply deplored the injury occasioned to so many souls by the blindness of this unfortunate man. He humbly represented to Almighty God how completely this cause was his own, and besought him, by that zeal for his own glory and that love of souls which induced his divine Son to die upon a cross, to grant to the merits of his precious blood that which was not due to the perverseness of the obstinate rabbi. Our Lord gave him the conviction that his prayer was heard: he called on the rabbi at his own house, and, as if they were on the most friendly terms, requested the favor of dining with him that day. The Jew was startled at such a proposal, and was much tempted to decline it: however, not to appear miserly or uncivil to a man so universally respected, he very reluctantly gave the invitation, and the two sat down to dinner. As we have already remarked, Xavier's manner, devoid of all artifice, was exceedingly attractive: those who were well acquainted with him state that his expressive countenance portrayed the inward beauty of his soul, so full of God. By degrees the rabbi began to soften, and by no means re-

gretted having admitted him to his house: the conversation of the saint delighted him; and, on his taking leave, the host thanked him for his visit, and begged he would repeat it,—to which Xavier, who desired nothing better, willingly consented. When he had secured the Jew's friendship, he used the most solid arguments in proof of his mistaken creed: God blessed his words, and, divine grace working at the same time on the heart of the rabbi, he opened his eyes to the light of truth, and, to the admiration and joy of all the Christians of Malacca, he publicly received baptism. His example was soon followed by many others of his sect.

Whilst Xavier was thus gathering the fruit of his labors at Malacca, God was pleased to augment his joy by a piece of most gratifying intelligence. A vessel from Goa brought him letters from Rome and Portugal, informing him of the vast addition of members to the Society, with details of their meritorious labors in the service of God and his Church. His soul was so overwhelmed with delight that he was never tired of reperusing these welcome missives: over and over again did he kiss them, and bathe them with his tears: it seemed (as he himself expresses it) as if he had been again in Europe in the midst of his beloved brethren, or as if they were present with him in India. Nor was this his only consolation at this time: his letters from Goa announced the arrival of three new fathers, Anthony Criminale, Nicholas Lancilotti, and John Beira,—the two first Italians, and the third a Spaniard, all three priests, and men of eminent virtue and apostolic zeal, especially Crimi-

nale, who among the sons of Ignatius was the first to win the crown of martyrdom.

Xavier cordially embraced and welcomed them in heart, though separated from them in body: he sent orders for Lancilotti to remain as master at the Seminary at Goa, and for the other two to go and assist Mansilla at the coast of Comorin, he in the mean time being detained where he was, awaiting intelligence from Macasser. After waiting three months to no purpose, as the season for that voyage was now past, he determined on going to Amboyna instead of to Macasser,—the more so as the latter was already provided with a priest. He had, with great difficulty and trouble, translated into the Malay dialect all that was necessary for the people to learn of the principles of religion, and had studied assiduously himself, in order that he might be prepared to begin his labors as soon as he arrived. The people were extremely unwilling to see him depart; nor was he less sorry to go. Although he left it in a very different state from that in which he found it, the seeds of vice were so deeply radicated, and the example of the higher classes had such a pernicious effect on their inferiors, that hitherto the preaching and miracles of Xavier had certainly not produced the great results which might have been hoped for; and God permitted his prophetic mind to foresee the chastisements and extreme desolation which later would fall upon this infamous city,—calamities which he often predicted in his sermons, though to no purpose. He wept over the sins of these people, and fasted rigorously, often spending three or four days without tasting food, doing penance for the

sins of those who knew not and cared not for their own miseries.

The vessel for Amboyna being now ready, he and John d'Eiro, who was still his associate, went on board on the 1st of January, 1546, and immediately set sail. The captain and higher officers were Portuguese; the soldiers and the crew were Indians, chiefly idolaters; but Xavier soon gained them over to Christ, and baptized them, some being converted by the force of his arguments, and others by the stupendous miracle which accompanied his preaching; for, as he spoke in one language, each one of his auditors heard and understood him in the idiom of his country; that is to say, to the ears of each individual (and the crew consisted of persons of several different nations) Xavier delivered himself in the language of his own country: he, a foreigner among them all, was at the same moment understood by all, as we shall more amply explain hereafter. They had been a month at sea, favored with a fine brisk wind, and still Amboyna was not in sight. The pilot and sailors began to suspect that they must have passed it unawares; but, if they had, there was but little chance of retracing their track, for the breeze was strong and full on the stern: their only remedy was to lessen their sails, tack about, and catch a side-wind, as best they could. During their deliberations, Xavier joined them, and smiling, as if his eye penetrated through the vast expanse before them, he calmed their anxiety, saying to them, "Do not trouble yourselves about Amboyna: we are already near the bay, and to-morrow at dawn

we shall be in sight of it." And such actually was the case.

The next morning, which was the 14th of February, they approached the island; and, what was particularly desirable to the crew, the wind, which had hitherto been so fresh, subsided, and then sprung up from another quarter; so that the vessel, which only touched at Amboyna in order to land Father Francis, turned her prow and sailed off for Banda, whither she was bound. The saint and some others were lowered into the skiff, to be rowed ashore; but, when about midway, two galleys filled with pirates, who had been lying in ambush, pushed off to intercept the skiff, whose rowers, in alarm, turned and pulled out to sea with all their might. Miraculous to relate, the pirate-boats did not attempt to follow, but, apparently panic-struck, they fled as if they were the pursued instead of the pursuers. Xavier's party was still fearful of advancing, lest they might be surprised by some lurking foe; but the saint, who saw what the sailors did not, encouraged them, and assured them that they had nothing more to fear. Relying on his word, they made for the island, where he landed on the 16th of February.

Though under the dominion of Portugal, the inhabitants were little better than savages, excepting in the maritime districts, where intercourse with strangers had somewhat civilized them. The saint discovered that, several years before, seven provinces of the kingdom had embraced the faith of Christ, but that afterward the tyrannical exactions of some Portuguese ministers had so exasperated the people that the religion as well as

the name of their oppressors became odious to them: hence, living without priests and without sacraments, they were little better than idolaters.

The first object of Father Francis was to revive the faith in those who had been already baptized; and, as these had for the most part retired to the mountains, for fear of the Saracens who infested the coasts, our holy man had to go in quest of them to all sorts of inaccessible places, climbing the sharp ascents on his hands and knees, and forcing his way into holes and caves, with manifest danger of encountering wild beasts, the usual denizens of such places.

But, nothing dismayed, nothing arrested him: ever ready, ever cheerful, he embraced these savages, he cured their maladies, he buried their dead: in fine, overcome by his affectionate assiduity, they returned to Christ, and willingly brought their children to be baptized. He himself relates that numbers of these little ones died immediately after baptism, as if Almighty God had preserved their temporal life just long enough to secure to them that which is eternal.

Having so far succeeded with the Christians, Xavier now began to preach to the idolaters and Saracens, and he did it with such fervor and success as to gain over a great number of them. He planted many crosses, erected churches, appointed teachers; and, in order to perfect this new conquest, he summoned two of the fathers from the Fishery coast.

Almighty God afforded him another fine opportunity for the exercise of his charity. Three Portuguese and six Castilian vessels touched at Am-

boyna, a pestilential fever having broken out among their crews. Some of the victims were left on board, whilst others were accommodated on shore, under tents and huts composed of boughs and leaves. The mortality was fearful, deprived as they were of medical aid, and, in fact, of any kind of succor.

The generous soul of Xavier was not dismayed either by the number of the infected, or by the evident risk to which he exposed his life: he was in continual attendance wherever the danger was greatest; and such was his affable condescension in the performance of the most repulsive offices, and so cheerful was his countenance, that the very sight of him was a comfort to the sufferers.

But his chief concern was to afford succor to their souls,—to see that they all duly received the holy sacraments and that they died in sentiments of contrition suited to their awful position. How much did many of these confessions cost him! For the most part they were soldiers and sailors, men of licentious lives, who, when brought to a sense of their guilt, can with difficulty be persuaded to trust the goodness of God; for, as he justly remarks, they who live in sin, abusing divine mercy, frequently distrust it in death, to their own misfortune: *he* who induces over-confidence whilst they live in sin drives them to despair in death, lest they should die well. His charity did not end with the life of the sufferers: when they died, he dug their graves and buried them with the rites of the Church, and daily celebrated mass for those who died.

Amidst all his labors for the sick, he did not

forget those who were in health: he preached every Sunday, alluding in strong terms to the fearful epidemic and to the numerous deaths which were taking place beneath their very eyes. These discourses produced a deep impression: every one became anxious to regulate his conscience under the guidance of the saint, in consequence of which his labors were redoubled.

Incredible were his endeavors to reform three Portuguese officers who governed the fortress, men who for five or six years had never thought of God, and who led the most abandoned of lives. Xavier sought to become familiarly acquainted with them, and treated them with the gentle consideration suited to such dangerous wounds,—all the more dangerous because the patients were unwilling to be cured. He proceeded with his usual caution, till at last he had the satisfaction of hearing their confessions, of admitting them to holy communion, and of seeing them resolutely embrace an exemplary course of life. But the spiritual resurrection of these men wellnigh carried the holy father himself to the tomb: he was seized with a dangerous illness, which was generally ascribed to the excessive penances with which he macerated his body in order to obtain from God the conversion of these three souls.

Xavier secured a great acquisition here in the person of a Castilian priest, called Cosmo di Torres: he came from Seville with the Spanish fleet, and on landing at Amboyna was so struck with the first sight of Francis, a man so full of God, such a contemner of self, so zealous for the salvation of souls, that, burning with a desire

to copy his example, he offered to become his companion. He soon put on the habit of the Society at Goa, and afterward accompanied the saint to Japan, where he labored indefatigably, and may almost be called the second Xavier of the Japanese.

There was a merchant at Amboyna whose love of riches and whose desire of gain stood proof against all the sermons of Xavier. Finding that public admonitions were lost upon him, he resolved to give him a reproof in private: the man listened to him with evident displeasure, and dismissed him with rudeness. The holy man, compassionating his avarice and his blindness, looked at him with an expression of deep grief, and burst into tears, going away without effecting any good. This is almost the only instance in which we read of Xavier's private attempt upon an individual proving ineffectual.

He had better success with another, who was less tenacious, but who was not so liberal to the poor as his means allowed or as their necessities required. This man's name was John Araugio: he had sailed from Malacca to Amboyna in company with the saint, in consideration of whom he had often kindly relieved many poor sufferers who were brought on shore from the infected ships; but, as the needy augmented, he began to fancy that he was giving away too much,—in fact, that compassion for others was making him cruel to himself. Xavier at last no longer ventured to appeal to him: he sent now one, and now another, when he felt himself obliged to seek his aid. On one of these occasions he sent Francis Pallia to

beg a flask of Portuguese wine for a poor man whose debility required some assistance of the sort. Araugio gave it, it is true, but murmured sadly, and bade Pallia not to apply to him any more; that what he had he meant to keep; adding that he had not brought wine from Malacca to supply all the poor at Amboyna: besides, when his little stock became exhausted, where was he to look for more? The messenger returned with the wine, and repeated the words of the giver. The saint colored up, and with a holy zeal exclaimed, "What does Araugio think of? Does he expect to drink all his wine himself? Will he refuse it to Christ that he may keep it all for himself? No! no! he is mistaken: he will come to the end of his life before he comes to the end of his cask: this is the last soil he will ever look upon, and, when he is dead, whatever he has will fall into the hands of the poor in spite of himself." Xavier not only foretold this to Pallia, but also to the man himself. Nor was it long ere the fact was verified: he warned him of his approaching death, exhorted him to give with merit what in a very short time he would have to leave by compulsion. Xavier soon afterward set out from Amboyna, and Araugio tried to make arrangements to sail with him; but as the vessel was too small, or already too well laden, to admit all his effects, he was obliged to remain where he was. A few days after the saint's arrival at Ternate, as he was celebrating mass, he suddenly turned round at the altar and said, "Pray for John Araugio, who has just expired at Amboyna. I offered mass for him yesterday, and I likewise do so to-day: do you

also join with me in recommending his soul to God." The persons present were astounded at this announcement, wondering how he could have received the news from such a distance, as there are two hundred and seventy miles of sea between Ternate and Amboyna; but, presuming the affair to have been revealed to him by God, they made a memorandum of the day and hour he announced the event, to compare it with future accounts from the place itself. In twelve days the news was confirmed, not only by the letters of John d'Eiro, but likewise by Raphael Carvalho, who was present at Araugio's death, which was ascertained to have occurred at the moment the saint announced it from the altar.

The mortality having ceased in the two fleets, which, as the season was now favorable, took their departure for Goa, Xavier's charity found means of supplying the more immediate necessities of the poor survivors, by procuring subsidies from his pious friends: he moreover wrote to Father Di Camerino at Goa, warmly recommending to him some religious of the order of St. Austin, accompanying the fleet, eulogizing them as men of eminent virtue.

He predicted of a certain ship, which sailed with the fleet, that it would meet with disasters; and so indeed she did. In the first place, she struck upon a rock and broke her rudder, after which she was stranded on the coast of Ceylon, from whence her escape was little less than miraculous.

Whilst the vessel which was to convey him to the Moluccas was preparing, he visited some of the neighboring islands, everywhere spreading his

nets and catching souls. As he was crossing over to one of these islands, called Baramura, a remarkable circumstance occurred, which we will relate in the words of his companion, Faustus Rodriguez, a Portuguese, who, as well as seven other eye-witnesses, attested it on oath. "Father Francis, John Raposa, and I were sailing in a carracca, [a vessel peculiar to these countries, and but ill qualified to resist a storm,] when suddenly a terrible tempest arose, and the sailors, though natives and accustomed to these coasts, gave themselves up for lost. But Father Francis, taking off his crucifix, which he always wears suspended at his breast, and leaning over the side of the vessel, dipped the cross into the sea; whereupon the storm immediately ceased. Unfortunately, by some means or other, the cord either slipped from his fingers or became unfastened; for the crucifix disappeared in the waves. Great was the consternation of the holy father, who appeared inconsolable at his loss. On the following day we landed on the isle of Baramura, and from thence passed on to the territory of Talem, whither the ship was bound. Twenty-four hours intervened between the loss of the crucifix and our landing, and during the whole of this time the sea had been rough. On disembarking, Father Francis and I walked along the shore in the direction of Talem, and had proceeded about five hundred paces, when we both saw a crab issue from the sea, carrying the identical crucifix upright, securely fixed in its claws. The creature made its way toward Francis, I being at the time close at his side. The father knelt down, and the crab remained quite quiet be-

fore him until he had taken away the cross, when it turned round and was soon lost sight of in the sea. After repeatedly kissing his lost treasure, he remained as he was, with his arms crossed on his breast, in prayer for a full half-hour, I gladly joining with him in returning thanks to our Lord Jesus Christ for this striking miracle. Then, rising up, we pursued our journey."

They remained a week in Talem, and again set sail for Rosalao, where Xavier immediately began to preach to the idolatrous people; but so brutalized were they in the vilest of vices that they turned a deaf ear to his words, and of the whole island he only gained one soul to Jesus Christ: hence, on taking his departure, he slipped off his shoes, and shook them roughly, in order that he might not carry with him even the dust of such an accursed soil. It is true to say, the one whom he did convert was worth many. At his baptism the saint gave him his own name, Francis; and, being enlightened by God as to the future of this man, he foretold that he would die piously, ejaculating the holy name of Jesus. The prophecy became famous, and the fulfilment of it was watched with much curiosity. It was verified forty-two years afterward. The man entered the army, and served the Portuguese in several campaigns,—when, in an engagement between the Portuguese and some Indians, he was mortally wounded, and was conveyed to the camp for necessary care. Great numbers, both of Portuguese and Indians, surrounded his death-bed, some from devotion, some from curiosity and to see whether the prophecy of Xavier would be verified,—as it literally was;

for the wounded soldier retained his senses to the last, and showed deep feelings of devotion, incessantly repeating, "Jesus, help me!" and actually expired with these words on his lips.

If the saint gained but one soul, as we have remarked, in the island of Rosalao, very different success awaited him at Ulate, one of the eleven isles comprised under the one common name of Amboyna. He found the country in arms, and the king closely besieged. He was on the point of surrendering, not from want of courage or from want of ammunition, but because the enemy had broken up the conduits which supplied the town with water; and as it was now the dry season, when there was no probability of a drop of rain, and as the heat was intense, and the people were actually dying of thirst, the only chance of saving their lives rested on their immediate surrender. To Xavier this seemed a fine opportunity of gaining innumerable souls to Christ, which he had no doubt of doing if he procured for the poor besieged that succor which for the present was entirely in the hands of their enemies. Full of humble yet generous confidence in God, he found means of penetrating the barriers, and was led before the king, whom he at once promised to assist, not with arms, but with water, (the only thing he stood in need of,) provided he would allow him to erect a cross in the middle of the town, and would trust in the God whom he was come expressly to announce,—assuring him that God, being the Lord of nature, could send him rain though out of season; Xavier stipulating that if this promise were fulfilled, and water given, the king should pledge himself to

receive baptism, together with all the people dependent on his crown. Knowing his case to be desperate, the king readily consented, and solemnly gave his word to all the demands of the saint. A large cross was constructed, decorated in the best manner which existing circumstances permitted, and was planted in a conspicuous place, amidst a sea of wondering faces; for the novelty of the sight attracted vast crowds to the spot. Xavier knelt down before it and prayed most fervently, reminding Almighty God of the merits of the death of Christ, symbolized by that cross, and beseeching his fatherly compassion not to refuse a drop of rain to the necessities of these poor people, seeing that the favor would only cost him an act of his will, the concession of which would lead to the salvation of innumerable souls, for whom his divine Son had shed his blood.

Whilst Xavier was thus praying, dark clouds were rapidly collecting, and a plentiful rain relieved the anxiety of the now exulting islanders, who filled their water-vessels and furnished themselves abundantly. Their enemies, who depended on subduing them by thirst, lost all hope, and, raising the siege, returned to their own country. Convinced of the truth by so evident a miracle, the king and all his subjects, not only of Ulate, but also of other islands subject to him, received baptism at the hands of Xavier.

The holy father spent three months with these people, when a passage to the Moluccas was offered, of which he gladly availed himself, and, leaving John d'Eiro to cultivate the little church of Amboyna, he passed over to Ternate. They

had to traverse a very dangerous gulf, where they encountered a furious storm. He was in one carracca, and John Galvano, a Portuguese friend of his, was in another. The storm separated the two vessels; and so ill treated was that in which Xavier had embarked that it was a miracle he escaped being wrecked. God, no doubt, watched over a life so precious, and he reached Ternate in safety. Not so the vessel which carried Galvano: being thoroughly disabled, she was left to the mercy of the storm, and was carried far away, but not so far as to be beyond the reach of Xavier's mental eye, which, enlightened by God, saw what followed the separation of the vessels. The first festival-day after his arrival at Ternate, he preached as usual, and in the middle of his sermon he stopped short, and said, "Recommend to God the soul of John Galvano, drowned in these seas." His audience were dismayed at the intelligence, not only from compassion for Galvano, but likewise because several of them had invested property in the vessel which carried him. In hopes that he might be mistaken, and that he was merely hazarding a conjecture, they made inquiries of the sailors who had brought over Xavier whether they had heard any tidings of the missing ship,—who answered that they knew nothing more than that the two vessels had parted company in the channel. This somewhat reassured the merchants, who saw no sufficient reason to believe either the death of Galvano or the loss of the vessel. As to the words of Xavier, they were considered as a supposition, rather than as a prophecy; so easily do we persuade ourselves to believe what we wish to

be true. Nevertheless, they were soon undeceived; for before the end of three days the sea cast ashore bodies, oars, merchandise, and remnants of the ship, which plainly showed how completely she had been wrecked. This prophecy, coupled with that already related of Araugio, and details of his other miracles wrought in India, which casual travellers circulated through these isles, caused him to be very highly thought of by idolaters as well as Christians. And, in truth, it was quite necessary that he should be thus revered, not only to give credit to his efforts for reforming the licentious mode of life everywhere prevalent in those parts, but even to secure himself a hearing from persons whose thoughts, so far from being of God, were wholly given to the things of this world, love of money, love of dominion, and love of sensual pleasure. To give an idea of the successful result of Xavier's labors and apostolic zeal, it will suffice to repeat what he himself wrote,—namely, that when he quitted Ternate, so far as he knew, he only left two persons in the state of mortal sin. Surprising were the restitutions of ill-gotten property and the reconciliations between the most inevterate enemies; and the same may be said with regard to other vices still more common and more flagrant. He was incessantly occupied in hearing confessions, administering the other sacraments, preaching, catechizing little children,—things altogether new in this place.

Here, as at Malacca, he used to go through the town every evening, ringing his little bell, and calling on the people to pray for the dead, and for the living who were in mortal sin.

As he himself says, it was truly a subject of gratitude to God to see the eagerness with which men and women, as well as children, joined in the praises of God: children in the streets, women in their houses, laborers in the fields, fishermen in their boats, all laid aside their idle songs, substituting in their place the Apostles' Creed, the *Paternoster*, the *Ave Maria*, the *Confiteor*, the Commandments, the works of mercy, and other such pious prayers, which had been translated into their own dialect in a form easily intelligible to all. This was, generally, his first task on his arrival in any new country,—well knowing that he was training up as many masters as he could teach the above-described psalmody to; because, when once learned, the pagan children would sing them in all directions, and so attract the notice of those who heard them, and then, the curiosity of the latter being excited, they would naturally require further explanation, till by degrees they would be won over to the truth.

He effected numberless conversions in the Moluccas, among which one, as being so glorious to Xavier, deserves a special notice. It is that of Neachil, daughter of Almazor, King of Tidor, and wife of Boliefe, King of Ternate,—a princess of noble soul, strong mind, and well versed in the mysteries of her own sect. Above all, she bore a mortal hatred to the Christians,—a circumstance which renders her conversion all the more remarkable. Her enmity to the Christians can be easily accounted for. When Europeans for the first time landed in her dominions, she had received them like brothers, gave them land, and permitted

them to build a fortress. In return for her hospitality, they took the government out of her hands, first imprisoned and afterward put to death her three sons, the lawful heirs to her throne. Xavier considered her all the more deserving of the compassion of Almighty God, as she had been so unjustly treated by man. He found means of seeing her, and spoke, as he so well knew how, of the grandeurs of the kingdom of heaven, of the facility with which we may secure them, of the happiness of those who enjoy them beyond all danger of ever losing them, together with the misfortune of being eternally deprived of them, that the wise queen, who had no longer any thing to hope for on earth, began to turn her desires toward heaven. However, as she was a proficient in the principles of Mohammed, she would have several disputations with the saint before she surrendered; and these only served to strengthen her the more when once her eyes became open to the light of the gospel. The grace of God and the arguments of the saint at last triumphed, and he had the indescribable consolation of baptizing her,—when he gave her the name of Isabella.

As he knew her to be a woman of superior mind and noble heart, capable of advancing far in the ways of spirituality, he continued instructing her with special care, leading her on step by step, till she proved herself in truth the worthy disciple of a most worthy master, leading a life of great humility, retirement, and prayer, bearing her adversities with admirable patience and fortitude, and spending her time in works of Christian piety;

insomuch that she was more respected now than at the time when she became a queen.

Religion seemed to be progressing so favorably in the Moluccas that the holy father thought he might now safely carry into effect a project which had long been lurking in his heart; that is to say, to introduce the name and faith of Jesus Christ into the much-dreaded kingdom of Moro. No sooner did his intention become known, than it was universally and vigorously opposed: no heart less apostolically zealous than his own could have triumphed over obstacles apparently so insurmountable. The mere fact of his sailing to that island seemed to the Christians of Ternate like rushing to certain death: the natives were such decided cannibals as not even to spare their own immediate relatives: what chance, then, had he, a stranger? His being under the protection of Portugal would avail him naught, for the Portuguese never went there either for traffic or to purchase provisions: the soil was so barren, and, as we may say, so accursed by nature, as to be better suited to wild beasts than to human beings: rocky mountains, brackish water, sulphureous atmosphere, dreadful earthquakes, immense volcanoes discharging stones and showers of ashes,—all combine to render this one of the most ill-favored of lands. But all these disadvantages were not able to deter him. Others equally formidable were added to the list. What was to be hoped from men who devoured their fellow-men? from men whose only study was to prepare poisons, and whose only discourse was treachery? Who would be his guide through the forests and caves, where

the natives nestle together like beasts, and from whence they teach their children to shoot boars, as a preparation to their shooting men? How would he find means of instilling principles of religion into hearts which as yet were scarcely open to the instincts of nature? He would have first to transform them from brutes into men, and then from men into Christians: before this could be accomplished, they must be divested of their savage fierceness, of their obscenities, dishonesty, treachery, cruelty, and a thousand other vices, which are born with them, as we may say, and which grow with their growth. What hope, then, could he have? But supposing that he should succeed: supposing that he changed them into men, and into Christians: how long would they remain so? so long as he remained with them, and no longer, —after which, who would be able to influence them? who else would have his courage, or his power? The blood of Peter Vaz, a Portuguese priest, treacherously slain by them, was as yet scarcely dry: what safety, then, had he? Nor need he flatter himself with the idea of dying a martyr, for they would slaughter him from a mere love of cruelty, *not* in hatred of religion, which they knew nothing at all about. There were other islands in those parts by the thousand: why not go and promulgate the law of God among those, where it might be done with fruit? Why throw away his own life, and the salvation of so many others, for an uncertain hope, or, rather, on a positively desperate case? These arguments are no fictions of the writer: they were really adduced by the Christians of Ternate, who loved Xavier like a

father and revered him as a saint; and, in dread of any misfortune befalling him, they vied with each other in their remonstrances, to which were added tears and entreaties, in hopes of dissuading him from his purpose. But, finding their entreaties unavailing, they had recourse to force, and induced the Governor of Ternate to forbid, under penalty, any vessel or any sailor to convey Father Francis to the isle of Moro. Xavier was much displeased, loudly complained of their little regard for God's glory, and, entering the pulpit, spoke with such vehemence and fervor on the deplorable condition of that pagan people, that not only was the prohibition to his departure withdrawn, but numbers of his hearers generously offered to accompany him and share his fate, even unto death, if the case required it. "Who," exclaimed Xavier, "shall dare to limit the power of God? Why have so little appreciation of his grace? Whatever might be the obduracy of those hearts, the roughness of their minds, and the brutality of their characters, the gentle yet incontestable power of the Most High was equal to the task of softening and domesticating them: nothing was impossible to Him who could render a dry rod fertile, and who from stones could raise up children to Abraham. Poor of heart and blind of soul as they are! Would a foot of land resist Him who had converted the world to the faith, and who had subjected empires to the dominion of his law? Would the isle of Moro, above all others, ever remain sterile in the hand of God? Was its soil never to be enriched? was our Savior's cross never to produce fruits of salvation there? And when the Eternal Father

presented all nations to the Eternal Son as his inheritance, was it to be supposed that he excluded the people of Moro? Admitting them to be uncultured, savage, bestial, and even worse, these very disadvantages taught him to distrust his own powers, yet to hope for all from God, from whom alone we can receive aid and strength proportioned to the exigencies of the case. And since their well-known barbarity and malice deterred others from attempting to improve them, it became all the more imperative on him to undertake the task. Other nations, more favored and less savage, would not be neglected; but these people *were his, they belonged peculiarly to him*, for no one else would have any thing to do with them. Nor let them accuse him of temerity: if the island of Moro abounded with aromatic groves, mountains of gold, and rivers of pearls, Christians would at all risks contrive to travel and traffic there. Now, where souls only are to be gained, are they to be reckoned nothing worth? Shall the charity of the Son of God give less courage than the avarice of the children of men? They will slay me, you tell me, either by poison or the dagger: but have no such fear: I am undeserving of such a fate: so great a favor is not granted to men like me. Nevertheless, should this trial await me, I declare to you that there are no torments, no death, for which I am not prepared, and which I would not willingly accept, for the salvation of even one single soul. And what matters it that a man should die, with a hope of saving those for whom God himself has died? Supposing I should be massacred: think ye not that my blood would be more powerful

than my voice in behalf of these poor people? In the early ages of the Church, the seed of the gospel, when sown in the uncultivated fields of paganism, owed more to the blood of martyrs than to the sweat of preachers." He concluded by saying that in this case there was nothing to be feared but his own fear: God called him there, and men should never deter him from going.

To the above we will add an extract from one of his letters to S. Ignatius and the fathers at Rome, informing them of his intended journey to the isle of Moro:—"The country is full of dangers; the people are most malicious in putting poison both in the food and beverages which they give one; in consequence of which, no one is willing to expose himself to the manifest danger of death, in order to instruct them in the faith. I, partly moved by the necessity they are in, by their forlorn state, left without pastors to instruct and baptize them, and partly by my obligation of laboring for the salvation of my neighbor even at the expense of my own life, have decided on exposing myself to death, that I may procure them eternal life. My only hope rests in God. As far as is possible to my weakness, I desire to regulate myself according to this sentence of our Savior:—*He that would save his soul shall lose it; but he who shall lose his soul for my sake shall find it.* At first sight these words seem clear and easy, but in practice they are apt to become obscure and difficult to comprehend; for it often happens that when there is occasion of giving one's life for God to find it again in him,—that is to say, when some enterprise for the glory of God, but at the cost of our own life, is to be

undertaken,—then, what before seemed clear, some way or other, becomes strangely dark and unintelligible,—insomuch that the keenest wits cannot comprehend it: in fact, only they can understand whom God by a special favor undertakes to teach. It is precisely such occasions as these which show us our own weakness and the frail and sickly condition of human nature. Many of my friends here, who are affectionately attached to me, have endeavored by tears and entreaties to dissuade me from sailing to this dangerous country; but, finding all their efforts useless, they want to supply me with powerful counter-poisons. But I will accept nothing of the sort; for to load myself with all these remedies would be no better than loading myself with fears. I need nothing, having intrusted the safety of my life to the clemency of Almighty God: hence, the more human remedies I might take, the more want of confidence I should show in him. I therefore rendered them due thanks,—adding that all I had to beg of them was, that they would continually remember me in their prayers; which would be far more serviceable to me than all the counter-poisons they could give me."

Having disengaged himself from their useless entreaties and from their farewell embraces, they accompanied him to the ship, grieving and weeping, as if they were never to see him again. He set sail, together with a few of the most fervent and best instructed, chosen from among the many who offered to go and share his dangers. A prosperous wind carried them rapidly onward; when, all at once, Xavier uttered a piercing shriek, and

at the same time, tearing his habit open at the breast, he exclaimed, "O my Jesus! Oh, those unfortunate creatures massacred there! Oh, the poor slaughtered creatures!" and other similar expressions of compassion. Whilst he was thus lamenting, he stood with his eyes fixed on one certain part of the sea. The terrified sailors and passengers crowded round him, eagerly asking who was massacred, and where; for they saw nothing of the sort. He had been in a rapture, wholly absorbed in God, who had enabled him to behold that of which he had so confidently spoken. On recovering himself, he was again overwhelmed with questions; but he, blushing with confusion at having betrayed himself, gave no answer, and retired to pray. They were not long left in suspense as to the meaning of the saint's words; for, on approaching one of the islands belonging to the kingdom of Moro, they found the mangled remains of eight Portuguese lying stretched on the shore, and they then understood that these were the unfortunate men whom he had seen in spirit whilst they were still out at high sea. The bodies were buried on the spot where they were found, and a cross erected over them. After satisfying this duty, Xavier and his companions resumed their voyage, and entered port without further accident.

Their reception by the savages was more according to the confidence of the saint than to the timidity of the inhabitants of Ternate; for, as they descended from the ship, a crowd of natives, conducted no doubt by the impulse of Almighty God, came forth to meet them, with every demonstration of good will and respect, crying out, in their

own language, "Here is the holy father!" at which he was much gratified, though ashamed and confused. He soon began the task for which he had gone thither, namely, announcing the Christian faith: he traversed the various villages, stopping in the most public places, and singing the Apostles' Creed, and such other prayers as he had translated into the Malay dialect,—which, though not the language of the country, was generally understood there. The novelty of the thing at once excited the notice of the savages, who collected in groups around him; and God, who had brought him there for their benefit, rendered him extremely pleasing and affable in their sight. They approached him without constraint, and his naturally winning manner, heightened by charity, disarmed their malice. He caressed the children, and began to teach them some of his devotional chants, which seemed to delight them: it was doubly satisfactory to him, because he hoped that, by hearing them, their elders might by degrees seek for an explanation of them.

Encouraged by these beginnings, he next ventured to preach, in the style he had adopted elsewhere, and with the same good effects.

At first he baptized only children, then a few adults, and lastly whole villages and towns, building churches and planting crosses everywhere. Nor did he fail to go in quest of the more savage part of the population, who, like wild beasts, hid themselves in their mountain-caves.

On one occasion, a set of them received him so ill that, had not God preserved him by miracle, his life would have been sacrificed. As he was preach-

ing on the borders of a river, and censuring their creed and their way of living, they became so exasperated that they took up stones, determined to stone him to death. Escape seemed impossible: they were on one side of him, and the broad, deep stream on the other. But God, who destined him to the salvation of other nations, warned him to seek safety, and gave him the means of doing so. Embedded in the soil on the bank of the river lay an immense beam, to move which would, humanly speaking, have required the united force of several men; but he, without the slightest difficulty, raised it as if it had been a lath, threw it into the water, stepped upon it, and by an invisible hand was miraculously conveyed across to the opposite bank, to the utter astonishment of the disappointed barbarians.

Nor was this the only time when the devils attempted his life by the hands of these infuriated idolaters. They raged as they beheld so vast a prey wrested from them by our holy apostle. He himself was of opinion that they were chained in hell whilst he was preaching,—an opinion which was confirmed as he was celebrating mass on the festival of St. Michael. The earth beneath him shook violently, so much so that he apprehended the total overthrow of the altar. "Possibly," said he, "St. Michael was then driving back to hell, and chaining up, the devils who have so long tyrannized over this unfortunate country." Be this as it may, whether they were bound or free, Xavier took the country from them. At his departure, he left thousands of Christians in it. He converted the whole city of Tolo, containing

twenty-five thousand souls, besides several other towns and villages of less note. And, what would appear still more extraordinary, the faith, when planted in those savage breasts, took such deep root, and spread so widely, that, whereas Xavier on his arrival found not so much as an inch of Christian ground, he left at his death no fewer than twenty-nine towns, villages, and hamlets added to the kingdom of Christ and subject to his law.

So consoling did the isle of Moro prove to our holy apostle, that he used to say it ought to be called *the Island of Confidence in God.* In the first place, because no amelioration in the habits of the people could have been looked for except through the hand of God; and also because Xavier had placed all his hopes in Him, when the people of Ternate, moved by their affection for him, strove to dissuade him from an enterprise which they believed would cost him his life, or which, to say the least, would prove utterly fruitless.

His labors here were not merely remunerated by the gain of souls. Innumerable graces were showered down upon him from heaven. So great were the consolations which filled his heart, that, mentioning them in a letter to S. Ignatius, in his usual terms of modest humility, he gives us a pretty good idea of what they must have been, adding, "I mention these things to you, that you may understand how completely this island of Moro abounds in consolations. These dangers and these voluntary toils, undertaken in the service of God, are an inexhaustible treasury of benedictions to me. Truly this is just the country to make me

lose my eyesight in a few years' time, so frequent are the streams of sweet tears of joy called forth by a superabundance of divine comfort; nor do I remember ever to have experienced so much of this in any other place; nor have I ever suffered less from my labors than I do here."

He remained here for three months, and then returned to the Moluccas, intending to proceed from thence to Goa, in order to provide missioners for these converted countries. He found his plans, however, somewhat frustrated; nor could he pursue his voyage to Malacca in the same ship which had brought him back from Moro to Ternate, as he had purposed,—the inhabitants of Ternate so earnestly conjuring him to remain some little time with them, that he could not refuse a request springing from a real desire of profiting in soul by being further instructed in the duties of religion. This arrangement was a source of consolation to all parties, and during the three months he spent here he produced incalculable fruit in souls. He found no difficulty now either in leading the gentiles to baptism or the Christians to penance. When the former saw the latter living according to the dictates of religion, they were soon disposed to imitate them; and when the latter began to relish the sweets of living in the grace and friendship of God, they were glad to give themselves more and more to his service.

Xavier again resumed his practice of preaching twice on festivals,—in the morning to the Portuguese, and in the afternoon to the newly-converted natives. Two days in the week were set apart for the separate instruction of the women, and the

rest of his time was devoted to the children and to the confessional; and at Easter he had the satisfaction of witnessing a general communion.

One only consolation was wanting to the completion of his joy, namely, the conversion of Cacile Aerio, king of the island. At some former epoch, when the Castilian fleet sailed to Molucca, Jordan de Freitas, commander of the fortress of Ternate, suspected Aerio of treachery,—in consequence of which he despoiled him of his possessions and sent him in irons to Goa. His cause was brought before the tribunal of justice, which, instead of condemning the royal captive, condemned Freitas, as having acted too precipitately and without sufficient grounds. The governor, di Castro, declared the king innocent and loyal, and reinstated him in his rights and dominions. On his return, he was accompanied by Bernardine di Soza, who treated him with marked and public honor, as some indemnification for previous disgrace; whilst Freitas was compelled to bear all the expenses of the journey, to restore whatever he had taken from him, and, finally, was deprived of the commandership, and was taken back to Goa in the very same chains with which he had unjustly laden Aerio.

A similar misfortune, and a similar restitution of honor and possessions, had before occurred to King Tabaryja, the predecessor of Aerio, who, delighted with the equity and justice which he received at the hands of the Christians, embraced the faith, and, before he left Goa to return to Ternate, was solemnly baptized. At his death he bequeathed his island to the crown of Portugal.

The saint was in hopes of the same good result

in the case of Aerio, and on his return he endeavored to bring him to the knowledge of Jesus Christ. To gain him would be more than the mere acquisition of one soul. Numbers would, no doubt, follow his example; for he was considered a man of superior mind, and was much respected by the petty kings of the neighboring islands. At first he held out great hopes, not only receiving Xavier with courtesy, but really feeling an affection for him, and seemed unwilling to lose sight of him. He would listen to him for hours discoursing on God and the mysteries of religion; yet, when pressed to receive baptism, his answers became evasive, partly promising, but always finding pretexts for delay. The chief, and perahps the only, obstacle to this desirable conquest would be found in his hundred wives. He could not make up his mind to what he called the rigor of the Christian law on this point; and he would argue the case most subtly, according to the theology of his sect, or rather of his voluptuousness. He said that the Christians and the Mohammedans adored one and the same God: how came it, then, that God allowed a Christian but one wife, whilst he allowed a Saracen to have many? Whenever he found his arguments fail, he returned to his former promises, and began to give the saint fresh hopes; for he was evidently unwilling to lose either the friendship of Xavier or the salvation of his soul. But being unable to couple the religion of Jesus Christ with that of Mohammed, or the spirit with the flesh, he was like a man in a muddy ditch; as one foot makes an effort to get out, the other sinks more

deeply in. Aerio remained to the last in the sensual abominations peculiar to his sect.

The utmost that could be obtained from him was a promise, on the word of a king, that if the Portuguese would secure the succession of the isle of Moro to his son he would then become a Christian: but even here again he broke his word. His son was made king, and was allowed to be baptized: nevertheless, a sanguinary persecution was raised against his Christian subjects, and against the Portuguese, whom he did his best to injure in return for their benefits: he was the sole machinator of the fearful tragedy an account of which will be given later.

The zeal and labors of St. Francis Xavier at the court of Aerio were not fruitless: two of the king's sisters were converted to the faith, and soon afterward their example was followed by other princes of the blood.

He now thought it time to go to other places whither pressing necessities called him. His ingenious charity, however, devised means of staying there, as we may say, notwithstanding his departure, and of carrying the people with him, though they still remained at home. The first was accomplished by means of a long instruction which he composed in the Malay tongue,—an instruction comprising all that was necessary to be believed and practised by good Christians; and this he bequeathed to the people of Ternate to supply in his stead, desiring them to circulate it through the neighboring islands, where it proved of great service and benefit. Numberless copies of it were taken, which were universally read

(even after his death) in their public assemblies. The very children committed them to memory, and sang them aloud as they ran about the streets. Then, for the latter, he selected a number of youths, of the best disposition and talents, their parents willingly resigning them to him, and these youths he took with him to Goa, to be educated in the seminary there, after which they would return to the Moluccas and become teachers of the faith among their compatriots. Having thus arranged the affairs of religion here, he began to prepare for his departure, if not furtively, at least as secretly as he could, in order to spare the feelings of his beloved children, who could not bear so much as an allusion to his absence from them. He hoped to get on board unobserved, and then to set sail in the middle of the night; but the attempt failed, too many eyes being eagerly on the watch. A report was spread that a vessel was ready to sail, and that the holy father was going to leave them; whereupon men, women, and children rushed down to the shore in search of him. As soon as he appeared in sight, he was surrounded by his weeping, sorrowing neophytes, some kissing his hands, others his feet, and all entreating him to bless them. Finding him resolute in his purpose of going, they besought him to return once more, at least, to see them. He was quite as much affected as they were; and he promised that, if unable to return to them himself, he would send some of his companions, whom he had already summoned from India for this purpose, assuring them that he carried them all in his heart, and that he would never forget them before God. On entering the

ship, he again blessed them, and bade them farewell.

Amiable indeed was the sanctity of this man of God; and, severe as he was to himself, he was all affability to others. The most affectionate of fathers could not have loved his offspring more than Xavier loved his spiritual children: wild and savage as most of them were, they were nevertheless his sons, and, as such, excessively dear to him. He seemed, as it were, transformed into one of themselves, so completely did he adapt himself to their customs and wishes, caring for nothing but their welfare, and winning them to himself that he might make an offering of them to God.

The vessel in which he sailed was bound to Malacca, touching at Amboyna on the way. Here he remained some days, not for the sake of rest after a voyage of about seventy leagues, but because he hoped to benefit the souls of some Portuguese forming the crews of four ships at anchor there. For the most part, they were men who concerned themselves little or nothing about the affairs of eternity: however, as Easter was just past, and, having been out at sea, they had no opportunity of complying with their Easter duties, he availed himself of the opportunity, and reminded them that it was time for them to have recourse to the holy sacraments. On disembarking, he erected a hut of boughs and leaves on the seashore, the ground serving for his couch, and subsisted on the few broken crusts of bread which from time to time he begged here and there as he could. Here he resumed his accustomed exercises of charity, expelling scandals, reconciling enemies,

and hastening whithersoever his presence could prevent sin or give encouragement to virtue.

Among many others, he had the satisfaction of gaining an unfortunate soldier, in danger of losing his soul by sin, and his life by illness, which was of a dangerous nature and had already reduced him to extremity. Xavier brought him to sentiments of such true contrition, that, when he expired, the saint raised his eyes (streaming with tears of joy) to heaven, and exclaimed, "Blessed be God, who brought me here just in time to gain this soul!" This ejaculation gave rise to the belief that our Lord had revealed to him the salvation of this poor soldier. Here too, though at so great a distance apart, he was enabled to behold in spirit the necessity of encouragement and support in which the soul of Diego Egidio then was. He had left him in full health at Ternate not long before; and now he was so near death that, as Xavier was in the act of preaching, he suddenly stopped short, and, as if he actually saw him on the point of expiring, he said, aloud, "Brethren, let us pray for our Diego Egidio, now agonizing in the Moluccas!" He said no more; but in a short time news arrived of the young man's death.

After remaining about three weeks at Amboyna, the four Portuguese ships turned their prows toward Malacca; and, finding that Xavier was also bound thither, earnest were the entreaties of the crew and passengers belonging to one of them, a merchantman, that he would take his passage on board of it, as being safer and better rigged than the others. But he was of a contrary opinion, in consequence of the demerits of some who sailed

in it; and he expressly said to Gonzalo Fernandez, "I see this ship in great danger. May God preserve her!" This remark was useful, terrifying some into amendment, who would otherwise have remained as they were. His prophecy was accomplished, though the vessel eventually braved her trials. In passing the Strait of Sabaan she struck upon a hidden rock, but escaped as if by miracle, with nothing worse than the unchaining of her rudder and the breaking of some hinges or hooks.

Xavier remained at Amboyna, visiting the seven Christian villages already established there, erecting churches and planting crosses to satisfy the piety of the faithful. For some time past the season had been exceedingly dry, so that the country was quite parched up, and there was every prospect of great scarcity of provisions. Certain mean women, who before their baptism had been accustomed to use incantations when they wanted rain, seduced by the devil and by the evil counsels of necessity, returned to the black art: unfortunately, too, an idol happened to be close at hand; so, assembling round it, they performed their impious solemnities, adoring the devil with their usual conjurations, though with no other success than loading their souls with the execrable sacrilege. The circumstance came to the knowledge of another Christian woman, of much better conscience, who scolded the others most severely. "What," exclaimed she, "have we no better resource than that? Have we not the cross, planted almost at our very doors by the holy father, with a promise of obtaining whatever we asked for at the foot of this cross?" And, taking them with

her to the spot, she and they knelt down together, beseeching Almighty God to have compassion on them, and to shame the idol by sending them a supply of water. Our Lord heard their prayer, though many of them deserved lightning more than water. The sky immediately became overcast, and rain fell in abundance. Then the women, with their faithful reprover at their head, went in a body, and, tearing the idol from the altar, dragged it about in the mud, kicked it, broke it in pieces, and flung the fragments in the river, exclaiming, "Away with thee! we can give thee a river of water, whereas thou couldst not give us so much as a drop!"

He sailed from Amboyna to Malacca, where he landed in July, 1547, a year and a half after he had quitted it. To his extreme consolation, he here found three fathers of the Society, men of a truly apostolic spirit, and worthy of succeeding him in his arduous mission of the Moluccas, whither he had summoned them by letter. They were the first three of his order whom he had met with; and the joy of his meeting with them was redoubled when they informed him of the arrival of seven others at Goa.

During the four months that Xavier remained at Malacca awaiting the proper season for returning to Goa, he found full occupation in the service of souls. He preached to Christians and pagans, to the Portuguese and to the newly-converted Indians, when such vast multitudes flocked to his sermons that no building could be found spacious enough to contain them. He daily gave an explanation on one or other of the mysteries of faith;

he subdued enmities and discord, substituting charity and peace in place of them; he was continually hearing confessions, instructing catechumens, baptizing children and converts, serving in the hospital, visiting the sick in their own houses, and assisting the dying. "And," writes he, "since it is impossible for me to give satisfaction to every one, I am not without adversaries: however, their hatred does not disturb me much, because I know it is only occasioned by my war upon sin: on the contrary, it tends to my edification." Thus did the holy man charitably impute to a good motive the malice of those who were steeped in vice, and who resented the apostolic liberty and zeal with which he reproved them, acting in this respect like the insane, who abuse the doctor whilst he tries to cure them: so did these, when he disclosed the wounds of their souls to them,—more ashamed that *he* should have discovered them than that *they* should have been infected with them.

Among the children whom he was instructing was one named Paul Gomez, (afterward a member of the Society,) a very clever boy, with special grace and talent in reciting any thing of piety or connected with the mysteries of religion: hence the saint often made him open the catechetical exercises. Once, when the people were all assembled for this purpose, he called upon Paul to begin; but no Paul answered: he was sought for, but was nowhere to be found. Recollecting himself for a moment, Almighty God gave him to understand where the child was: so, walking through the crowd, Xavier went straight to the font, where he found little Paul, who had concealed himself, as he

owned, because he was ashamed to address so large an assemblage on some subject which he feared was not well impressed on his memory, simply saying that he crouched down there to watch who would be called upon in his place. The saint took him by the hand and led him, astonished and confused as he was, through the expectant audience, who were highly delighted with the scene and encouraged him to begin boldly at once as if nothing had occurred. The docile child obeyed, and acquitted himself admirably. The same foreseeing light of God enabled him to arrest the barbarous intention of a jealous soldier, who, distrustful of his wife's fidelity, threatened to kill her, and had actually raised the cutlass to her throat, when Xavier rushed in, and with a tone of authority checked the man, convinced him that his suspicions were groundless, and thus saved the innocent woman's life.

From a still greater distance did his mental eye behold the disasters which awaited Captain Garzia's ship, called the *Bufola*, off the rocks of Ceylon. He foretold it all to John d'Eiro, who, as we have already related, he dismissed from his company, and who had engaged his passage on board this very ship. D'Eiro himself attested the exact fulfilment of the prophecy. The prow of the ship struck furiously upon a rock: such was the concussion that it was thought miraculous the vessel had not split: though the first alarm proved incorrect, they still had not the slightest chance of escape, so great was the damage in other respects. But John d'Eiro encouraged the dispirited crew, assuring them that, according to the saint's pre-

diction, their fright would be their greatest mischief: he cheered them on to hope that the next tide would clear them off the rock,—as in effect it did, and they accomplished the rest of the voyage in safety.

These are a few of the things which occurred whilst Xavier was at Malacca, to which we may add the following remarkable incident,—one which rendered his name famous all over India, and one well worthy of being recorded. We extract it from the authentic depositions, attested by ninety-three eye-witnesses.

From the time that Malacca, and with it the sovereignty of those seas, fell into the power of the Portuguese, the traffic and riches of the neighboring kings materially diminished, whilst their envy and enmity increased in proportion. Considering their valor, their numbers, and their nautical skill, they still hoped to expel the Europeans, and to reinstate in supreme authority the very son of that Mohammedan whom the great Albuquerque had dispossessed, or, if not this one, some other Moor, or at least a member of any creed, provided it were not Christian. Attempts were frequently made: armies were perpetually invading the country, but they were always unsuccessful. At length the Sultan Alaradin, King of Acheen, resolved upon a desperate assault: he was the implacable enemy of the Christians on the score of his religion, and of the Portuguese on the score of self-interest. Acheen was the largest kingdom of the island of Sumatra, between which and Malacca ran a channel about twelve leagues broad. At first he did not venture openly to attack the fortress, but went cruising around those seas with a

powerful fleet, destroying commerce, and intercepting the succors sent to Malacca from the west, intending to make his grand attempt when the city should become weakened with regard to men of arms as well as provisions. To carry out his views, he required a port beyond Malacca, toward the north, where he could conveniently shelter his fleet: moreover, a fortress thus became necessary, for which plans were drawn up and orders given. These proceedings were pretty clear indications of war. But in heaven above, Almighty God was defeating the designs which the tyrant was machinating against him on earth; for his object was not so much to drive the Christians from Malacca as to destroy Christianity in the East. As soon as he had effected his preliminary arrangements, he raised soldiers, provided arms and ships, but secretly, in order that the enemy should have no time or notice to prepare for defence until the approach of his fleet should warn the inhabitants of Malacca of their danger. He had five thousand fighting-men, well trained to naval warfare: five hundred of them formed the flower of his nobility, in sign of which they wore rich armlets and bracelets of gold,—an honor only granted to knighthood. In addition to these, there were a vast number of adventurous Turks and Janissaries serving as volunteers, to show their prowess in battle against the Portuguese. The fleet comprised seventy vessels of one sort or other, frigates, brigantines, galleons, light galleys, and others peculiar to the Moors. Lastly, he had furnished himself abundantly with arms, ammunition, combustibles, and provisions. Such, then, was the armament placed

under the command of Baïa Soora, a Saracen, barbarous in disposition as in name, exceedingly beloved by his sovereign, who, to recompense him by anticipation, named him King of Peddir. No news of these proceedings reached Malacca until Soora himself announced them by suddenly appearing before the place two hours after midnight on the 9th of October, 1547. Presuming on the terror which their unexpected arrival would create among the citizens, they planned an assault, the Janissaries willingly offering to lead the way: moreover, they believed they had to contend against a foe already half vanquished. The night was dark and cloudy, well suited to such an enterprise. Orders were therefore immediately given for a double assault,—one upon the city, by means of scaling-ladders, the other upon the ships in port. The most courageously disposed leaped ashore, and, filling up a portion of the ditch, produced their ladders; but they found their task more arduous than they imagined. Soldiers and well-armed citizens rushed upon the ramparts, and gave such a warm reception to the assailants that many of them were killed; whilst not one of them succeeded in climbing the wall. The enemy was more successful on the water: so incessant was the shower of artificial fire and combustible matter, that all the ships in the harbor, eight in number, were burnt. The Acheens were satisfied with their night's work, notwithstanding the failure of the scaling-attempt. On the following morning they appeared in sight, their vessels arranged in form of a crescent, pompously adorned with flags and streamers, the crews spending the

day in carousal and glee. In the mean time, seven poor peasants, who with their wives and children had been out all night fishing, and were now returning toward Malacca, fell in with one of the Acheen guard-ships, and were immediately taken before the commander-in-chief, who ordered them to be savagely beaten, their ears and noses to be cut off, and the nerves of the hands and feet of the strongest party to be severed. In this mutilated condition they were sent on to Malacca, bearing a missive of defiance to the commandant, Don Francis Mello. The style of the cartel, couched in the bombastic Oriental diction, will excite a smile on the lips of the more moderate European reader. We give it translated from the original. "I, Baiaia Soora, who have the honor of carrying, enclosed in vessels of pure gold, the smile of the great sultan Alaradin, (the sweetly-perfumed candlestick of the holy house of Mecca,) King of Acheen and of the lands of both seas, would have thee to know, that so thou mayst inform thy king, that I have taken up my position on this his sea, throwing fear and terror into your fortress with my fierce roaring; and, in spite of him, I remain fishing here, and here I will remain as long as such may be my pleasure: and of this my purpose, I call upon the earth, and all nations comprising it, together with all the elements, the heavens with their moon, to bear me witness: all of which proclaim, by my mouth, that thy king is conquered, vanquished,—a man of no repute, no valor;—his troops defeated and destroyed by land; nor will he ever more be able to unfurl his standard, unless by the permission of him who gains the

victory now. Let him then bow his head beneath the feet of my king, for from this day forth he will become his subject and slave. And, that thou thyself mayst confess the truth of this, I, at this moment, and from the place where I now am, send thee this challenge and defiance. Let it be seen whether, for his sake, thou wilt dare to accept and answer it."

Such was the letter of the commander-in-chief, countersigned by all the upper officers, presented by the unfortunate fisherman, and read by Mello to his captains amidst derisive scorn and laughter. Nevertheless, many of them were more ready to ridicule than to accept the challenge; for, as their ships were burnt, instead of being able to go out and fight at sea, they were in real fact besieged at home. Their opinions in council were divided, and there seemed no chance of coming to any decision, when, just at the right moment, Father Francis made his appearance, having celebrated mass in the church of Our Lady del Monte. He was joyfully welcomed, especially by Mello, who gave him Soora's letter to read, and asked his opinion upon it. As usual, he raised his eyes to heaven and his soul to God, and, after a moment's pause, answered, "This vituperation cannot be tolerated: it is directed more to the dishonor of Almighty God than to contempt of the king. If such an insult as this be overlooked, what may we not expect from the audacity of the Saracens, when, by refusing to meet them in battle, we enable them to boast that the mere fear of them has conquered us? The very fact would become a model, and the King of Acheen, though the prime

mover, would not act alone: he would find many copyists in the neighboring princes. Let then the savages be made to understand that the God of the Christians is more powerful than they with all their arms. Accept the challenge and go forth to battle." "But with what ships?" rejoined Mello: "we have only the remnants of four burnt vessels, to repair which would require as much time as to build new ones; and, even if they were in good order, of what use would four be opposed to seventy?" "Supposing there were a thousand: what are numbers to God?" said the saint: "is not this his enterprise? Will he not espouse our cause if we undertake it in his name?" It appeared as if Almighty God spoke and signified his will by the lips of Xavier: no one contradicted him, and Mello and the rest cheerfully accompanied him to the arsenal, where they found one brig and seven light galleys, so old as to be more fit for the fire than for service. Odoard Barretto, the royal purveyor of arms, was summoned, who was ordered to have these vessels immediately repaired and furnished. He declared this to be utterly impossible: he had no tow, not a yard of sailcloth, no threads, no sails. The case seemed hopeless, when Xavier, looking round among the officers and captains of ships, embraced seven of them, and entreated each of them to undertake the charge of one of these ships, himself making the distribution, saying, "This is yours, that is yours," and so on. They every one consented, as if his word contained some irresistible power which they were unable to withstand. A hundred or more men were immediately set to work on each galley, and in five days they

and the brig were fit for sea. In the mean time Mello had selected a hundred and eighty of his best soldiers, dividing them between the eight captains, giving the command of the little squadron to his brother-in-law, Francis Deza. With regard to Xavier himself, a great contest arose. He declared that he would accompany the fleet, whereupon the delight of the soldiers was unbounded: they remembered the effect of his mere presence in the case of the Badages, when, as the reader will recollect, the wholly army was discomfited as soon as he made his appearance. But the city would on no account agree to this arrangement,—the people actually protesting that if the holy father left them they would at once abandon the place and go off to other countries. After much contention, Malacca gained the point: it was decided that he should remain where he was; that thus he would benefit both parties,—the town with his presence, and the fleet with his prayers. He discoursed with the soldiers, before they embarked, of the honor which would redound to God, and of their own great reward, whether they conquered or died in battle. He spoke with such energy as to enkindle in their hearts a Christian zeal as great as their martial courage: in a word, urged on by an impulse of generosity, they all with one accord protested they would fight to the last drop of their blood,—at which Xavier, Mello, and several of the citizens who were present were so much affected as to shed tears.

Little, however, was required to change this burst of enthusiasm into grief and dismay: so easily is a multitude carried to extremes. The little fleet

was on the point of setting sail; every one was on the shore to give a cheering farewell; Xavier was in the church of Our Lady del Monte, praying for victory. The ships had scarcely proceeded a hundred yards, when the flag-ship was suddenly driven on a rock (it was impossible to say how, for the sea was quite calm) and sank. A fearful cry of distress rent the air, and discouragement seized all hearts; but, prompt assistance being at hand, not one of the men perished. However, as the common people are apt to trust to omens, and to philosophize on the merits of an event by its success, they began to say that it was madness to have followed the counsels of Father Francis and Mello, the latter being more courageous than prudent. Hopeful confidence was all very well; but neither God nor virtue presided over rash deliberations tending to the injury of individuals, or which were evidently contrary to the public good. What could eight old ships do against seventy? and the city and fortress to be left unguarded, too! How would a second assault be resisted? who would be there to receive the enemy at the walls? Thanks to God for thus miraculously enlightening them in time! Who but God had struck and sunk the galley, their best ship, in sight of port? Much more in a similar style was said, till by degrees complaints became tumultuous; and Mello, who was far from being in an enviable state of mind, despatched a messenger in quest of the saint, that he might come and appease the irritated populace. The messenger found him at the altar, with the blessed sacrament in his hand, on the point of communicating. The man approached, but the

holy father made him a sign to remain where he was. God had already revealed to him the loss of the admiral's ship, and, moreover, had given him to understand that this enterprise was to cost him sufferings and danger as well as prayers and tears.

Having finished his mass, and taken off his sacerdotal vestments, he turned to the messenger, and, without allowing him to utter a word, said to him, "Return to your master, and tell him in my name not to be distressed; that God will not be wanting to them who place their hopes in him; that the greater our necessities are, the greater is his liberality." He remained in prayer before a picture of the queen of angels, where he was seen to weep bitterly, and was overheard as he uttered these precise words:—"O Jesus Christ my Lord, and the love of my soul! cast the eyes of your mercy upon me! And you, O glorious Virgin, pray to him with me! O Lord, look on your sacred wounds, and there you will see how your divine majesty is obliged to side with us. Through these wounds, what is there, O my God and my Lord, that I can ask of your clemency as a remedy to my affliction and that of my brethren, that you, as the father of mercy and the Lord of all creatures, are not obliged to grant me?" His prayer being ended, he arose and proceeded to the fortress, where he met Mello, whose countenance and words betrayed grief, and a certain sort of resentment against the saint, as being the cause of his present unpopularity. Xavier gently reproved him for so easily casting aside his former noble confidence in God. The two next repaired to the beach, where, with much difficulty, the ammunition and other

stores belonging to the sunken vessel were recovered. Then, assuming a tone of great animation, he succeeded in raising the drooping spirits of many; but dismay was still the prevailing sentiment. Not to compromise himself in so precarious a matter, Mello resolved to put the question to the vote, as to whether the enterprise should be pursued, and accordingly summoned the military and civil authorities to council, requesting each one's opinion. As for the latter, they unanimously declared against the war, protesting against the idea of resuming an expedition which began so disastrously, urging that neither prudence nor conscience would countenance so dangerous a risk. Why expose the lives of those on whom the safety of the city depended? Whilst the citizens were arguing in this strain, Xavier was inwardly beseeching Almighty God to inspire the military part of the council with more generous sentiments. He looked round upon them, and made signs of encouragement, often raising his eyes to heaven, as if to remind them that they had pledged themselves to God by oath, and that he would be with them if they would only trust in him. Their words soon convinced him that he was understood. With one heart, and as courageously as if no accident had happened to the unfortunate galley, they renewed the consecration of their lives to God, (so enthusiastically made the preceding day,) and declared, like cavaliers as they were, that serving the king for pay, and Christ on oath, nothing should release them from their solemn pledge. Go they would, and fight to their last breath. They trusted in Him for whose glory they took

up arms, and with his aid they would gain the victory. What had they to fear to-day more than yesterday? They were the same in number; and, though they had lost a ship, they had not lost one single soldier. Hereupon Xavier interposed, speaking with great vehemence of soul, as if impelled by God in some supernatural way, exclaiming, "Neither will you miss this ship: it will be replaced, and another brigantine will also be added to your squadron. I announce to you that for the one old galley which we have lost, two much better ones will be given to our aid. They are coming, they are on the sea; God sends them to teach you to hope in him; and this very day, before the sun sets, you will see them with your own eyes." As he ceased speaking, a whisper arose on all sides: exultation was evident in one set, whilst the other retired somewhat confused. The secretary, Baltasar Ribera, drew up a public act declaratory of the contradictory opinions of the meeting: the solution of the case must depend on the accomplishment of the prophecy. Mello took the officers to the fortress to dinner, whilst Xavier returned to the church of our Lady to pray.

In the mean time, eager groups had posted themselves on the more elevated portions of the city, keenly scanning the sea. The windows overlooking the coast were perpetually visited, in hopes of catching a glimpse of the promised ships; and various were the surmises as to the probability of the accomplishment of the holy father's prediction. Just an hour before sunset, notice was given from Our Lady del Monte, where the saint was in prayer,

of the approach of two ships. Mello immediately despatched a fast-sailing frigate to reconnoitre. They proved to be a couple of brigs, with seventy Portuguese soldiers on board, commanded by Diego and Baltasar Soarez, father and son, bound for Pegu, but standing out at high sea, in order to avoid the anchorage-dues exacted at Malacca. Incredible was the delight of the people, who loaded Xavier with thanks and praise. The most incredulous and timid now took heart, and admitted that God watched over their arrangements and promised victory by the mouth of the saint. The grand point now was to induce the two captains to enter the port and join the expedition, and Xavier undertook to accomplish this: he went off to them, showed them the defiance of the barbarian king, and the intention of the Portuguese to sally forth and chastise him, dwelt on the glory which would redound to God, and the dangers to be apprehended in the event of the infidels being left unchecked. This was quite sufficient to prevail on the two captains, who only required a promise of being exempted from the custom-house and anchorage dues. This was at once conceded; and, as a pledge of honor to the strangers, the admiral, Don Francis Deza, and the commissioner of the customs, in person, conveyed the immunity in writing, and returned with the two ships to port. In the course of four days, they were furnished with provisions, with extra sailors, and with all that was necessary for war, besides the addition of two hundred and thirty Portuguese. On Friday, the 21st of October, they set sail, Xavier having previously blessed the banner, and

Mello having given them directions not to go in search of the Acheens beyond the confines of the states of Malacca, terminating at Pulo-Zamblon. They set off in high spirits, with no other fear than that of not encountering the foe, of which they almost lost hopes when they reached the end of their prescribed limits without seeing any thing of the fleet; nor did they meet with any one who had. The greater part earnestly entreated Deza to advance farther; but this he positively refused, being determined to adhere to Mello's instructions, and therefore began to prepare for the return. On the 28th of October there was a great eclipse of the sun, and such a strong northwest wind arose as to compel the fleet to rest at anchor, and they were thus detained for twenty-three days: provisions growing short, they were compelled to proceed in search of a supply, and accordingly sailed toward Pegu, making for the port of Junzalam or Tanesserin. This was all by a dispensation of Divine Providence; and, whilst they were in search only of food, they found the enemy.

In the mean time, the people of Malacca were in a terrible state of alarm. Nearly six weeks had elapsed since the departure of the fleet, of which no tidings could be gleaned: it was generally believed either that the whole squadron had gone to the bottom of the sea, or that the Acheens had so completely mastered them that not so much as one had been spared to carry the news to his own people. As imagination usually magnifies calamities, and as surmises are but too often converted into and circulated as facts, so was it with the inhabitants of Malacca: a circumstantial report

of the time and place of the battle was given, and confirmed by a brigantine which happened to arrive just then from Salangor, the crew of which pretended to have had information from eye-witnesses of the defeat and massacre of the Portuguese, and of the victory gained and of the booty carried off by the Acheens. Long and loud were the wailings in Malacca, and melancholy were the forebodings of impending ruin to the city, now left all-but unprotected. Wives, mothers, daughters, and sisters were deploring the relatives they had lost on the occasion. Others, in a spirit of execrable curiosity, had recourse to the father of lies, and by incantations strove to recall the spirits of the departed, to ascertain from them the truth or falsehood of the reports: as might be expected, the answers were such as would best suit the interests of the devil, and consequently were all of a lugubrious character. The whole blame was thrown upon Father Francis, as being the chief adviser of the expedition. Even Mello himself was held in such execration that he could no longer appear in public with any degree of safety, and he too showed no slight dissatisfaction toward the saint.

At the same time, a new cause of alarm increased the agitation of the citizens, who, instead of weeping over the distant death of their friends, had now to deplore the apparent close approach of their own. But it is not uncommon to the ways of God to allow our miseries to reach their culminating-point, and then, when the case seems most desperate, he unexpectedly comes to the rescue, and renders his protecting succor all

the more highly prized as it had been less looked for.

The alarm alluded to, like that of the Acheens, proceeded from the island of Sumatra. The King of Vianta, the son of that Mahomet whom Albuquerque had expelled from Malacca, was ever on the watch for an opportunity of regaining possession of the place, and, being aware of its present unprotected state, hoped to succeed either by assault or by treachery. Collecting his men, he fitted out a vast fleet,—some say of three hundred sail of one sort or other,—with which he sailed to Muhar, about six leagues beyond Malacca: here he anchored, and sent forth a scout-ship to ascertain the truth of the report as to the destruction of the Portuguese by the Acheens; in the mean time, he sent a gentleman as his ambassador to the commandant Mello, bearing a most deceitful letter, where, under the guise of loyal friendship, he was plotting the basest treachery. He said that, being on the point of leading an expedition against the kingdom of Patan, he had just heard of the fearful slaughter of the Portuguese by the Acheens, and that the Acheen conqueror was sailing down to surprise Malacca, with a determination of putting all to fire and sword; that this intelligence had pierced his heart as much as if the Portuguese had been his own children; and that in affection for the King of Portugal, his good brother, he laid aside his own interests, to hasten to the succor of Malacca. He entreated Mello to receive him as a friend and confederate, promising to bring into port a good supply of men and of provisions. But his well-planned deceit answered not

his purpose. Mello, with reason, distrusted the friendly protestations of a Moor for a Christian: he read the letter, and needed no key for its interpretation: he returned the note, writing at the foot of it that he was well aware of his long-standing loyalty and friendship, of which, therefore, no new proof was needed; that with regard to his courteous offer, it certainly should not be forgotten, and should even be returned with interest on a fitting occasion. As for his fleet sent against the Acheens, he had had certain news of victory, and he was hourly awaiting the triumphant return of his followers. He concluded by entreating the king to carry out his original design against Patan, especially as Malacca was abundantly supplied with men and stores of every sort.

Both parties evidently understood each other, and the Saracen remained where he was, intending, on the return of his spies, to change his deceitful tactics for those of open force. Malacca, in the mean time, was in a state of terrible dismay. Xavier alone preserved the same unvarying serenity of heart and countenance, trustfully relying on the paternal clemency and the promises of God: in public and in private his indefatigable charity was ever at work, consoling and inspiriting the people, yet severely reproving those who had recourse to sorcery, the thing most likely to draw down the vengeance of the Almighty. But all he said seemed to avail but little; and regularly when, after preaching, he would recommend his auditors to pray for victory and for the safe return of the fleet, they would look at each other and mutter, "Let him bring them to life again, and

we will pray for their victorious return: yes, yes, let him restore them to life!" But God, in his mercy, looked more to the faith and merits of his servant than to the ingratitude of the people.

To return, however, to the fleet. It was on the 3d of December that they approached the coast of Chida in quest of provisions; at sunset they entered the river Dedir, more than four hundred miles distant from Malacca. At dusk, they perceived a boat moving silently along with muffled oars: they were taken by the Portuguese, and proved to be worthy fishermen belonging to the country. On being asked whether any villages were at hand, where provisions and good water could be procured, they entered upon a dismal detail of misfortunes, saying that farther inland there were many villages and hamlets, but that no supplies would be found there, because the Acheens had unexpectedly fallen upon them and had devastated all the surrounding country; that their own king had escaped with difficulty, and fled to the states of Patan, and that every thing had fallen into the hands of the ruthless foe, who had carried off an immense booty, first slaughtering all the men that fell in their way. The Portuguese were delighted at the prospect of at last meeting with the Acheens: a simultaneous shout of joy arose from the whole fleet: flags and banners were unfurled; Deza and his officers put on their gala dresses, whilst all the soldiers and sailors received an extra allowance from their small remaining store. The admiral ordered a discharge of artillery in the excess of his joy, not reflecting that he was wasting his powder as well

as giving notice to the enemy of his proximity. The Acheens, hearing the report, were satisfied that some other ships were at no great distance, so they despatched four brigantines to reconnoitre: these fell in with three Portuguese vessels, which had likewise been well manned and sent out for a similar purpose: it was near midnight when they met, but the moon was clear enough to allow them distinctly to see each other. Each of the Portuguese grappled with one of the Acheens and conquered; the fourth tacked about and carried the intelligence to Soora. The Portuguese, with their six prisoners, (all that remained alive,) passed over to the other brigantines, which were in every respect superior to their own, and, after setting fire to the other three to prevent them from being of any use to the enemy, they returned to their eager companions. The savages were put to the question, in order to elicit from them some information with regard to the strength and position of the foe; but not a word could be extracted. At length four of them were bound hand and foot, with a threat of being thrown overboard, which was done; and then the two who remained, made wiser by the miserable fate of the others, offered to disclose the state of the Acheen squadron. They were examined separately, and their accounts were found to agree in every material point. According to them, their countrymen were posted about twelve leagues higher up the river, the fleet consisting of five thousand soldiers and as many sailors or even more; that they had made themselves masters of the bordering country, had expelled the king and massacred two thousand of the in-

habitants, carrying off as many more for slaves, together with a vast amount of booty; that they were building a fortress there, for the express purpose of intercepting the ships going from Bengal to Malacca and of slaying all the Christians that might thus fall into their power.

This information was quite sufficient, without any inspiriting harangue from the admiral, to rouse the energy and indignation of the Portuguese: however, not to omit the usual custom, Deza, armed with a breastplate over his crimson dress, and holding his rapier in his hand, presented himself to his whole squadron, reminding the men of their promise to God and of the merits of Father Francis, by whose counsel they were in their present position, and whose prayers would no doubt help them on to victory.

As the enemy's fleet was so numerous, he posted his own little band in the most advantageous position,—in such a manner as to prevent being entirely surrounded, and also to be able to profit as far as possible from the natural disposition of the coast. Scarcely were these arrangements completed ere the Acheens came in sight. As soon as they beheld the Portuguese, they raised their hideous war-cry, sounding their horns and beating their drums. Three galleons (Soora being on board of one) formed their vanguard, followed by nine file of galleys, six and six abreast, all in beautiful order. The Acheens were the first to fire: the Portuguese received the charge steadily, which, either from precipitation or from some miscalculation, proved wholly ineffectual; but afterward, as they stood front to front, fearful was the

storm of arrows and the discharge of musketry on both sides. There was every prospect of the battle being most sanguinary, had not God, by one single shot from the ship of John Soarez, given the victory to the Portuguese. This shot struck the side of the King of Pedir's ship, making such a rent in her that she almost immediately went down; whereupon the three galleons hastened to save Soora and the hundred knights who were drowning with him. This unforeseen circumstance disarranged the whole order of the fleet, one ship falling in the way of another as they attempted to cross the river. They were unable to recover their position before they had received four full rounds of discharge from the whole of the Christian band: nine of their vessels sunk, many others being either disabled or damaged, with an immense number of men killed. Seeing that God was so manifestly on their side, the Portuguese fell on the remainder with great spirit,—four of the brigs keeping up an incessant fire, whilst the other three discharged combustible missiles. And here Almighty God guided the hand of some one, we know not who, which by one stroke completed the victory: a musket-shot struck the commander-king, who, when rescued from the water, fought with desperation; but no sooner was he wounded, than, losing all courage, he fled with two galleys, losing the glory of dying in battle, though in effect he was reported to have died a few hours later. The fleet, now left without a chief, became completely dispirited; yet, rather than be made prisoners, the soldiers threw down their arms, and the sailors their oars, and jumped overboard, not

to reach the shore alive, as they hoped, but to perish in the waves.

Thus, of the many thousand Acheens, Moors, and Janissaries who had sallied forth in all the pride of war, none escaped but the few who fled with Baïa Soora. Of the Portuguese, many were wounded, but only twenty-six were killed, four of whom were Portuguese and the rest were soldiers and common sailors. The booty was enormous. Forty-five ships, three hundred pieces of artillery, and, what was of more consequence, several of them bore the arms of Portugal, having been lost piece by piece in various engagements, and now fortunately recovered all together; besides eight hundred muskets, scimitars, bows, javelins, and other weapons. Of the spoils taken from the slain the value was enormous.

Neither the chastisement of the Acheens, nor the glory of the Portuguese, end here. The King of Parles, who, as we have stated, sought shelter in the kingdom of Patan when driven from his own by the rapacious Acheens, unfurled his banner, and, hastily collecting five hundred soldiers, fell upon the two hundred Acheens who had been appointed to guard the prisoners, and massacred them every one, and, embarking on two of their vessels, left for the convenience of their own people, followed the Portuguese down the river, exulting in their victory, which in effect restored the King of Parles to his dominions. In gratitude for this benefit, he solemnly offered himself as vassal and his kingdom in perpetuity as tributary to the crown of Portugal.

In order to render the triumph complete, no-

thing further was needed, except to drive back the King of Vianta, who had stationed himself, with three hundred sail, on the confines of Malacca, not to give friendly succor, as he pretended, but to invade it, as its inveterate and hereditary foe. And this was effected without bloodshed, without force of arms. Fear did the work. The spy-ships which he had sent along the coast of Parles, to ascertain the fate of the contest between the Acheens and Portuguese, hearing of the total destructions of the confederates, returned with the information to their master, who, bursting with rage at the unexpected result, stabbed the unfortunate messenger who announced it to him; and then, fearing for his own safety, he hastily weighed anchor, and, feigning sudden illness, returned to his own kingdom.

During all this time, however, Malacca knew nothing either of its own victory or of the flight of the Saracen king. On the contrary, the inhabitants were in hourly expectation of a siege or an assault, and were more discouraged than ever; when God vouchsafed to console them, not for any deserts of their own, but to convince them that he is ever faithful to his promises, and to show them how powerful were the prayers of Xavier. He who had regulated the whole course of the enterprise had, to promote the honor of his servant, prefixed that the day and hour of the battle should fall precisely on the 4th of December, a Sunday, at the very time when Mello and all the people were assembled in the principal church for divine service, Xavier as usual entering the pulpit to preach on the gospel of the day. In the course

of his sermon, he suddenly became silent, like one carried out of himself and beholding marvellous yet distant events. His hands were tightly compressed within each other, his eyes were immovably fixed on a crucifix suspended from the vault of one of the larger chapels, his countenance and complexion varying, now denoting joy, now anxiety, then again compassion and grief. Incoherent sentences, as is usual in cases of ecstasy, perplexed and half-completed words, wholly unintelligible to his audience, escaped him; but it soon became evident that he was alluding to some feat of arms, and that he could see the changing losses and advantages of two contending parties, whereupon his hearers seemed to become in almost as deep an ecstasy as was the holy man himself, more especially when they heard him mingle prayer with his interrupted narrative; for he distinctly reminded our Lord to watch over and defend those who were exposing themselves to death for his sake; that they belonged to him; that they were few in number against thousands; that he could not and must not allow the savages to overpower the defenders of his glory, the supporters of his faith in the East. After thus praying, he again reverted to the battle, with the same variations of countenance as before, till finally it became perfectly serene, as if the issue had proved exactly as he wished. His arms and his head fell on the edge of the pulpit, in which attitude he remained silent for about the length of time that would be required to repeat the Creed twice or thrice, every one present being as silent as himself, and breathless with anxiety and surprise.

Their suspense was of short duration; for Xavier, raising his head, his face glowing like that of an angel, emphatically exclaimed, "Brethren, let us all together recite a *Pater* and *Ave*, in thanksgiving to God for the victory with which he has just favored our fleet. The Acheens are defeated. On Friday next this news will reach the city, and soon afterward our victorious brethren will arrive, bearing with them the spoils taken from their enemies." Having said this, he quitted the pulpit. At this announcement, the people, who had been so terribly depressed by the previous false reports, burst forth in the expression of various and strange opinions, the greater part of joy, some of gratitude to God, others of astonishment, others invoking blessings on the saint, whilst some few hoped the news was not too good to be true. The four intervening days seemed as long as a century; and, on the Friday, every one hastened to the shore to watch the approach of some distant sail and to verify the saint's words. And, in truth, they erred not; for that very day Emanuel Godigno reached the port, commissioned to carry the news of the victory to Mello. Soon afterward, the commander-in-chief, Francis Deza, made his appearance, together with his noble little fleet, followed by twenty-five of the finest ships captured from the foe: the rest they were obliged to burn, not having hands enough to work them home. No sooner was the squadron in sight, than Mello and the whole city went forth to greet them. Xavier walked first, bearing a large crucifix aloft, because, as Christ had given them the victory, to Him were due the first thanksgivings and the first

salute of artillery. On the disembarkation of the conquerors, the saint embraced them every one, from first to last,—an embrace that was warmly returned, amid tears of inexpressible delight.

The honors which this event procured him, together with other affairs relating to religion, induced Xavier to hasten his departure from Malacca. As it was his intention to visit his little first-born church on the coast of the Fishery, he consigned the care of the youths who, as we have already related, he was taking with him from the Moluccas to be educated in the seminary at Goa, to Gonzalo Fernandez, whose ship was going thither direct. Fernandez, being a worthy man, and much attached to the saint, accepted the charge, and would have no remuneration, although there were nearly twenty of these youths. All he asked was the pious remembrance of Xavier,—a coin in which he was repaid far more amply than he had calculated on. Three times successively did Xavier warn him that his ship would be in imminent danger during this voyage, as in effect it was; but God, moved by the prayers of the saint, and for the sake of those twenty dear pledges of his future hopes, saved the vessel from being wrecked, and carried it safe to Goa. At the same time, the holy man himself, though in another ship, was likewise in danger of being wrecked, and standing equally in need of divine protection. In crossing the Gulf of Ceylon, a furious east wind and storm arose, the worst ever encountered by him: the sea rose to such a height that each successive wave seemed to bury them: the ship was heavily laden, and her very weight seemed to be her security: neverthe-

less, the impetuosity of the wind was such that the sailors were utterly unable to control her or make her obey the helm. For three days and three nights were they in this hopeless condition, left, in fact, at the mercy of wind and wave. The dismay of the unfortunate crew and passengers, their screams and lamentations, their vows, their tears and terror at the approach of death, seemed still more dreadful than death itself. The very aspect of the tempestuous ocean is enough to inspire fear, and is certainly one of the most formidable of nature's scenes. Amidst all this distress, the calm features and the gentle words of the saint were the only consolations left to the poor sufferers: neither the danger of drowning, nor the universal alarm of all around him, disturbed the serenity of his soul. He heard the confessions of all; he encouraged them to accept life or death from the hand of God as he might please to appoint. Then, retiring to a private room, he spent the rest of his time on his knees before his crucifix, completely absorbed in God, as we are informed by Francis Pereira, one of his fellow-passengers, who, going to seek consolation at his hands, found him thus engaged, and, not venturing to disturb him, was satisfied with merely standing a short time to look at him.

The ship, tossed about in this manner, was nearing the sand-banks of Ceylon, a passage dangerous even in fair weather, when Xavier, rising from his knees, asked the helmsman for the sounding lead and line,—on receiving which, he tore off a small piece of his poor tattered habit, and, fastening it to the lead, dropped it into the sea, uttering these

words at the same time:—"O God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, have mercy on these people and on me!" At that same moment the sea was calmed, and the delighted helmsman, as he received back the sounding-lead from the saint, was beginning to exult immoderately; but the saint warned him into composure by bidding him prepare for other dangers, which in effect befell him on his return-voyage from Goa to Malacca.

Describing this tempest afterward in a letter to S. Ignatius and his companions at Rome, Xavier explains the workings of his own heart, and the cause of his composure at the prospect of death, when those around him were weeping and almost in despair. We will quote his own words, less in testimony of his virtue than with a view to the gratification of the whole Society, to whom the letter may be said to apply. "During the height of the tempest, when every one was dreading death, I commended myself to God, offering to him the merits of the saints of the Church, triumphant and militant, beginning with those of the Society of Jesus already deceased. And, in truth, I am confounded when, reflecting that I am the greatest sinner in the world, I should nevertheless have experienced so much consolation in the midst of this storm. I cannot find words to express my feelings of spiritual delight, as I commended myself to God, through the merits of my dear brethren of the Society, both living on earth and beatified in heaven; and I must confess to you that I am astonished at the floods of sweet tears which streamed from my eyes, under such appalling circumstances: hence I then besought them to beg of God that,

in the event of his being pleased to save me from this tempest, I might be thus reserved only to suffer other and greater things in his service. I thought I ought to write this to you, my dear fathers and dear brothers, to induce you to help me in paying my debt of gratitude to God,—a debt which of myself I can never liquidate. When once I begin to speak or write of our Society, I know not how to finish, or how to restrain myself within due bounds: however, as the ship is on the point of sailing, I must conclude my letter, which I cannot do in any terms more suitable to, or more expressive of, my sentiments than these:—*If ever I forget thee, O Society of Jesus, may my own right hand be forgotten!*"

The storm being miraculously appeased, the rest of the voyage was prosperous, and they reached Cochin on the 12th of January, 1548. Here Xavier remained nearly a fortnight, in the service of the Christians, and preparing letters for the king Don John of Portugal, and for other friends in Europe, to be forwarded by the ships which annually sailed at this season of the year. He next visited Cape Comorin, and from thence proceeded to the Fishery. It would be impossible to describe the delight and reverence with which those fervent Christians welcomed their holy father: they went forth to meet him, singing canticles, and celebrated his arrival with devotion no less than with affection. The saint was as much gratified as his children when he witnessed the great increase of Christianity in numbers and in virtue, thanks to his toils and those of his immediate successors in those parts. In the year 1548, Father Francis Perez wrote from Goa that they reckoned more than two hundred thou-

sand Christians along the two coasts starting from Cape Comorin; and they afterward gave full evidence of their virtue by the courage with which they encountered the persecutions raised against them by the Gentiles,—when, so far from denying their faith, all, even mere children, readily presented their necks to the executioners. Besides which, their innocence of life, and the miraculous cures effected by their prayers and by the application of their rosaries with lively faith, excited the astonishment of their pagan neighbors and gained great respect for the Christian religion. Xavier spent the month of January, and part of February, among the people of this coast, and from thence repaired to Manapar, a territory at no great distance from Cape Comorin.

Here he assembled all the fathers of the Society dispersed through these countries, and gave private instruction and advice to each one according to his necessities. He then made a regular division of the towns and villages, (probably somewhat in the way of our parishes,) assigning a certain number to each one. He appointed Father Anthony Criminale superior over the rest. In order to maintain uniformity, both in their teaching and in their mode of life, he drew up certain rules for them in writing, well worthy of insertion here, as coming from such a man. Moreover, they may prove useful to others, who, like them, are employed in the service of souls.

"Let it be your first care," says he, "to baptize children born in the places attached to your charge: and, as no part of the gospel ministry can be more important than this, intrust it to no one else, but

perform it yourselves. And do not wait till the parents or parish-officers call you, because they may easily be negligent on this point; but, in order that none may die without baptism, go through the villages committed to you, inquiring from house to house whether there are infants to be baptized; and, where there are, perform the function immediately.

"Next to this, there is nothing more essential than to instruct children in the principles of religion. However, as you cannot possibly be in all places, be careful that our present system be carried out,—viz., that the masters and catechists teach them; and, in all your visits, assemble the children of the place and examine them, one by one, in presence of their masters, noticing the progress they make between one visit and another. By this means the masters will be as anxious to teach as the children to learn. Every Sunday let the men assemble in the church, where, after the ordinary devotions, you will make them a discourse, censuring the vices which seem most prevalent, illustrating your discourse with clear examples and similitudes, such as may be intelligible to all, and warning them that, if they neglect to amend, God will chastise them in this world, either by shortening their lives, or by delivering them into the hands of pagan kings, who will tyrannize over them; and in the next, by condemning them to eternal torments. Inquire whether the crown officials assist at the public prayers on Sundays. On arriving at any place, ascertain whether any discords or enmity exist between individuals, and, if so, use your best endeavors to restore peace and

kind feeling; and, when possible, let this be effected in the church on Sundays when men are in question, and on Saturdays the women. As soon as the explanation of the Articles of Faith is translated into the Malabar idiom, for which purpose I leave Father Francis Coeglio here, have many copies taken of it, and let it be read in church, on Sundays to the men, and on Saturdays to the women; and you read it yourselves, and give an explanation of it in the places where you may chance to be. The alms bestowed both by men and women, whether made as offerings to the Church, or in fulfilment of some vow, shall be all divided among the poor; nor may you appropriate so much as a penny of it to your own use.

"Every Saturday and Sunday, remind them all in public to be sure and inform you as soon as any one falls ill; adding that if, through neglect on this point, the sick person dies, Christian burial shall be refused, as the penalty of this neglect.

"When you visit the sick, make them, in the first place, recite the creed; and, after each article, ask them if they firmly believe it. Then make them recite the *Confiteor* and some other prayers; after which you shall read the gospel over them.

"In burials, collect the children in the church, from whence you and they shall go forth processionally, the cross-bearer going first and singing psalms. On arriving at the house of the deceased, let a responsary be recited, and another before the corpse is buried. Never fail making a brief exhortation to the persons present, on the certainty and uncertainty of death, on the importance of amend-

ment, and of living virtuously, in order to die well and enjoy heaven.

"Admonish the men on Sundays, and the women on Saturdays, that, when any of their children fall ill, they should carry them to the church, that a gospel may be there read over them,—a custom which will cause the parents to feel great respect for the churches, especially when they see their children's health improve by it.

"Try to remove all litigation: if there should be any serious cases, make arrangements to have them settled by the district-rulers, on Sundays, after the church-service. Interfere, however, no more than you can help in affairs of this nature; and on no account omit the spiritual works of mercy to attend to these temporal concerns,—which, when of great consequence, you shall always refer to the Portuguese rulers. Endeavor by all means to render yourselves agreeable to these people, who are always more tractable when treated with kindness rather than with severity. Never venture to chastise any one without first consulting Father Criminale; and if you happen to be in the same place with the captain of the district, let him be the judge. If any one should make an idol or pagod, if Father Criminale approves of it let the offender be expelled the village and be banished to some other place.

"Show particular cordiality and affection to those children who are most assiduous in attending the instructions, overlooking their little failings on these occasions; because it is of importance that they should go forth satisfied, instead of vexed and disgusted.

"When any Portuguese are present, be careful not to find fault with the natives: on the contrary, take their part, and speak in their favor; because, considering the short time they have been Christians, and the few means which they have of instruction, it is no wonder they are *what* they are: the wonder is that they are not much worse.

"Give all the spiritual help you can to the Malabar priests, hearing their confessions, procuring them facilities for saying mass and for giving good example. Never either speak or write to the prejudice of any of them. Treat the Portuguese rulers with due courtesy; and let there be no dissensions between you and them. Be on friendly terms with all; but tolerate nothing of bribery, whatever persuasions they may use. Reprove them for their extortions on the Christians, but kindly; and when your remonstrances produce no effect, have recourse to higher authority.

"Let your conversations with the Portuguese always be of God, touching on death, judgment, the torments of purgatory or hell, exhorting them to frequent the sacraments and to observe the law of God. Whereas, if you entertain them, and yourselves, on other topics, you will not only lose your time, but also neglect other duties of your office.

"Do not forget to write to the fathers and brothers of the Society at Goa, giving them all the edifying details you can; and write, likewise, to the bishop in the most humble and respectful terms, as being your prelate and chief superior in these parts. Do not pass over into any other country, even though the king of it should ask you, without first obtaining the consent of Father

Criminale and the ruler of the district: you may always excuse yourselves, under the plea of obedience. Again, and again, do I most earnestly recommend you, no matter where you may be or whither you may be sent, always endeavor to be affable and cordial toward all; for you will thus be better able to benefit souls. May our Lord assist you in producing much fruit in this way, and may he be ever with you all! Amen."

How anxiously Xavier took to heart the best interests of these people will be seen from another short instruction, written at an earlier period from Manapar to Father Mansilla, at the time he was intrusted with the charge of the Paravans. "I recommend you, my very dear brother, to treat these people, especially the more influential, with great tenderness and charity; for, when once you have gained their affection, you will be able to do what you please with them. Bear their imperfections and frailties with great patience, considering that if as yet they are not so good as you could wish, in time they will perhaps become so; but, even supposing you never succeed in going thus far with them, be contented with the little you can get, as I myself am obliged to be. Behave toward them as a good father does toward his naughty children; and, whatever malice you perceive in them, desist not from doing them all the good you can; because our Lord God, whom we offend in many ways, does not on this account desist from bestowing his graces and benefits upon us, and, though he could easily destroy us, he does not so much as forsake us. Imagine yourself to be in purgatory, paying the penalty of your sins, and look upon it as no

small favor that you are permitted at so easy a rate to liquidate your debt in this life rather than in the next." Although, generally speaking, the saint was extremely mild and conciliatory, when he deemed it necessary his zeal seemed to transform him into another man, and in defence of the sanctuary he mingled bitters with his sweets, thus to compound a salutary medicine. Take the following passage from another part of the same letter to Mansilla :—"When you cannot prevail on the good to do as they ought, you must have recourse to that act of mercy which consists in chastising those who need it: you know that it is a great sin not to punish those who deserve it, especially when they scandalize others. I confess to you that I regret being obliged to live, when I see such a number of offences committed against God and am not able to prevent them. There is nothing which weighs more heavily upon me than not having been more solicitous in restraining those who so cruelly offend God."

Having thus settled the affairs of his church on the coast of Fishery, he crossed over to the isle of Ceylón, where his heart told him, or rather God suggested to his heart, that the precious seed, that is to say, the blood of all those valiant martyrs of Christ, would produce an abundant harvest. Nor were his hopes deceived. Entering the kingdom of Kandy, the most powerful in the island, he began at once to preach, and in a very short time gained over the king to the faith. It is true, he did not dare publicly to announce the fact, or stimulate his subjects to embrace Christianity; for, if he had, the neighboring kings would have

leagued against him, and war would have been the inevitable result. He was anxious to secure the protection of Portugal; but the Governor of India had other more weighty affairs in hand, and could not spare soldiers at that time: moreover, many of his councillors looked more to the temporal interests of the crown than to the propagation of the faith. Xavier resolved to go and consult him in person on the affair of the King of Kandy, as well as apply for the investiture of the sovereignty of Moro in favor of a son of Aerio, King of Ternate: for this purpose he sailed at once from Ceylon to Goa, and, there leaving the ambassador sent by the former king, he pursued his way to Bazaim, where di Castro then was. His reception was most cordial; and the governor, who had heard so much of his wonderful deeds, was delighted to be able to converse with him, and professed himself most anxious to do whatever the saint wished. He consented to the investiture of the King of Ternate's son, and to the proposals made on the part of the King of Kandy, sending orders for troops to be sent to him as requested, and also that the ambassador who remained in Goa, intending to be baptized, should be treated with marked courtesy and honor. And, in return for thus complying with the desires of the holy man, di Castro begged he would spend the winter of that year in Goa, where he hoped to meet him soon and to consult him on the affairs of his soul. This arrangement proved more advantageous to the governor than he was aware of at the time he proposed it; for a slow fever soon afterward seized him, which, though apparently

trifling at first, proved too obstinate to be checked, and ultimately carried him to the grave. He returned to Goa in a state of great debility, and, that he might be at liberty to prepare himself for eternity, he threw the chief burden of the administration on his council, and placed his soul in the hands of Father Francis, with whom he spent the greater part of the day, deriving much benefit and consolation from hearing him speak on heavenly things. Toward the end of May, letters arrived from the King of Portugal, who, to recompense his faithful services, prolonged the term of government for another three years, and conferred on him the title of viceroy, to which were added several other marks of royal favor. But di Castro scorned the world, which seemed to offer him three years of honor with one hand, whilst with the other it was actually extinguishing the last spark of life; and, arming himself with the holy sacraments of the Church, and other spiritual aids proffered by the saint, he died calmly on the 6th of June that same year.

Before Xavier quitted the place, he met (not by accident, but by divine dispensation) with a noble young Portuguese named Roderick Secheira, who seemed pleased; whereas the saint looked grave and surprised. Secheira had by no means led an exemplary life, and about two years before had committed some atrocity at Malacca, which compelled him to flee for his life: he sought refuge in the hospital where Xavier happened to be lodging, waiting the departure of a ship for the Moluccas. With his usual affability, he showed much kindness to the young man, all of course directed to

his salvation. He led him to the knowledge of God, and finally induced him to make a general confession and enter upon a new course of life. Conceiving the enervating climate, and the luxurious, sensual mode of life out there, as being dangerous to one of Secheira's temperament, he strongly urged him to return to Europe, which the other solemnly pledged himself to do. His promise was but partially fulfilled; for on his arrival at Goa, from whence he intended to sail, the offer of an appointment quite seduced him from his good purpose; and, proving unfaithful to God, we cannot be surprised that he should soon have become worse than ever: more than two years had elapsed since he had approached the holy tribunal of penance. Now, when he thus accidentally encountered Xavier, he felt much confounded, and would gladly have avoided him if he could have done so with civility; but, as he could not, he assumed a free and easy air, accosted Xavier, and took his hand as if to kiss it. But the saint withdrew with an expression of horror, and, compassionate as he naturally was, he nevertheless sternly said, "What! still here, my son? still in India? How is it that you are not in Europe? What is become of the promise which you made to God and to me, and for the fulfilment of which you actually left Malacca?" Ashamed, and reproved by his own conscience, as well as by the words of the saint, he tried to stammer out some sort of excuse; but Xavier was resolved not to let him off so easily, and replied, "Admitting, then, the blame to rest on those who hindered your return to Portugal, so far, at least, as that question is concerned, pray,

what excuse have you for not having been to confession for more than two years? I cannot restore my friendship to you unless you first return to the grace and friendship of Almighty God." He said so much, and so effectually, that the young man, unable to resist, promised to return soon to him, and again put his soul in order, under his direction; and so he did, and from thenceforward to the end of his life persevered in a course of Christian virtue. With a view to his spiritual profit, Śecheira wished to remain a few days in the same hospital as Xavier, and relates that, feeling curious to know how the saint spent the night, he watched him several times through the crevices in the door, and saw that, whilst every one else was asleep, he was on his knees, with his hands clasped on his breast, praying before a crucifix; that, after remaining thus engaged for a considerable time, he rested with his head on a stone for two or three hours, when he arose, recited the *Divine Office*, and then said mass.

With regard to the *Divine Office*, we may here state that he had an indult from the Holy See, authorizing him to say the Office of three lessons, which is considerably shorter than that which is common to ecclesiastics; yet, however much he might be oppressed with labor and fatigue, he never availed himself of this privilege: on many occasions, when short of time, he would entirely omit his meals and rest, but *never* this great duty, referring so immediately to God: not only did he invariably recite (and with the greatest possible respect too) the whole of the canonical hours, but he even said the hymn *Veni Creator Spiritus* before

he entered on the recital of several of the *hours;* doing this out of devotion to the Holy Ghost, from whom he received such signal favors.

As soon as Xavier returned to Goa from Bazaim, he sent Father Francis Perez and Brother Roch Oliviera to Malacca, giving them instructions, both in words and writing, as to the method they were to pursue there. The reader will not be displeased to see the minuteness with which he entered into details. As Oliviera was intended to teach in the schools, he bids him teach the children to read from books treating on the saints' lives, rather than from curious or controversial works, more calculated to inspire quarrels and dissensions than to nourish piety and good morals. Nothing seems to have been too great or too trivial to escape his zeal when the honor of God and the benefit of souls were in question. The two zealous laborers reached Malacca in safety, and laid the foundations of the college of the Society, which proved to be of immense service to Japan, China, the Moluccas, and other apostolic missions.

During his sojourn at Goa, the holy father was able to enjoy a little peace; and he availed himself of it, that he might give himself in a special manner to contemplation; for this was the only restorative he would admit of after his long journeys and his overwhelming labors: he spent the greater part of his days and nights in prayer; and, as the Blessed Sacrament was the special object of his devotion, he chose for his place of prayer a small tribune in the college, opening into the church. His spiritual enjoyments here were known only to God and himself; but it

is well for us that he could not always conceal within the limits of his heart the fire which was enkindled there: some symptoms would betray themselves in spite of his habitual caution. He was repeatedly seen in a state of ecstasy as he was walking in the college garden, where he often remained in the coldest nights, unconscious of the severity of the atmosphere. On some of these occasions he has been seen to rise gradually from the ground and rest suspended in the air for some considerable time. Others state that they have known him, when walking between two small chapels situated nearly opposite each other, cry out aloud to God, "No more, O Lord, no more!" and then impetuously open the front of his habit, to cool the ardor of his burning breast, the baring of which did not always suffice; for he was sometimes obliged to apply wet cloths, or even plunge entirely into cold water, so overpowering was this paradisal incendiarism. One day, as Don P. di Castro was crossing one of the squares of Goa, where business had likewise carried Xavier, he suddenly saw him raised in the air, several inches from the ground. Awe-struck at such a spectacle, di Castro begged the saint's companion to arouse him, and make him speak, thinking to hear something wonderful of God and heaven: he fixed his eyes on the ecstatic face, which shone like a sun and was completely environed with most brilliant rays. Di Castro fell on his knees at the saint's feet, and, being fortunate enough to extort a few words from him, he returned home full of astonishment and devotion.

Our Lord did not confine the manifestations of

these special favors within the mere limits of the college, as many instances will show. A furious elephant contrived to escape from his menagerie, and, rushing through the streets, created terror and confusion in all directions. The saint, who was walking along at the time, with his whole soul absorbed in God, was quite unconscious of the commotion,—whereupon the people screamed out aloud to warn him of his danger; but he neither saw nor heard any thing. Meantime the infuriated animal was close upon him, and would infallibly have tossed him high into the air, if our Lord had not interposed his arm: the elephant stopped short, and in a moment or two, without any apparent cause, turned off in another direction.

The saint was accustomed, after his slight morning refection, to withdraw to a hidden corner of the belfry, and there spend two or three hours in sweet entertainment with God; but, as he was not always able to restrain himself within the prefixed limits of the time prescribed, he made an agreement with a youth named Andrew, belonging to the seminary, to come and call him at a certain predetermined hour. Once in particular, when he had an appointment with the viceroy, he desired Andrew to call him about two hours before midday. The youth obeyed, but on entering the belfry he found the saint seated on a stool, his hands crossed on his breast, and his eyes and face shining like the sun. Andrew stood for some time gazing in mute delight, then called him, but received no answer: he raised his voice still louder, made a noise with his feet, and slammed the door; but the saint was evidently too much absorbed in God

to heed what passed around him. The youth, therefore, went away, and returned again after an interval of two hours, and found him precisely in the same state; whereupon he shook him so roughly that the saint aroused himself, as if from a profound lethargy, and, finding that he had been there four hours instead of two, he set off in a hurry with Andrew to the palace of the viceroy. Scarcely, however, had he stepped out into the street, when he again fell into a rapture, racing confusedly up and down the streets of Goa, with such velocity that his companion, young and alert as he was, could with difficulty keep pace with him. At length, as evening drew on, he recovered himself, and, perceiving that it was now impossible to keep his appointment at the palace, he said to Andrew, "Let us return home, my child. God would have this day all to himself: we must do some other day what we have been unable to do to-day."

But his close union with God did not at all interfere with his indefatigable labors for the welfare of others. Incredible was the fruit arising from his preaching, instructing children, serving in the hospitals and prisons, as well as in private houses: nothing of all this can be more remarkable than the perseverance with which he followed up his plan for the conversion of a certain notorious sinner, a soldier of the most profligate and vicious habits, a gambler, a blasphemer,—one, in fine, who never seemed to think either of God or of his soul. For eighteen years he had never entered a confessional but once,—when he applied to the Vicar of Goa, from whom he wanted to extort absolution, without the slightest intention of amend-

ing his life. Living among Christians, he had not wished to be taken for a Turk, therefore had presented himself with the rest of his comrades to the vicar, who, seeing no symptom of contrition, dismissed him without absolution, believing him unworthy to receive it. Rendered desperate by the refusal, and deeming himself in a manner sentenced to reprobation, he determined to indulge himself in every excess during his brief term on earth, and accordingly led a life that would almost have degraded a brute beast. Unworthy as such a man was of the grace of conversion, the holy father nevertheless deserved the grace of converting him, and God gave him this grace as the reward of his charity. A fleet was preparing for the conquest of Aden, an important fortress overlooking the Straits of Mecca, then in possession of the Moors. This brought the soldier to Goa; and Xavier, who was ever in search of such precious prey, was duly informed by some of his friends of the condition of this unfortunate man. Nothing more was needed to awaken the most lively interest in his welfare: he found means of getting himself introduced to him, and from the first treated him with the greatest attention and kindness; whilst in the mean time he was shedding floods of bitter tears for him before God, and continued to do so till the time came for the departure of the fleet, when Xavier, meeting him, inquired which of the ships he was to sail in, and under what captain. The soldier named both. "How fortunate for me!" exclaimed the saint, with a countenance expressive of delight; "I am just going in the same ship:" so, taking him by

the arm, he said, "Let us go together like comrades." The soldier, who had not the slightest suspicion of the father's aim, felt himself honored, and agreed to the proposal, though with a certain sense of shame at seeing himself thus noticed by a man universally looked upon as a saint. The two accordingly entered the ship together, to the high delight of the captain, who understood nothing of the cause, but who felt Xavier's presence was a pledge of safety to the vessel. The soldiers, noticing the close intimacy between the saint and one whom even *they* looked upon as an abominable reprobate, were somewhat scandalized, and censured him, whispering to each other, as the Pharisees did when our merciful Lord received the penitent Magdalen, *If Father Francis knew what that man is whom he has chosen for his friend, surely he would spurn him!* They ate and conversed together, and, when the soldier took his place at the gaming-table, Xavier was still at his side, apparently rejoicing at his success or regretting his losses, as the case might be, and generally seconding his arguments, even passing over, as if unheard, the oaths which, from a long-standing bad habit, slipped from him. In this manner he gained more than his good will: the man actually became attached to him; and then, by degrees, the saint began to speak to him of his soul,—of the facility with which God forgives us our sins in these days of mercy and salvation; that no one ought to despair, however great his sins may be, because God can soon change a great sinner into a saint; that, if a soul now in hell could return to life, there is no penance, however severe and terrible, which he

would not willingly undergo, if by so doing he could but escape falling back into those dreadful flames! how much more reason have we to submit willingly to the light satisfaction which God requires of us, to save us from being sentenced to those torments,—namely, recourse to the tribunal of penance! He said much more in a similar strain, as opportunity offered, and at last, in a moment of confidential familiarity, he asked him, as if accidentally, how long it was since he had been to confession. The soldier blushed and sighed, yet owned the truth,—that he had not been for eighteen years; adding that the fault was not entirely his own, because he had once made the attempt, but had found the Vicar of Goa so harsh, who had sent him away without absolution, that he had made up his mind, come what would, never to make another trial or expose himself to such an insult again; and he concluded in these words: —"The vicar drove me away, just as if Christ had not died for me as well as for others, or as if any soul was unfit for the grace of God." This answer satisfied Xavier that he was gaining ground; so he began to express some little surprise at the vicar's conduct, observing that one ought to be very kind to sinners, like God, who, though the offended party, receives them nevertheless with the sweetest benignity as soon as ever they sincerely return to him: how much more reason, then, have we to show indulgence to each other, sinners as we all are! surely it is but fair that we should treat our brethren with the same mercy which we hope to receive at the hands of God; adding, "But do not be uneasy on the sub-

ject. I will hear you; and, supposing your sins were a thousandfold greater both in number and quality than they are, I have patience enough to hear you, and ample faculties to absolve you. As for the penance, you need not trouble yourself about it; we will share it between us like friends, and the two together will manage to square the account with Heaven: all I require of you is to make a general confession of your whole life, and I pledge you my word that, when this is done, you will own that you have never in your life felt so happy. Conceive, if you should die, still laden with all these sins, (as may easily happen to one of your profession, so often in battle, especially in these parts,) and without having time to say, *Jesus, help me!* what, I say, would become of you?" Hereupon he began to explain to him how he ought to look over the events of his previous life, during the greater part of which his conscience had evidently made account of nothing; leading him, as it were, by the hand in search of his sins, the saint, in fact, making the greater part of the examination, the poor man all the time feeling strangely affected, and leaving him to do just as he pleased with him. So far from Xavier finding it necessary to beg of him to make his confession, the soldier penitently begged him not to abhor him, not to reject him, although, indeed, he was a much greater sinner, as he said, than the holy man could possibly imagine. Affairs were thus progressing, when the fleet halted at Coulan. "Xavier and the soldier disembarked side by side," writes the eye-witness who juridically attested the fact, "I following, and others with me,

curious to see what and where the two were going about; for, surprised at the strange intimacy which we had observed between two characters so wholly dissimilar, we preconcerted a scheme to watch the issue of this intimacy. Secreting ourselves accordingly, we saw them enter a wood, and, after proceeding a short distance, Father Francis seated himself at the foot of a tree, the soldier kneeling down at his feet, weeping bitterly. Having completed his confession, the holy man gave him for his penance one *Pater* and one *Ave Maria* only, which very much astonished the soldier: his admiration, however, soon surpassed his astonishment, when he understood the cause of this leniency. Xavier withdrew a little farther into the wood, uncovered the upper part of his person, and, holding a crucifix in his left hand, with the other he began to scourge himself most unmercifully with a discipline made of iron chains: in a short time the blood streamed down his shoulders, but still he desisted not. The soldier, either hearing the sound of the blows, or suspecting something unusual, stealthily crept near the spot where he was, and caught the father in the very act of his self-slaughter: all at once he recollected the agreement made of sharing the penance between them, and his heart instantly suggested that this blood was streaming down in expiation of his sins. Unable to control himself, he rushed forward, fell bathed in tears at Xavier's feet, and exclaimed, 'Ah, father! this penance belongs to me, who am the sinner, not to you, who are a saint;' and, taking the heavy discipline from his hand, he tore off his own clothes, and inflicted on himself a severe

flagellation, to the admiration and extreme edification of myself and my fellow-spies. Having so far satisfied their devotion and penance, the saint embraced him, took leave of him, and told him he was returning to Goa, having accompanied the fleet solely on his account."

He gave him most useful advice for the future regulation of his conduct, tending to help him on to perseverance, and to a salutary fear of God, who does not always thus run after those who flee from him. He left the soldier so completely an altered man, that on his return from the enterprise against Aden he entered a very strict religious order, and persevered in the service of God to his last breath.

On his return to Goa, the holy father resumed his pious works, and, God so willing, often with miraculous effects. A certain man was so poor that he was quite unable to maintain his wife and children: driven to desperation by their distress, he resolved to commit suicide, and, concealing a rope under his cloak, he withdrew to a retired spot to hang himself. Xavier was in the church of S. Paul, hearing confessions, when, favored with a prophetic light, he suddenly quitted the confessional, and, without allowing himself time to fetch his cap, hurried out and met the wretched man just in time to prevent the rash act. Affectionately embracing him, he took him back to the college, where he was kept and well treated for several days, during which the saint went about the streets begging alms for him; and, having procured sufficient for his necessities, he sent him home happy and corrected.

Catherine Keaves attests that for a long time she had been suffering under a very dreadful temptation: as a last resource, she went to confession to our saint, to whom she recounted her trials. He consoled and encouraged her, saying, "Fear not: from henceforth you will be relieved." The issue verified the promise: the temptation immediately vanished, a delicious calm replacing the boisterous storm which had so long filled her heart. The pious lady, after this, frequently confessed to the saint; and she declares that, as he pronounced the words of absolution, she felt that a heavenly virtue issued from him, and produced a spiritual joy in her such as she never experienced on other occasions. One day she took the liberty of noticing this circumstance to him, when he made her no other answer than this:—"All you have to do is to return thanks to God, who has been pleased to forgive you your sins."

There was a beautiful horse in the town, so vicious that no one was able to shoe it: the owner of it was one day deploring the circumstance to the saint, who, pitying his friend, asked to see the animal, and the two accordingly repaired to the stable: he put his hand on the horse's flank, patting him caressingly, and said, "Horse, how is it that, being so handsome, you so obstinately refuse to be shod?" then, turning to his master, added, "Send for the farrier." When he made his appearance, he declined the task, saying he had attempted it too often ever to expose himself to the danger again: the saint bade him confide in God, and make another trial; whereupon the farrier consented, and the horse stood as quiet as a lamb

during the whole operation, nor from that day did he ever show the least symptom of restiveness.

Whilst St. Francis was thus working for the benefit of the Indies, our Lord was pleased to send him a fresh reinforcement of ten members of the Society,—a small supply if considered only with regard to numbers, but strong in reality, since each one of them was equivalent to many of ordinary stamp. They arrived at Goa in September, 1548: among them was Father Gaspar Barseus, a man of heroic virtue. Great was the delight and cordiality with which these two illustrious men mutually gave and received the greeting embrace. It is only fair to state that these new workmen, as well as the rest of the Society who passed over to the Indies, were chiefly induced to do so by the fervent letters written by our saint to his brethren in Europe, letters penned in so generous a spirit as would seem to emanate from a seraph rather than from the heart of a mere mortal man. When his letters were received in Rome, cardinals, and even the sovereign pontiff himself, would ask to see them; and, what is still more worthy of record, St. Philip Neri read them with delight, and would show them to his disciples, to excite and increase their fervor and zeal of soul; nay, they so far worked upon the burning charity of St. Philip, that he collected as many as twenty of his followers, intending to go with them and labor for the salvation of the savages of India, had not Almighty God, through the medium of St. John the Evangelist, given him to understand that He had destined him, not to India, but to Rome. To my mind, this would seem an illustrious decision on the part

of an all-wise and divine Providence, intending that when the head of the Christian world should be sanctified through the toilsome efforts of St. Philip, the Spirit of the Lord would at the same time be diffused throughout the whole world.

Nor can I here refrain from alluding to another precious fruit resulting from the letters of St. Francis Xavier; for to them is the Society indebted for the acquisition of so excellent a subject as Father Jerome Nadal. He was studying in Paris at the same time as Ignatius, who, discerning the admirable dispositions of the young man, tried to win him over to his purpose; and so did Faber and Laynez, but unsuccessfully, Nadal declaring he would follow no other guide but the gospel, and that, as for Ignatius and his companions, he could not comprehend what sort of scheme they had got hold of, or what they intended to do. Full of these ideas, he returned to Majorca, his native country, where he passed ten years, his mind in a state of strange fluctuation, desiring to do much, and yet unable to resolve on doing any thing. At last, by a dispensation of Providence, a copy of one of the letters sent by our apostle from the East fell into the hands of Nadal, who felt himself so powerfully affected by the perusal of it that he at once repaired to Rome, and, at the feet of St. Ignatius, consecrated himself to the Society. In due time he was unanimously elected to assist the holy founder in the government of the Order: he moreover gave an exposition of the constitutions written by the saint, and practised by himself with unremitting fervor. After traversing nearly the whole of Europe and part of Africa, he

everywhere left vestiges of his indefatigable zeal in behalf of souls.

Five days after the disembarkation of his new colaborators, Xavier was obliged to tear himself away from them and hasten to the coast of Fishery, where the incessant ravages of the cruel Badages rendered his presence necessary to the comfort and support of his dear Paravans, for whom he was most anxious to secure the permanent protection of the Portuguese. During his sojourn at the Fishery, by some means or other, a report reached Goa that he had been massacred by the Badages; and, to give an appearance of truth to the rumor, circumstantial details of his dreadful sufferings were added, and wonders were related of the heroic courage with which he endured them. It would be impossible to describe the universal excitement occasioned at Goa by this terrible report: not only the Portuguese and native Christians, even the Gentoos and Mohammedans, deplored him. Nothing was spoken of but the virtues of the holy father, his prophecies and miracles, of the unblemished spotlessness of his life, of his magnanimity, self-contempt, unbounded love of God, and ardent zeal for the salvation of every one. Not satisfied with these demonstrations of esteem and affection, some of the Portuguese entered into an agreement to go over to those parts and recover the relics of his sacred body from the Badages, resolving to spend, if necessary, thirty thousand ducats for the purpose: moreover, they decided on applying to his majesty Don John, and request him to use his influence with the holy see, with a view to the canonization of the saint. Whilst this commotion

was at its height, news was brought to Goa that the holy man was still alive, and close at hand: in effect, he soon after made his appearance, when the grief of the city yielded to a display of extraordinary delight: the people seemed as if they could never satisfy themselves with gazing on the features of their beloved father and teacher, for to them he was as one newly risen from the grave.

The saint had again the satisfaction of meeting his brethren, who had so recently arrived from Europe; who, in truth, had not effected their voyage without danger. When they were in the neighborhood of Mozambique, through the inexperience of the pilot the ship was driven into shallow water amidst a labyrinth of sand-banks. Five times did they strike, and when at length the rudder became unhinged the crew gave themselves up for lost. But when all human aid seems to fly from us, then most frequently is heavenly succor close at hand. The fathers carried with them a head of one of the eleven thousand martyrs, (the virgin companions of St. Ursula,) intending to offer it as a precious gift to the church of the Society at Goa. They all knelt down, when the venerated head was exposed to public view: the holy martyr at the same time was entreated to protect, not only them, but this treasured relic of her own body, and also to exert her power for their rescue. No sooner was the prayer concluded, than, without any extraneous aid, the ship glided through an aperture of the rock, which being too narrow to admit the vast bulk of the vessel, the side of the rock actually yielded and bent inward, thus allowing free passage to the imprisoned crew.

Their next object was to repair the rudder, but, unfortunately, they had no materials for the purpose; whereupon they again had recourse to the saint as before; and immediately the rudder was found properly adjusted, and the ship reached Goa without further accident. Xavier considered these fathers as being given him in a particular manner by Almighty God: and we may judge of their fervor of spirit, and of the delight which they felt as they received his welcome embrace, from the following extract copied from one of their letters, written by Father Paul Valle to his brethren in Portugal:—

"At the moment we were first accosted by Father Francis, I could not prevent myself from exclaiming, '*Truly, truly, truly, this is a servant of God, and nowhere else shall we find his equal.* Oh, how great and varied are the feelings awakened by the mere sight of him! and much more as one hears him speak! In every one does he enkindle the desire of serving God.'" He then goes on to say that the five days they spent together at Goa seemed but like a moment, through excess of joy.

In compliance with the advice of Father Simon Rodriguez, he appointed Father Anthony Gomez rector of the college at Goa. He was a man far better calculated for missionary duties than for any post of government, as the sequel but too well showed. He then made some other arrangements, according to the will of St. Ignatius, and sailed to Cochin, where the vicar, Peter Gonzales, had been long wishing that his people might have the benefit of the saint's instructions and example. He remained here two months, preaching, teaching

children, serving the sick, and gathering, as usual, the fruit arising from his apostolic labors. Sinners were converted, public scandals removed, great increase of virtue in innumerable souls, and pagans brought to the knowledge of the true faith. God was also pleased to illustrate his merit with several miracles, of which the following is one of the most remarkable. A little boy, four years of age, had been suffering from continual fever for more than four months; he was withered and parched up, so as to be reduced to a mere skeleton. The physicians had exhausted their skill upon him to no purpose, and had quite given up the case as hopeless. His parents were in deep grief, and, as there was no longer any chance of saving him, they almost wished that death would come and put an end to his prolonged sufferings. Whilst matters were in this state, Father Francis, by some chance or other, called at their house, and they immediately led him to their sick child, thinking the mere sight of his deplorable condition would excite the saint's compassion more effectually than all their entreaties. And such, indeed, proved the case: he needed no solicitations to cure the little patient. He blessed him, and, as usual, recited a gospel over him, though at the moment the child seemed to be at the last gasp. Xavier had scarcely finished, ere the little one opened his eyes, smiled, and began to prattle with great glee. His astonished father guessed that he was cured, and eagerly applied his hand to the child's chest and forehead, which when Xavier entered the room were intolerably hot, but now he found them cool and fresh, as of one in health.

The child, in fact, was cured, and immediately arose from the bed where he had so long lain in pain.

A still greater blessing was the restoration to health of the sick soul of a very dissolute man, who, at the very moment Xavier happened to meet with him, was going to complete his wicked purpose at the back of St. Anthony's church. On perceiving the saint, with whom he was well acquainted, he advanced to meet him, and took his hand to kiss. Xavier accosted him civilly, but asked him gravely how he was. The man answered that, thanks to the goodness of God, he was in excellent health. "Of body, yes," rejoined the father, "and that is all you care for; but, as for your soul, how is it?" and then proceeded to unfold to him the wicked projects nestled in his heart,—projects known only to himself and God, and which the saint could only have discovered by preternatural means. Confounded and surprised, he frankly owned what it would have been absurd to deny: he at once placed himself under the guidance of the holy man, renounced his wicked ways, and carefully shunned occasions of danger.

Having thus benefited the people of Cochin, and consoled his friend the vicar, who afterward related great things of him, and of the exalted sanctity which he discovered in him during the two months he was his guest, he sailed to Bazaim, where he procured an order from the Governor of India to the commandant of Malacca, desiring him to forward the holy man, passage free, to Japan. Being so far satisfied, Xavier returned to Goa and despatched his companions to the various missions

assigned them. To each of his priests he gave a companion to assist them in their labors and to be the witness of their conduct. St. Ignatius expressly sent him an order to this effect; and, although they were so few in number in the Indies as to render the arrangement difficult, the holy founder was peremptory, and would not allow the members of the Society to live otherwise than two together in the same place.

Having made such arrangements as he deemed useful to the public good and to more private interests of his religious brethren, he began to prepare for his voyage from India to Japan,—a project which had occupied his mind for upward of a year. It will be well to state the circumstances which gave rise to this apostolic enterprise; for the progress of Christianity in Japan was attended with incidents more remarkable than the Church had witnessed for many preceding centuries.

A young Japanese, named Angier, a native of Cangoxima, a chief city of the kingdom of Saxuma: of noble lineage and well educated; of keen intellect; of course a pagan, whose morals corresponded with his creed; and, though by no means what his compatriots would call a vicious man, some way or other he could not find peace of conscience. He firmly believed the immortality of the soul, and that there was a hell to punish sin, the torments of which were dreadful. The bonzes (as the theologians of Japan are called) were unable to satisfy his perplexities or remove his fears, though they used all their best arguments for the purpose: hence he frequently sought the conversation of the

Portuguese, who had been in the habit of trading with the country since the year 1542. But, as they were for the most part better versed in mercantile than in spiritual lore, they advised him to pass over to Malacca, where he would find a certain Father Francis Xavier, (of whom they related what they knew with regard to his holy life and miracles,) and who, they assured him, would no sooner have heard his case than he would completely satisfy his mind and restore it to peace. The young nobleman was married, and, much as he desired the solution of his doubts, he scarcely deemed the case of sufficient importance to justify his undertaking a journey of two thousand five hundred miles, through a dangerous and almost impracticable sea, certainly at the hazard of his life. Whilst he was in this state of perplexity, leaning rather more to *no* than *yes*, a sudden accident compelled him to do for the safety of his body that which he hesitated to do for the salvation of his soul. By some means or other he unfortunately slew his enemy, when, to escape the officers of justice, he sought refuge in a monastery of bonzes. Alvarez Vaz, a Portuguese, became acquainted with the fact: he was a friend of Angier, and, having his ship ready in the harbor, he went and offered to convey him secretly to Malacca, where he could remain till his enemies' and public indignation were appeased, and then return to Japan, either with him, or on board some other merchantman. Angier was doubly grateful for an offer which would not only place his life in safety, but would also lead to his acquaintance with Father Francis. Vaz, however, found himself unable to

sail quite as soon as he expected: he therefore gave him letters to Don Fernando, who, with his ship, was in another port at no great distance. Angier, accompanied by two servants, set out privately in the night; and by a special dispensation of Providence, when he reached the appointed place, he fell in, not with Fernando, whom he sought, but with George Alvarez, the captain of a ship actually weighing anchor for Malacca. He was a man of great worth, the intimate friend of St. Francis Xavier. On learning the object of the young Japanese, Alvarez was transported with delight, well knowing that he could not afford a greater pleasure to the holy man than the novelty of a Japanese willing to consecrate himself to God With most ready courtesy he received him and his two servants on board his ship, and an instant afterward sailed toward Malacca. As we have already remarked, the voyage was long, so that the good captain had frequent opportunities of entering into religious discussion with Angier; and, as the latter was a shrewd, sensible man, he soon contrasted the light of evangelical truth with the hideous darkness of his own creed: the purity and sanctity taught by the former struck forcibly on his heart: nevertheless, he suspended his decision until he should have heard what more Father Francis might have to adduce. The captain related such great and marvellous things of him, that to Angier's anxious wish of being acquainted with him every day seemed like a century. In proportion as the anticipated pleasure of the meeting had been great, so was his disappointment great when, on reaching Malacca, he found the holy man absent: he had sailed some time before to

the Moluccas. As the term of his absence seemed uncertain, Angier determined to remain where he was for some little time, in hopes of the saint's return. Having decided on embracing Christianity, he demanded baptism of the vicar Alphonsus Martinez, who, not being too well instructed himself, positively refused it, telling him that he could not be a Christian and yet live with a pagan wife in an idolatrous country. But God made use of the poor vicar's ignorance for the furtherance of his own high purposes. He reserved this pagan for Xavier, that through him the empire of Japan might be gained to Jesus Christ,—which would not have been the case had Martinez baptized him.

Angier, having thus lost all his hopes, gave up the idea of becoming a Christian, and accordingly set out on his return to Cangoxima. When they were within about twenty leagues of land, Almighty God raised a strong wind, which, setting in directly from the shore, drove back their vessel far out to sea; and then a violent storm arose, which, continuing unabated for four days and four nights, carried them away at the mercy of wind and wave. But God watched over them in his own way, and guided the ship a distance of six hundred miles, till finally she reached Chingshoo, where the travellers would find means of passing over to Japan.

His recent danger brought the young man to a better state of mind again: his former ideas revived, and, perplexed and uneasy as he was, he went out for a stroll on the beach, where he fortunately met Alvarez Vaz, the same friend who some time before had sent him with letters to Fer-

nando, with a view to his escape from Japan Vaz was now on the point of sailing for Malacca, and, on hearing the unfortunate result of Angier's recent expedition, he warmly pressed him to return with him, encouraging him with the hope of finding Father Francis at Malacca, who would possibly accompany the young man on his return to his native country. The prospect of such a result was more than enough to determine Angier, who accepted the proposal and at once sailed with Vaz. Xavier too in the mean time returned to Malacca from the Moluccas.

Angier received this intelligence on landing, to his inconceivable delight. His heart warned him that all his recent misfortunes had been directed by an all-wise Providence to his greater good. Needing no further means of introduction to the saint, he set off in search of him, when (as if by a preconcerted arrangement on the part of God) he actually met George Alvarez, who had brought him the first time from Japan to Malacca. Cordial and mutual was the greeting embrace,—Alvarez eagerly conducting him to Xavier, who happened to be in the church of our Lady. He rapidly gave him a brief account of the young Japanese, and of the motive which had brought him such a distance from his home.

It would be utterly impossible to describe the consolation produced in the soul of Xavier by this intelligence; and, as if the mission of the whole country had been then confided to him, he rushed with open arms to Angier, and, as he pressed him to his breast, his heart opened to the kingdom of

Japan, whither he hoped, at no very distant date, to go and announce the name of Jesus Christ.

Angier, in one of his letters to St. Ignatius, describes the effects produced on him by the first affectionate embrace of Xavier, and says that the consolation he then experienced must have been something preternatural.

To their mutual satisfaction, the two had daily intercourse upon the subjects most interesting to both; and this was accomplished without difficulty, as the Japanese had some slight knowledge of Portuguese. They remained at Malacca till after the defeat of the Acheens, as already related, when they started for Goa, and arrived there at the beginning of March, 1548. Angier was lodged at the Seminary, and placed by Xavier in the hands of Father Cosmo Torres, to be by him fully instructed in the faith; and on Pentecost Sunday he was baptized with the greatest splendor and solemnity by the archbishop himself, to the inexpressible delight of Xavier, who, in this descent of the Holy Ghost, beheld the extension of the Church's empire even to the confines of the earth, whereby a new tongue, hitherto strange to Christianity, would be added to the many ancient ones which on a similar day (but more than fifteen centuries before) had first found expression in the Cenacle of Judea.

At the sacred font, Angier received the name of *Paul of the holy faith:* Cosmo Annes would have it so, as a mark of honor to the seminary so called. The two servants, baptized at the same time, were respectively named Anthony and John. Conversion, however, was not all that attended these first-fruits of the church of Japan; their virtue soon

reached such a height, that Xavier himself mentioned it in his letters to his European friends as something quite remarkable, adding that it was quite a stimulus to his own fervor. They devoted thirty whole days to the spiritual exercises, during which Almighty God was pleased to infuse into their minds such clear illustrations of the eternal truths as are seldom experienced even by men far advanced in the ways of virtue. These impressions, stamped in their hearts by the hand of God, produced effects of no transient nature: for a long time they could speak of nothing but of Him. In their meditations, on the sacred passion especially, they were deeply affected by the many proofs given of divine liberality, with which they were most anxious to correspond, and in gratitude for which they would willingly, if necessary, have shed their blood.

Their faith and their zeal for the salvation of souls found vent in certain impetuous and affecting expressions: this was the case especially with Paul, who was often heard to exclaim, "O ye Japanese! O my people! open your eyes upon yourselves, and discover your own blindness." And when Xavier asked him what he meant by these words, he told him that in Japan there were many who adored the sun and moon as gods, instead of looking on them as they were, a part only of the works of nature's God, and given us to divide the light of day and night; teaching us by their example that as *they* serve *us*, so should *we* serve Him who lends them to be our ministers: "instead of viewing them thus," said Angier, "they blindly transform them into deities." He then went on to

say that the truths of the Christian religion are so clearly proved, and so conformable to the dictates of reason, that no one having a moderate share of good sense could hear them without believing them. That, as means for increasing in and reaching a high degree of virtue, nothing could be conceived better calculated than the divine helps of confession and communion; for as the *one* frees the soul from every evil, so does the *other* confer on it every good, since it gives us God Himself. Such were the sentiments and expressions of the fervent young neophyte. Father di Torres expounded the Gospel of St. Matthew to him, which so delighted him that he committed the whole of it to memory; and whenever he found himself in any large assembly of persons, whether Christians or pagans, he always proposed questions upon it, either to draw information from the former, or to convict of error, if the latter.

In this manner did Paul of the holy faith advance in the ways of God. He had left Japan for India, merely with the hope of meeting with a man renowned for sanctity of life, called Francis Xavier, that through his means he might find peace of conscience and strength of soul. God, however, had higher views, and brought him to the saint to be the counsellor of his plans, the guide and companion of his voyage, his friend and fellow-laborer in beginning the foundation of a new church in Japan.

The saint noticed to George Alvarez, in terms of high commendation, the excellent mental endowments of these three. Alvarez told him that what seemed peculiar to them was nevertheless common

to the natives of Japan, who, as far as he had been able to notice, were remarkable for intellectual acuteness. Paul of the holy faith confirmed the report of Alvarez, and said that if the conduct of the ministers of the gospel should be found to correspond with the doctrines they taught, their conversion might be looked upon as certain, though they would not yield otherwise than to conviction, and would require time for due deliberation. He mentioned several other things to Xavier, which raised his hopes and gave him great consolation. Among other things, that there were at Cangoxima (as well as in other parts of Japan) a great number of monasteries of religious men called bonzes, several of whom lived wholly secluded from the public and given to contemplation. That there was one very much respected, both for his worth and learning, who was looked upon as the master of the rest.

At stated times he summoned his disciples and gave them a sermon; after which he proposed the subject of an hour's meditation, in something like the following style:—"Suppose a man was at the point of death, and could by some means rally and begin to speak: what would the soul say to the body, at that moment of irrevocable separation? or suppose a condemned soul could for a few seconds cast off its chains and appear again among us: what would it say to us? What details would it give of those fiery regions?"

After giving the subject to be meditated on, each one remained in recollection for the space of an hour, when they all again assembled, and the master called upon each one, separately, to give an

account of his contemplation: those who produced any remarkable or striking ideas were commended as wise and spiritual; whilst those who had nothing particular to say were reproved, as being slothful or material. Angier further told him that these bonzes were accustomed to go out once a fortnight into the public streets to preach. They made their appearance in tattered old garments; and with scowling brow, and frightful gestures, they summoned the people to go and listen to them, whereupon men, women, and children flocked round them in crowds. The preacher entered the pulpit, having at his side a board, on which hell was depicted, with its various modes of torture, chains, fire, rods, hooks, and other horrid instruments. This was commented upon in the most forcible and terrifying terms, till the auditors, especially the females, were worked up to a state little short of frenzy.

All this information was highly gratifying to Xavier, as showing dispositions well suited to accept the doctrines of the gospel; and as there was now a good supply of fathers of the Society in India, with additional recruits annually coming over from Europe, his whole heart turned toward Japan. However, as the will of God (not his own opinions) was always the moving principle of his conduct, he would form no precipitate purpose until he had used all due means to ascertain the divine will. He prayed most fervently to the guardian angels of India and Japan, begging them to enlighten him and make known to him what it was that our Lord required of him in this case. Nor was this done once or twice only: he perse-

vered in this devotion for several months, shedding floods of tears before God, until he was at length favored with the most intimate conviction that Almighty God required his services in those distant regions. When once he was thus convinced, all the combined opposition of men and devils could not have shaken his purpose. His friends and acquaintance used every argument to dissuade him from the voyage. They could not bear the thought of losing one so dear and precious to them; still less willing were they to risk the loss of him to India, with but an uncertain prospect of benefit to Japan.

The journey was of four thousand miles through a most tempestuous and treacherous sea, abounding in hidden rocks, shoals, storms, whirlwinds, contrary currents; to which may be added pirates and marauders without number, who lie in ambush to intercept the merchantmen; and, not content with despoiling them, they mutilate and slaughter them in the most savage way. Then, again, what had he, a foreigner, unacquainted even with their language, to expect from a set of barbarians? Who would receive, support, and protect him? Common sense and common prudence were alike opposed to such an undertaking, &c. These and many more reasons were advanced by the friends and penitents of our saint; but their words were thrown to the winds. When God called, the most persuasive arguments, the most appalling dangers, all the obstacles of earth and hell, would be insufficient to arrest his course. He opposed argument to argument. "What!" said he, "shall the interested cupidity of the children of this world

render them more courageous in the pursuit of wealth than the love of God in his followers? Shall avarice boast of having travelled farther after contemptible earthly merchandise, than zeal and Christian charity in order to carry the grace and fruits of eternal redemption? And have not Portuguese vessels already ventured as far as Japan for purposes of commerce? Look at George Alvarez, returned to Goa in safety, and laden with riches. Look at Alvarez Vaz, who, as we may say, arrived but yesterday. And yet the whirlwinds, the pirates, the rocks, and the storms, have not wrecked, or robbed, or drowned them! Have merchants any safer passport against all these dangers than the priests of God? Have those who sail in pursuit of riches some guarantee which is withheld from those who traverse the same space only to proclaim the law of God and to extend his empire?"

Still better will it be to hear his heart speaking through his pen on this important topic. All the letters which he wrote at this time to his friends in Europe breathe a generosity of soul worthy of an apostle: so far from being dismayed by the perils of the voyage, they rather seem to quicken his anxiety to enter upon it: he wrote as follows to St. Ignatius:—"I am almost ready for my journey to Japan, when I shall have to traverse nearly one thousand three hundred leagues of water. I should never end, if I attempted to describe the interior consolation which the anticipation of this voyage affords me; for it is full of dangers of every description,—terrific tempests, rocks, whirlwinds, robbers, &c.: hence, of four ships which sail thither,

if two arrive in safety, it may be considered something wonderful. But as for me, there is *that* in my heart which would drive me to Japan even if the dangers were infinitely greater than any I have hitherto encountered,—so firm is my hope in God that the faith of Jesus Christ will be planted there and produce great fruit."

In another letter to Father Simon Rodriguez, he says, "The ships from Malacca have arrived here, bringing positive intelligence that all the Chinese ports are in arms against the Portuguese; but this will not deter me from pursuing my voyage to Japan, for in this life of trials I nowhere enjoy so much peace as when I am in the midst of danger, exposed to death for the love and service of my God and for the propagation of his holy law. And, in real truth, one enjoys more delight and consolation amidst such dangers than at a distance from them. All my pious friends overwhelm me with their alarming recitals, in hopes of deterring me from my purpose,—at which I can only express my surprise that they should have so little faith; for, after all, does not God impel the waves and rule the storm? They tell me the tempests toward the coasts of China and Japan are more terrific than in any other part of the world: nevertheless, He has dominion over the winds, and He is master of the rocks, which, according to report, are innumerable out there, and upon which ships daily strike and are wrecked. He commands the pirates that infest the seas through which I have to pass,—pirates without number, whose cruelties, especially toward the Portuguese, are inconceivably revolting. Since,

then, Almighty God commands and overrules all, I have only him to fear; and him I do fear, seeing that I am so negligent in serving him, so useless, so slothful in carrying the name of Jesus Christ to idolaters who know him not. Well may I fear lest he should punish me! Beyond this fear, the dangers and sufferings detailed by my friends seem less than nothing; because all that creatures can do is just no more than their Creator wills. Their power is precisely *what* he gives them, and no more."

Paul of the holy faith told him that the bonzes would be very much scandalized if they saw the Christian religious partake of flesh or fish, which they affect (as bonzes) never to touch: Xavier, therefore, determined on abstaining totally from every thing of the sort; and this cost him but little, for throughout the year he seldom tasted any thing but the food of the poorest classes,—a little rice, to which by way of luxury he sometimes added a few herbs.

The vessel being ready which was to convey him to Malacca, from whence he was to sail to Japan, he chose for the companions of his enterprise Fathers Cosmo Torres and John Fernandez. After a most affectionate farewell embrace amidst the tears and sobs of his friends, the three fathers, and the Japanese, Paul of the holy faith and Anthony and John, his servants, entered the brigantine destined for Cochin. He was accompanied as far as Malacca by Father Alphonsus Castro and two others, whom he intended to send to the Moluccas.

During the few days they remained at Cochin

they were far from idle. They devoted themselves to public works of charity, especially Castro, whose fame as a preacher rose so high that the Cochinese entreated the saint to leave him there to found a college of the Society; but Xavier was unwilling to deprive so remote and abandoned a mission as the Moluccas of such a fervent workman, particularly as Cochin, being more central, could easily procure missionaries. In this decision Xavier was only seconding the counsels of the Almighty, who had prepared the crown of martyrdom for Castro, in recompense of his toils among the savages of the Moluccas.

They started again from Cochin on the 25th of April, and arrived at Malacca on the 31st of May, without encountering the Acheen corsairs, as was predicted, and without a storm, as some authors by mistake of date have affirmed. Indescribable was the delight of the city at the return of their holy father: men, women, and children hastened to the beach to welcome him, singing pious canticles as usual, and testifying as much reverence as affection.

But to no one did he bring more opportune aid and consolation than to Alphonsus Martinez, the vicar of Malacca, then lying dangerously ill without the slightest chance of recovery. He was aged; and his soul was even in a worse condition than his body; for, when admonished to dispose his soul for death, and that all hope of saving his life was at an end, he was so terrified at the account God would exact of him for the thirty years of vicarship, during which his conduct had been sadly opposed to his profession, that his heart

sunk within him, and he fell into a profound melancholy, refusing to speak a word to any one. Hereupon the devil assailed him in his weakest point, filling his soul with diffidence in God, and at length driving him to absolute despair. His frenzy was appalling; and, as his sins recurred to mind, instead of appealing to the mercy of God and imploring his pardon, he grew more desperate than ever, driving away those who attempted to console him by suggesting thoughts of divine clemency. On these occasions he would fearfully exclaim, "Where is the use of whispering hope to a lost soul? He who is already in hell is beyond redemption! There is no longer remission for his sins: where then is the use of his asking forgiveness?" adding much more of the same awful nature, to the great scandal and dismay of the citizens. Just at this juncture Xavier arrived; and, as he was ever most deferential toward his ecclesiastical superiors, whatever might be their conduct, to the vicar of Malacca he was particularly attentive, not only on account of his rank, but because he hoped to win back his soul to God. The poor man was therefore informed that Father Francis was just landed; that he was most anxious to see him, having called expressly for the purpose; to which was added the remark that he might safely trust his soul to the hands of so holy a man. At these words the miserable sufferer roused himself, called for his clothes, and declared he would go and meet the saint. In vain did his attendants tell him that he was unequal to such an effort,—that he was unable to stand,—and that even if they attempted to carry him, he

would expire in their arms. He persisted, and no sooner tried to rise than he fell back in a swoon. Xavier was hastily summoned to the bedside of the apparently dying man, who no sooner beheld him than he hoped to be miraculously restored to health, for which he was evidently more anxious than for the salvation of his soul; and, when the saint warned him to prepare to die like a Christian, the vicar's despair became as deep as ever, —furnishing another proof of Xavier's oft-repeated remark, that "they die despairing of God's mercy who live presuming on it by pursuing a career of sin."

As the case seemed desperate, he had recourse to desperate remedies; and, finding that his mere words did not produce the effect he wished, he, as it were, compelled Heaven to come to his assistance. He bound himself by vow (if Almighty God gave him this soul) to say a great number of masses in honor of the Blessed Trinity, the queen of heaven, the angels, and various saints, besides others for the poor souls in purgatory. At length he prevailed, and brought the poor stricken soul to a better state of hope in the infinite mercy of God, whereupon he received the last rites of the Church, and soon afterward expired in peace of conscience.

Nor was this the only consolation granted to the holy soul of Xavier on his arrival at Malacca. Gratifying indeed was it to him to witness the admirable fruits already resulting from the indefatigable labors of Father Francis Perez and Brother Roch Olivier, whom he had sent from Goa the year before to found a college of the Society here.

They had been received with acclamation by the whole city, but took up their lodging in a poor-house, where they immediately opened schools. As this duty fell to the share of Olivier, he set out in quest of children, and toward mid-day perambulated the streets and suburbs, ringing a little bell to call the attention of the people, whom he besought for the love of God to send their children, servants, slaves, and slaves' children, to him, because they should by him be instructed (gratis) both in religion and learning. In the course of a few days he had collected a hundred and eighty, to whom he dedicated himself most indefatigably.

Father Perez in the mean time labored at the conversion of the gentiles and the reformation of the Christians. Every hour of the day, and every day of the week, had its allotted function. The private lives of these two were as edifying as their public lives were useful,—humble, contemners of self and of the world, recollected in God, extreme poverty in lodging, food, and clothing, distributing whatever they received among the poor and the sick. Their example preached more eloquently than their words, insomuch that many wished to join them and to adopt their mode of life; but, as they had no authority for this, all they could do was to give the Spiritual Exercises and help these aspirants onward to perfection as best they could. One of these—a Portuguese named John Bravo, aged nineteen, and having great worldly expectations—was so eager to be received into the Society that he would have started off to Goa for the purpose, had there not been an idea that Father Francis would ere long visit Malacca, and that he

could then by him be admitted. So far satisfied, he began to adopt their plan of life, in order to try and deserve the favor. In an old faded dress, he went and undertook to serve the fathers as a servant, made the Spiritual Exercises for a whole month, spent another three months serving the sick in the hospitals, going through the streets begging alms for them,—though he more frequently received rebuffs than bread. Xavier received this promising young subject with great delight; and, as he seemed to be a soul of no ordinary stamp, he would himself be his instructor so long as he remained at Malacca. Nor was this enough; for when he was on the point of starting for Japan he gave him some written rules of conduct, few in number, it is true, but quite sufficient, if faithfully followed, for the acquirement of religious perfection. Emanating from so great a spiritual master, we presume they will not be unacceptable to the pious reader, and therefore transcribe them, copied from the original:—

"Twice in the day you will recollect yourself,—in the morning as soon as you awake, and in the evening, and for the space of an hour and a half, or an hour at the least, you will meditate on the life of Christ our Savior, following the method prescribed in the book of the *Spiritual Exercises* of our holy Father Ignatius, with regard to the division of the mysteries, as well as for all the rest; and at the end of your meditation, both morning and evening, renew your vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience; for this is the perpetual sacrifice offered in the living temples of religious souls,—the sacrifice most acceptable to God, and by means

of which they acquire most strength and gain most grace for repelling the assaults of the enemy. Before you retire to rest for the night, never fail to examine your conscience, repassing your thoughts, words, and actions of the day, noticing the offences you have committed against God as minutely as if you were going to confess them: then beg pardon of the divine majesty, purpose amendment, and recite a *Pater Noster* and an *Ave Maria*. For a moment or two consider how you may best correct yourself. On awaking in the morning, let it be your first care to recall to mind the defects noticed in your examen the previous night, humbling yourself and deploring them. Whilst dressing yourself, prepare for meditation, and at the same time beg grace of Almighty God not to fall into any new faults in the course of the present day; for this is about the best disposition you can carry with you to meditation. Make it a point of conscience not to neglect any part of these exercises, nor even to change the order of them; and if you fail (unless it be from infirmity or other lawful hinderance) let not the day pass without acknowledging your fault and doing penance for it. Let it be your chief care to overcome yourself, always contradicting your own inclination, enduring and embracing what you most dislike and abhor: study in all things to be depressed and humbled, because without true humility you will never become spiritual, nor be useful to the salvation of your neighbor, nor be caressed by the saints, nor be pleasing to God, nor persevere in this our little Society, which could never tolerate proud, arrogant men, —men addicted to their own judgment or tena-

cious of their own honor: for, indeed, such sort of people never conform themselves to any thing. Do you, on the contrary, obey every superior in whatever he may command, without contradiction or excuse, but with the same exactitude and promptitude as you would obey our holy Father Ignatius himself. In like manner, give him a full account of your soul, disclosing to him separately and singly your temptations, your evil inclinations of character, &c.; because, besides this being necessary to enable him to apply the necessary remedies, the very act of humiliation undergone in making these disclosures, subjecting oneself to another, (how much more when he is a superior!) is of itself often sufficient to put the devil to flight; for, as he often does more by deceit than by open force, to discover him is to overthrow him. Moreover, the most sure and expeditious means to obtain the light and grace of God is to seek it from those who hold his place in our regard." Such were the instructions given by St. Francis Xavier to his fervent young novice, John Bravo.

During his stay at Malacca, letters arrived from Japan, some to the father himself, and some to the Governor of Malacca, requesting that some members of the Society of Jesus might be sent to that kingdom. The origin of so extraordinary a demand was as follows.

A few Portuguese merchants arrived at a certain part of Japan, and were lodged by the king in a house which had long been uninhabited: in fact, it had the reputation of being haunted by evil spirits. The poor Portuguese, knowing nothing of this, unsuspectingly took possession of the

house; and, although they were frequently disturbed by strange noises and howlings, as of wild beasts, they had not the slightest idea of the cause, till one night they were terribly alarmed by the screams of one of their servants. Supposing him to have been assailed by some of the natives, they promptly armed themselves and hastened to the rescue; but, finding the man alone, and trembling with fright, they eagerly inquired the cause of the disturbance. He told them that a hideous devil had appeared to him, and he described it as something most formidable. This information was by no means agreeable to the Portuguese, who, however, had immediate recourse to more opportune weapons than those of military warfare: they fixed a number of crosses on all the walls of their house, and from thenceforward were left wholly undisturbed. The neighbors, who were watching with intense interest the proceedings of the strangers in their haunted habitation, became acquainted with all that had occurred, a report of which soon spread through the country. The cross at once rose high in the estimation of the people, who planted it in their highroads and kept it in their houses as a most valued treasure. However, as they knew nothing more about the cross than this circumstance connected with the merchants, they became curious to ascertain from whence it derived its power over the devils; and, being answered that the Son of God had died upon it to redeem the world, their curiosity was redoubled: they asked a thousand questions, and proposed many subtle doubts upon the mysteries of our faith. The Portuguese, who understood commerce

much better than divinity, advised them to send to the Governor of Malacca and request him to send them some fathers of the Society, who would be best able to answer all their questions. The advice was taken, and by the authority and orders of the king, who despatched an ambassador in his own name for the purpose.

So remarkable a circumstance was looked upon by Xavier as a sign that our Lord would have him hasten his voyage to Japan, although it was then an unfavorable season for crossing those seas, tempestuous enough at the best of times. His expedition necessarily gave rise to some correspondence between himself and the Governor of the Indies, Don Garcia di Sa, then residing at Bazaim. He frequently, in speaking of his excellency, alluded to his approaching death, and once openly said that Don Garcia had but a short time to live. There appeared but little probability that the prediction would be verified, for the governor was then in the prime of life and in the enjoyment of robust health: nevertheless, he died suddenly in less than two months from the date of the prophecy.

There were some Portuguese merchants at Malacca who intended sailing to Japan, and, being conscious of the security which the presence of Xavier would give to their ships, vied with each other in their endeavors to persuade him to accompany them; but, finding that none of them were as yet ready to start,—some wanting freight, others rigging, others passengers, and so on,—he was unwilling to delay his departure till these arrangements could be completed. It so happened

that at the time there was a Chinese corsair in the port, an idolater, a sorcerer, the leader of a band of robbers,—in fine, a man so notoriously wicked as to have obtained for his junk the *name of the robber's junk.* Hearing that the saint was eager for an immediate passage direct to Japan, he went and offered to convey him there at once, without so much as touching at any of the Chinese ports. A compact with Don Peter di Silva, the Governor of Malacca, was made to this effect, in spite of the opposition of the Portuguese merchants, who were extremely unwilling that so precious a life should be intrusted to such treacherous hands; but his zeal could brook no longer delay, and he courageously accepted the offer. He and his companions cheerfully entered the infamous junk—*the robber's junk*—on the 24th of June, 1549.

No sooner were they fairly out in open sea than the captain and his crew erected an idol on deck, to which they sacrificed birds, burned perfumes, and offered a thousand other marks of adoration: they had recourse to it as to an oracle, to ascertain the issue of the journey, the winds and the weather; and the devil, who had no greater enemy in the world than our saint, gave answers to suit his own purpose. When they had traversed about four hundred miles, the oracle was asked whether any trials awaited them. The response was, that the wind would be prosperous and the sea calm: therefore they were to hasten their course and lose no time. It was afterward ascertained that the object of the fiend in giving this answer was, that they might just reach a certain point of the ocean at the moment when it would be (as he fore-

saw) in a most dangerous and tempestuous state, in which case the vessel would indubitably perish among the rocks which abound along the coasts of Cochin China; but Almighty God defeated the schemes of the infernal foe, and before the junk reached the dangerous pass the storm had subsided, though it had held the sea in a turmoil for a whole day and night.

In the mean time a strange accident occurred, which placed the lives of our Christian travellers in no small peril. The young Chinese, called Emanuel, who was accompanying the saint to Japan, accidentally fell, head foremost, into the ship's sink, from which he was with difficulty extricated, much bruised and apparently half dead. As the fall was from a considerable height, and as he had remained a considerable time in the sink, the preservation of his life was ascribed to the miraculous powers of the saint. Not long after this accident, as the sea was very rough, the ship lurched heavily on one side, and by some mischance the captain's daughter, a young pagan child, fell overboard and was drowned. Terrific shrieks rent the air, and such was the commotion on board that the ship seemed almost transformed into a little hell: the oracle was immediately consulted as to the cause of so dire a misfortune, when the devil, availing himself of the opportunity to excite rage against the saint, answered that if the Christian had been left to die in the sink the captain's daughter would not have perished in the waves. It would be impossible to describe the fury of the bereaved father at these words: he loaded the saint with abuse, and for a

moment or two there was every prospect of Xavier and his associates being hurled overboard: he, however, remained calm and undismayed, caring nothing for the injuries inflicted on himself, but deploring most sincerely the abominable superstition of which he was compelled to be the unwilling witness.

Several times did he attempt to bring these savages to a better state; but, perceiving that the more he preached so much the more obstinate did they become, he directed his prayers to God, beseeching him to enlighten their benighted minds, or, if his infinite wisdom did not think fit to grant so much, that he would at least increase the accidental torments of the devil, for the enormous sacrilege of thus causing himself to be adored as God! And from various signs we may infer that his prayer was heard: he himself attests in one of his letters to his brethren at Goa, that the infuriated fiend made several open attempts to terrify him, often threatening him, and audaciously telling him that the time was now come when he would repay himself for all his losses, and wreak his pent-up vengeance upon the saint now that he had him in his power. But Xavier stood firm, in the certain conviction that the enemy could go no further than God permitted him: he therefore despised him, and declared that he feared nothing, unless it were the transient passage through his mind of some shadow of vain fear.

The wind again becoming favorable, they resumed their course, though the captain was resolved to stay and winter in one of the ports of China, instead of going direct to Japan, according

to agreement. He came to this decision after consulting his idol as to whether the ship would return from Japan to Malacca. He was answered that if the junk reached Japan before the expiration of the year it would never more visit Malacca. This answer alarmed the robbers, who now sought pretexts for delay. The saint, being aware of their machinations, and being unable to move them either by argument or entreaty, threatened them with the indignation of the Governor of Malacca, to whom they had formally pledged themselves to sail direct to Japan. But all proved ineffectual; and they were on the point of halting off the coast of China, when they fortunately fell in with a friendly vessel, admonishing them that the shores thereabouts were infested with pirates; whereupon the junk tacked, and turned her prow toward Canton, which she had already passed some time before. Almighty God, however, who, in spite of them, would have his servant in Japan, sent a contrary wind, which compelled them, notwithstanding their opposition, to take the straight line to Japan,—the ship carrying them precisely to Cangoxima, the native place of Paul of the holy faith. Indescribable was the delight of the saint at finding himself, after so many disasters, at the long-sighed-for term; and his joy was considerably increased by the circumstance of their reaching port on the glorious festival of our Blessed Lady's Assumption, in the year 1549. He had always chosen her as the special patroness of his undertakings, and more particularly of this one, wherein he hoped to effect the conversion of the vast empire of Japan.

Book the Third.

JAPAN being the chief theatre of the apostolic labors of St. Francis Xavier, the reader will probably wish for some few details concerning it, more especially as its natural characteristics are so different from those of other Oriental states: indeed, without these details, we should be unable to appreciate the glorious deeds of our holy apostle.

Japan is an extensive empire in the eastern extremity of Asia, consisting of four large islands and a number of smaller ones, which are separated from the peninsula of Corea and the coasts of Chinese Tartary by the Straits of Corea and the Sea of Japan. It is estimated to contain two hundred thousand square miles, with a population of twenty-five millions. The principal island is Niphon or Japan, which gives its name to the whole country.

By the policy of its government, Japan is so completely insulated from the rest of the world, and is marked by such striking and peculiar features, as justly to attract a large share of European curiosity. Its islands are intersected by chains of mountains, several of which are volcanic, and some of them so lofty as to be covered with perpetual snow. Many of the valleys are fertile, although the soil is not generally so; but the ex-

traordinary ingenuity and industry of the inhabitants have rendered even the most barren spots productive. Here, as in China, steep hills are cut into successive terraces, supported by sustaining-walls of stone, and bearing crops even to their summits. Rice, the principal article of food, is, of course, the favorite crop; but wheat, barley, and other grains are likewise cultivated. A liquor extracted from rice is the common beverage of the lower classes: I say of the lower classes, because the nobility accustom themselves to a decoction of tea, drank warm, and as much prized here as in China. The Japanese will go to a most extravagant price in the purchase of vessels for their tea; and, what is yet more strange, the value is not rated according to the material of which the vessel is made, but according to its antiquity. The King of Bungo gave fourteen thousand ducats for a very ancient one composed only of common earthenware; and another was shown at Meaco which cost thirty thousand.

The country is peculiarly rich in vegetable productions, the Japanese having imported all that was useful from other countries with which they have had intercourse: it abounds likewise in mineral wealth, gold, silver, and copper being found in abundance.

The houses, though built of wood, and but one story high, on account of frequent earthquakes, are spacious, commodious, and well arranged; the beams and partitions are of cedar-wood, ornamented with painting and fine varnish, which protect it from the effects of the atmosphere. Their mode of varnishing is inimitable: for their supe-

riority in this art they are indebted to the juice of a tree called *arusi*. In figure, they are generally rather below the middle size; their complexion olive; small eyes, with intelligent and expressive countenance. All writers agree in admitting that they are a sensible and inquisitive people: art, and even science, has made considerable progress among them. History, poetry, music, painting, and geography are among their favorite branches of education. They are particularly curious on religious matters, and are so well disposed that, when once they are convinced that a thing is right and true, they embrace and adhere to it.

Being naturally endowed with lofty, generous dispositions, they seldom stoop to meanness: theft is scarcely known in Japan; on the contrary, sordid avarice is hateful to them; nor do they seem to care much for enriching themselves,—not even the nobility, who would consider their rank degraded by any connection with commerce.

Formerly Japan was a monarchy, or rather a pure despotism, but with this peculiarity, that they acknowledge two sovereigns,—a spiritual sovereign, named Dairi, whose capital is Meaco, and a temporal monarch, named Kubo, whose capital is Jeddo. The latter, although he pays formal homage to the Dairi, is in possession of all the real power of the empire. It is divided into a vast number of districts, the heads of which are, or were, called kings, though in effect they are nothing more than rulers, unless one should happen to subdue a number of them,—in which case, some have occasionally formed a considerable state. Such a number of petty princes gave rise to incessant

wars, so that in Japan it was but a fine game to see the sun rise on one king and set on another, for this was of frequent occurrence.

The people are moderate and sober, to which, in great measure, their longevity may be ascribed. They are fastidious in dress and furniture, and as rigorously ceremonious as the Chinese. They abhor gambling, and find their chief recreation in hunting, and in the skilful management of arms, with which their houses are always well supplied. The upper classes never lay aside a sort of scimitar, which they call a *catan*. Where weapons are so constantly worn, it is astonishing there should be so few quarrels and so little strife; but the fact is, the Japanese are so far masters of their passions that they would be ashamed to raise their voice, or in any other way show that they noticed an affront: consequently, it is always in cold blood that they seek revenge. If no suitable opportunity offers for the recovery of their offended honor, they then consider suicide an act of heroism, and have recourse to it accordingly.

With regard to religion, Japan may be called one vast chaos of superstition, though two systems are the most prevalent. The one called *Sinto* resembles the mythology of ancient Greece and Rome,—consisting in the belief of one Supreme Being, with a number of inferior deities. The other, Budsdo, imported from Malabar, is nearly the same with that of Buddha,—metempsychosis, or the transmigration of souls, being its leading tenet. Then there are atheists; there are some who adore the sun and moon; some who adore the *camis*, or semi-gods of the country; others again

choose various animals as the objects of their devotion; whilst not a few adore the devil, depicted in the same hideous form as is customary with us. Besides all this, they have a certain mystic god called Amida, who, as they say, built a beautiful paradise thirty thousand miles distant from our earth, and which the souls of the departed cannot reach till three years after death; that sometimes the poor souls faint on the journey, and fall down on earth in search of restoratives: hence, every year these sectaries prepare a solemn banquet for the souls of their relatives, whom they go forth to meet with lighted tapers. But when they think the banquet has had full justice done it, and that the departed spirits have sufficiently regaled themselves, the living friends throw stones and brandish sticks about the house, to drive the spirits forward on their journey, lest, in cowardice, they become unmindful of their distant paradise and seek to remain again on earth. Such are the preposterous errors of a nation in other respects so sensible and shrewd; and such must ever be the case when nature is left to herself, unaided by the supernatural light of faith.

But the most wonderful fables of the Japanese relate to their supreme deity, whom they call Shacca, (a word implying that he had no beginning,) and it would seem that the devil had taken special pains to give the deluded people a corrupted notion of the true Messias; for they say that this their Shacca is lord of the whole creation; that he sprung from a married woman, yet without the co-operation of man; that he withdrew to the deserts of Siam, where he went through the most

awful penances for the sins of men; that he preached through various countries, collected followers, and wrote volumes of the highest wisdom. These books are referred to as oracles, and are explained in their educational establishments; they are cited in the pulpit, and commented upon by their wisest teachers. At certain hours of the day, a bell is rung, something in the style of the *Angelus* in Catholic countries, when all kneel down in reverence to some particular idol. They have their pious pilgrimages, a superstitious veneration of relics, their festivals, processions, jubilees, and even their general confessions, which they make, poised in an immense scale overhanging some dreadful precipice. Yet more: the devil has his martyrs, who either fling themselves from the summit of a lofty rock, or bury themselves alive, or go out in a boat with heavy stones fastened upon them; and then, whilst singing the praises of their idols, they cast themselves into the sea, incited thereto by the devil, who sometimes transforms himself into an angel of light, the more easily to delude them into these deplorable self-sacrifices.

Moreover, like us, they have a sort of ecclesiastical hierarchy. Their supreme ecclesiastical authority is vested in a pontiff denominated Sazzo, who holds a magnificent court at Meaco. He institutes rites, approves sects, canonizes saints, and consecrates the tundies, corresponding with our bishops, who ordain the priests, and empower them to offer sacrifices to and apply the merits of Shacca and Amida. The Japanese religion has also its religious, called bonzes, some of whom

live apart as hermits, and others in community in various towns. In most respects, the latter are like the Brahmins of India. Men more deeply steeped in iniquity could scarcely be found on earth: affecting a rigorous abstinence, they revel amidst the luxuries provided by their pious dupes, from whom they extort vast sums of money, under the pretext of forgiving them their sins and of purchasing for them the paradise of Shacca.

But the poor women are the most imposed upon. The rogues play upon their natural timidity and spiritual tendencies, and tell them that, in consequence of their defects, there is not one of the gods who will admit them into his paradise; whereupon the disconsolate females, hoping to secure the compassion of one or other of their deities through the intervention of the bonzes, lavish their whole fortunes on them in the way of bribes.

The vices in which these infamous ministers of the devil are immersed are of the most execrable description. Thanks to their intercourse with the monasteries of women, called *Biconis*, they have every facility of gratifying their lawless passions.

The nobility place their children to be educated in the houses of the bonzes,—whereby, we may truly say, innocent lambs are consigned to the clutches of the wolf. Not only do the teachers practise vice, but they openly teach it,—in consequence of which, sensual sexual gratification is carried to fearful excesses in Japan. The saint, writing from there, says, "It may appear incredible that men of such a stamp *can* be respected; but the reverence shown them arises from the fact that many of these bonzes are of noble blood:

some of them are even the sons of kings and princes. The numerous progenies consequent on polygamy occasion no small inconvenience to many fathers, though really rich; in which case they ease their families by placing some of their sons in monasteries."

These bonzes cover their infamies with most consummate art, and thus gain popular esteem: their sacred functions are performed with a decorum and majesty which enchant the spectator; they have daily choral offices; they use a sort of mental prayer, hold spiritual conferences, and preach in public, though scarcely any of them believe a word of the doctrines which they so assiduously teach.

Lastly, as another mock imitation of Catholicity, the Japanese have their military-religious order, composed of noble cavaliers, under the tutelage of a special *cami* of their own, called gacubao: these military knights number thirty thousand, and have ever been famous for their prowess, as their annals of warfare attest.

Such was the synagogue established by Satan in Japan,—truly a derisive counterfeit and monstrous imitation of the Church of Jesus Christ. The system was in full operation when Xavier, escorted by the queen of angels, safely landed there on the festival of her glorious assumption: and as the first-fruits of his mission were due to her, so did they at once begin to make their appearance under her auspices at the court of the King of Saxuma. He was absent at a distance of about six leagues from Cangoxima when Paul of the holy faith arrived there: as became his noble rank, he went

to pay his respects to his sovereign, who received him with marked condescension, and made inquiries with regard to the Indies, (of which little or nothing was known in Japan,) of the manners, forces, and valor of the Portuguese,—passing from one topic to another, till at last they fell on the religions of India, especially Christianity, then recently introduced from Europe. Paul spoke as such a subject deserved,—praised its elevated mysteries, the sanctity of its doctrine, so conformable to the dictates of right reason, a doctrine received and observed by so vast a portion of the world. Observing that the king listened to him with pleasure and seemed to give credit to his words, he displayed before him a well-painted picture of our blessed Lady with her divine infant in her arms: it had been given him by Xavier expressly for the purpose of being shown to the king if a suitable opportunity offered. The feeling of piety and respect with which the monarch gazed upon the painting seemed like a miracle of divine grace: he called all his nobles to admire it, and he and they reverentially knelt down before it. He then sent for the queen-mother, with all the ladies of her court, who no sooner beheld it than they too prostrated, and remained lowly bent before it for some time. Paul was asked a thousand questions about it; such as, who the beautiful damsel was; to whom the child belonged; where he was born; and why the Christians held him and his mother in such high veneration. Whereupon Paul gave a short sketch of the life and wonderful works of our divine Savior, from his birth till his ascension into heaven: these de-

tails excited the astonishment and respect of all present, more especially of the queen, who a few days after Paul's return home sent one of her gentlemen to beg a copy of the picture; but, as they could not then find an artist equal to the task, she again sent to him, requesting him to let her have in writing a summary of the mysteries of the Christian religion,—in which he took care to oblige her as soon as he could.

Whilst these things were going on at court, vast numbers of people flocked to Paul's house (where the saint and his companions found a most hospitable home) to gratify their inquisitive spirit, ever on the alert with regard to the new religion and to see the far-famed beautiful picture brought from India, and still more to see the European bonzes, as they called Xavier and his fellow-laborers. It is astonishing what a deep impression was made by the saintly aspect, no less than by the conduct, of these holy men, who had so generously abandoned country, family, and all they held most dear on earth, to travel a space of twenty thousand miles for no other purpose than to teach the Japanese the way of salvation: it seemed as if they could never see or hear enough of them. Although their dress was poor and their comportment humble, when the natives understood that they had not sailed thither to enrich themselves, the contrast between their conduct and that of the bonzes told sadly to the disparagement of the latter, and created a feeling in favor of the Christian faith which Paul, who was full of the spirit of God, nourished day and night, as we may say, by answering all questions and serving as interpreter to

Xavier. The zeal of the fervent neophyte soon produced due fruit: God was pleased to give him (as the most desired) the soul of his dear wife, who was the first to be converted: she was followed by a daughter, and by several other relatives, who after being instructed were baptized.

In the mean time Xavier was preparing himself for his arduous duty of preaching the gospel to an infidel people, trying to furnish himself with the aids requisite, most especially a profound humility, arising from the clear conviction of his own nothingness and of his utter insufficiency and deficiency in all that was wanting to insure success. He knew it was a task of no small difficulty to convict so many sects of falsehood, so many bonzes of ignorance, to expose their mysteries to derision and their conduct to discredit, to subvert the worship of such a variety of deities, both native and foreign, and to substitute instead of it the worship of a God incarnate and crucified! And this was to be done not merely in a single province, amidst a few illiterate peasants, but through a vast empire, whose people are naturally haughty, perverse, and sensual by habit, inquisitive and self-willed in their religious opinions. And although, as he said in his letters, he knew the Japanese to possess keener intellect and to be more accessible to truth than any other infidel nation he had as yet visited, he foresaw, nevertheless, that hell would wage fierce war ere it would allow so rich a prey to be wrested from its grasp,—a prey of which it had held undisputed possession for so many centuries. Besides, how vigorously would not the bonzes defend the ancient religion of the country,—men so powerful

in influence with the kings, and so much revered and feared by the people, men whose interest it was to maintain the existing order of things!—for what would become of *them* if their religion sank into disrepute?

Xavier saw that, to work effectually, his first blow must be aimed at these bonzes, the root of the evils which from them ran through the whole nation; but for this he knew that he must, as it were, annihilate himself in the knowledge of his own incompetency; he must entirely abandon himself to God; so that, daring *nothing* of himself, he boldly ventured upon all *in him* and trusting to his aid; unhesitatingly confronting dangers, and even death itself, in his cause; acknowledging that of himself he could only do just so much as God enabled him, and leaving himself as an instrument in his hands, to be used at the discretion of the Artificer.

With these and similar considerations did our holy apostle arm himself, and so successfully that, writing from Cangoxima to his brethren at Goa, he says, "Since there is so great a difference between the falsehoods of the bonzes and the truths of the gospel, and between the means prescribed by God to attain salvation and their deviations from the right path, it may easily be foreseen that we shall meet with stronger persecution than that of mere words. We come here with no other view than to lead the Japanese to the knowledge of their Creator and Redeemer, Jesus Christ; and we live in great hopes that he will himself assist us with his grace and give us strength and aid to complete the enterprise. It seems to me that the seculars will

not be much opposed to our teaching unless the bonzes excite and rouse them against us: on our part, we will enter upon no contests excepting those of argument and reason: nevertheless, we will not on their account refrain from preaching for the glory of God and the salvation of their souls; neither can they hinder us, nor will they be able to harm us one iota more than is permitted them by Almighty God; and if at their instigation any injury should be inflicted on us, it would indeed be a great recompense for our love and zeal in the service of God, that the days of this our exile should be shortened, that the death in the midst of which we perpetually live should be brought to an end, that the term of our desires should be speedily attained, and that we should all the sooner begin to reign eternally with Christ. We are resolutely determined to proclaim the truth, in spite of the bonzes, and no matter at what cost to ourselves; because God obliges us to make more account of the salvation of our neighbor than of our own lives, and we are resolved to obey this command of God." Then, as he intended to summon other fathers from Goa to pursue the plan of converting Japan, he teaches them how to prepare themselves for worthily carrying out their so sublime vocation as is this of the apostolic ministry. As tending to his honor and to the edification of the reader, we will add another extract from the same letter, showing the philosophy of soul necessary to all those who, like him, undertake great things in the service of God. "I can never too often repeat to you that our Lord is incomparably more pleased with a good will accompanied by pro-

found humility, in those who consecrate themselves and their lives to him, than with any other offering they can make him, however great and important it may be. Hold yourselves in readiness to come to Japan, whither I shall call several of you before the expiration of the next two years. In the mean time arm yourselves with a great stock of humility; labor studiously to overcome self in whatever is repugnant to you, and in all that is most opposed to your natural inclinations; use the light which God may afford you to acquire an intimate knowledge of self, by which means you will advance in faith, hope, love, confidence in God, and zeal for the salvation of your neighbor; and, as true confidence in God springs from self-diffidence, endeavor above all things to ground yourselves in solid humility; for, wherever you may be, but more especially in Japan, you will find it more necessary than you can possibly imagine. Hence I beseech you to place all your trust in God,—not in yourselves, nor in your own strength and talents, however great they may be in human opinion. Thus only will you become equal to the great adversities, whether of mind or body, to which you may be exposed in the service of God, who sustains and consoles the humble, and those who learn by little things to be convinced of their own weakness, and who from this knowledge take courage to overcome themselves. To persons of this stamp, neither the greatest possible adversities, nor the assaults of the devil, nor perils by sea, nor barbarity on land, nor any creature whatsoever, would bring any real damage or intimidation."

Having thus disposed himself, by the humble knowledge of his own nothingness, to receive other gifts of God into his soul, he sought for still further aid from heaven,—viz., the favor and protection of the saints. "I live," said he, "in great hopes that God will likewise grant me this favor; because I utterly distrust myself, placing all my hope in Jesus Christ, in the Blessed Virgin Mary his mother, in the nine choirs of angels, among whom I have chosen for my patron St. Michael, the prince and champion of the Church militant; and I expect not a little from this archangel, to whose special care the vast empire of Japan is intrusted. I commend myself daily in a particular manner to him, and to all the other guardian angels of the Japanese, because it is the duty of their office to pray for the salvation of their clients. Neither do I fail to invoke all those saints who continually sigh over the loss of so many souls, and who incessantly pray for their conversion. And confidently do I hope that my transgressions, and my negligence in recommending these souls, as I ought to do, to the whole court of heaven, will be supplied for by our blessed brethren of the Society who are already in paradise. I implore them incessantly to place my poor desires before the throne of the Divinity."

To these earnest endeavors to secure the protection of Heaven were added all other means calculated to qualify him for the successful preaching of the gospel in Japan. In the first place, he applied himself to the study of the language, reducing himself again to the condition and simplicity of childhood, learning the words and their signifi-

cation one by one, the verbs, the pronunciation, comparing sounds, and acquiring the idioms of this barbarous dialect,—an undertaking which could not be otherwise than distasteful to a man of his age. Moreover, such a delay must have been doubly trying to his excessive fervor and zeal; for, as he himself writes, he was become like one deaf and dumb, being unable to speak to others, or to understand those who spoke to him.

Although, as we have before remarked, he had been favored with the gift of tongues, the gift was not so perpetual as to enable him to converse in a foreign tongue the moment he landed in this foreign country. It was only when God was pleased to invest him with this peculiar trait of the apostolate; only on occasions that the Divine Master was pleased to infuse the habit of a language. But, whenever this was the case, he spoke it with as much grace, elegance, and ease as if he were a native of the country in question.

Humility forbade him ever to expect this miraculous accessory, and he therefore made himself at once a scholar, availing himself of interpreters to transfer the mysteries of religion to the dialect of the country; and then, after committing them to memory, he went forth to announce them in public.

He began by doing this at the coast of Fishery, at Malacca, and at the Moluccas. He did the same in Japan, continuing his studies for a space of forty days; after which God became his master, when in a moment the construction of the language, its vocabulary and pronunciation, were as perfectly stamped on his intellect as if he had been

born in Japan. In proof of which stupendous miracle, I shall here adduce the most incontrovertible testimony. Xavier himself admitted that, naturally, he had no talent for the acquisition of languages: nevertheless, we know from those who heard him—from those who were most intimate with him—that he could discourse fluently in more than thirty Indian dialects, all differing essentially from each other; and, what is yet more remarkable, when he has been speaking in one single language, he was at the same time understood by people of several different nations as clearly as if he had been addressing each individual in the language peculiar to his own country. On this very point, listen to the words of the sovereign pontiff himself, words copied from the Bull of the saint's canonization :—

"The signs and prodigies by which God confirmed the words of his apostles in the early years of his rising Church, he mercifully renewed in favor of his servant Francis, for the increase of his new children, brought to the knowledge of the truth by his labors.

"For he found himself on a sudden gifted by God with a knowledge of the languages of various nations till then wholly unknown to him, so as to speak them as fluently as if he had received his education in those countries.

"And it sometimes happened that, when he was preaching to persons of several different nations, each individual heard him, with wonder and delight, proclaiming the wonders of God in the language of his own country; whereupon vast num-

bers, struck with the greatness of such a miracle, received the word of God."

As such a circumstance is so extremely rare, and has never been conceded, even in those countries, to any other missionary in the same degree as to St. Francis Xavier, we will add the evidence given by eye-witnesses, persons of unimpeachable veracity, fourteen in number, copying for this purpose the words of the auditors of the Rota, in their Epilogue of the Processes for the saint's canonization. "There are two peculiarities," say they, "connected with this fact. First, the power of speaking in an unknown and foreign idiom with fluency and elegance, by one who had not learned the language; and, secondly, to have been understood by persons of divers countries, as if each one were addressed in his native dialect, Xavier at the same time confining himself to only one language."

Now, then, for the proofs.

Emanuel Fernandez, aged eighty, declared that he had seen and heard Father Francis Xavier (both at the Fishery and at the port of Tevenatapan) preaching to those people in their respective dialects with great elegance and fluency; at which Fernandez was much astonished, because those dialects are very difficult to acquire, and because the saint, having but recently arrived, could not possibly have had time to study the language, even imperfectly. Moreover, at the said port of Tevenatapan there were a number of strangers collected from various nations: nevertheless, he was assured by these foreigners that, in his sermons to this mixed audience, each one understood him, and presumed the father to be addressing him in

his mother-tongue. The before-named Emanuel, moreover, affirmed that when he was present on these occasions he too supposed the saint to be discoursing in his own language. The saint's power in this particular was so notorious that, wherever he went, it was expected that he would be able to converse in the language of the country; and it is added that this very miracle occasioned the conversion of vast multitudes.

This testimony is confirmed by that of many others, who add that the elegance of his pronunciation and style on these occasions was unsurpassed even by the natives of the country where he was preaching. Rodriguez Diaz Pereira, a nobleman belonging to the king's court, affirmed that he travelled in the same ship with Xavier from Malacca to the isle of Banda, when he witnessed the conversion of the greater part of the passengers and crew, in consequence of the miracle of hearing him preach in one language and yet making himself intelligible to people of all nations at one and the same time. Gaspar Secheira Abreu declared that once, when Xavier was preaching in the Japanese dialect, he understood him as speaking in Portuguese; whilst at the same time other foreigners understood him as speaking in their respective tongues.

Four fathers of the Society, who had accompanied him through various parts of India, testify that, entering Japan with little or no knowledge of the language spoken there, he preached nevertheless without an interpreter,—his discourses being a compound of Portuguese, Latin, Spanish, Indian, or just what words happened to cross his mind;

and yet he was as well understood by his audience as if he addressed each one in the language of his own country: that the same occurred in the isle of Moro, and at the coast of the Fishery; whilst at the Moluccas he spoke that barbarous idiom as fluently as he did Portuguese.

In the kingdom of Travancor, this miracle was so notorious, and produced such wonderful effects, that could he have remained there a short time longer (the reader will remember he was called away by the distress of the Paravans) there is no doubt the whole kingdom would have been brought over to the faith.

The auditors of the Rota sensibly remark that certainly these innumerable conversions would not have resulted had the circumstance itself been doubtful; whereas, the truth of it being so clear, and the miracle so stupendous, the people entertained not a doubt of it, and therefore were convinced that the doctrines he promulgated could not be otherwise than true. Much more to the same purpose was adduced by the said auditors, who, after referring to the gift of tongues imparted to the immediate disciples of our Lord twelve days after his ascension into heaven, thus conclude:—"Since, then, the gift of tongues was conceded to the apostles and to the preachers of the gospel, in order to be used to the advantage of those destined to be converted by them, so does the second favor, namely, that of being understood in many languages, one only being spoken, seem equally necessary, in order to benefit many at one and the same time; for if only one individual understood the preacher, he

being unintelligible to all the rest, *they* would thus be left in ignorance. Now, as Almighty God had sent this his servant for the salvation of the East, as he endowed him with the other virtues of the apostolate, so did he, no doubt, render him similar to the apostles in this respect as in all the rest."

But to return to Cangoxima. After studying for forty days, as we have already stated, and having prepared an instruction in Japanese, containing an exposition of the principal mysteries of religion, he thought it was now time to go forth to preach. His natural affability, and his many conspicuous virtues, had already secured him the respect of many of the people: he had even succeeded in gaining the good will of some of the bonzes. The chief of them in point of authority, learning, and rank conceived a strong affection for our saint: he was eighty years of age, their first theologian, and deemed so wise that his sayings were accepted as oracles: they had given him a title far better suited to Almighty God Himself, namely, that of *Ninsit*, a word, according to our vocabulary, implying *The heart of truth*. Happy had it been for him, as Xavier well remarks, could the term in any way have been applicable to him: far removed from truth indeed he was, for he doubted even the immortality of the soul,—sometimes inclined to affirm and at others to deny it. Much did the saint wish that he who was called (so undeservedly) the *heart of truth* had at least been blessed with the ears of truth, and thus have been able to understand the teaching of the truth; but, notwithstanding Xavier's zealous endeavors, the utmost that the aged bonze would admit was

that his opponent was wonderfully well versed in the affairs of nature, and could discourse on them more ably than any other man. The intimacy, however, was of great service to the saint; for as this *Ninsit* held supreme authority in religious matters at Cangoxima, his extraordinary regard for and frequent intercourse with Xavier secured him the civility and respect of the inferior bonzes, who frequently visited him, several of them together, listening to him with admiration and surprise, acknowledging that the motive which had induced him to travel from the farther extremities of the globe merely to teach them the truth must have proceeded from God alone, it was so completely an unheard-of thing; and that the truths he came to teach must be great, since he exposed himself to such great risks in order to their promulgation.

As the Japanese are excessively susceptible on points of etiquette, the saint deemed it prudent first to pay a visit to the king and ask his permission to preach the gospel and for his subjects to be at liberty to embrace it. He chose for this purpose the festival of the glorious St. Michael, whom he fervently entreated to exert his power anew; and as he had before expelled Lucifer from heaven, so he would now again drive him from the empire of Japan, which had so long been under his dominion, and would consign him anew to the chains and flames of his own fearful territories.

Xavier, providing himself with such offerings as his poverty admitted, craved an audience of the king, to whom he was already known by reputation. Paul of the holy faith had fully informed

him who and what he was, had expatiated on his sanctity and learning, on the respect and affection shown him by the Portuguese, and on the veneration in which he was held throughout many of the kingdoms of India.

He was received with extraordinary demonstrations of benevolence, and was much gratified by the courtesy of the prince. Xavier seems to have formed great hopes, or at least to have found good ground for argument, when he discovered a white cross in the armorial bearings of the reigning house. He inferred therefrom that the cross had anciently been honored, and that the faith had once flourished, in Japan. Now, if he could possibly have *proved* this, it would have given immense weight to his teaching; the natives would have embraced it with little difficulty, if once convinced that, so far from being a novelty, it had really been the religion of their ancestors and was more ancient than the traditions of their national *camis*. But, notwithstanding all his diligent researches, he could find no record whereon to hang even a probable conjecture that Christianity had ever been known in Japan.

The king evinced great interest in all he heard from the holy man, whom he recommended to take great care of the books and writings containing the secrets of the Christian religion; because if it were the true religion, as he believed it was, the devils would, no doubt, raise a disturbance against it, and try to destroy every thing connected with it. And in this he spoke like a wise man,—though, unfortunately, he would not turn

his wisdom to good account, as far as he himself was concerned at least.

After consulting his own interests as to what he might gain by acceding to or refusing the request of Xavier, he sent an officer belonging to his court to inform him that he had his full consent to proclaim his religion; and at the same time he published an edict throughout his states, authorizing any of his subjects, who wished it, to become Christians.

He was induced to make this concession, not from regard to the salvation of his people, but from a hope of securing the commerce of Portugal; because, as Xavier was so much beloved by the Portuguese, if he remained at Cangoxima, and was favored there, the king imagined that for his sake the Portuguese merchant-ships would frequent his ports, and that he should thus insure their traffic, to the prejudice of the other ports of Japan.

He moreover advised the saint not to go to Meaco, as he was intending, because the season for that journey was now past, but to remain where he was, and preach to the people as much as he pleased, and that later, when peace should be restored between himself and a neighboring sovereign, he would forward him in one of his own ships.

Thus favored by the king, Xavier made his appearance in public, and soon found himself followed by crowds, attracted by that innate curiosity so peculiar to the Japanese, especially where any novelty connected with a future state is in question. As they listened to his wonderful relations

of the resurrection of the dead, the general judgment, the eternal punishments of hell, and the eternal beatitude of heaven, they became most eager to learn more minute details and to propose their doubts to him on the various points he touched upon. They consequently began to assemble, somewhat in the style of an academy, meeting all together at the house where the saint lodged. Many animated discussions took place; for never before had they heard of an independent, infinite, self-existing Being, the first and universal cause of all things. The prevailing opinion of Japan had been that the world itself had always existed; still less had they any idea of a governing Providence, ruling nature and directing it to an end so far superior to nature. As for other mysteries still more profound, such as of the Trinity, of the divinity, incarnation, and death of our Divine Lord, of the spiritual nature of the soul, of heavenly beatitude after death, and other similar things, they seemed to overwhelm their minds. And as, when St. Paul preached the same doctrines at Athens, truths which never before had reached the ears of those philosophizing animals, they thought him "the proclaimer of new devils," so now did the preaching of Xavier appear in the same light to the people of Cangoxima. Being, as we have already remarked, of penetrating intellect, they would submit every thing to the test of reason: nevertheless, as they really did love truth, they accepted and embraced it when once their reason was convinced.

The first who requested baptism was a native of Cangoxima, a man ill provided of this world's

wealth, but rich in those blessings which accrued to him as being the first-born of the Japanese Church. He received the name of Bernard at the sacred font, and attained to a degree of high perfection. He was followed by several others, particularly by two bonzes, an admirable and striking example, not only on account of their profession, (such persons seldom being converted,) but still more for the generous zeal with which they endeavored to draw others after them. They actually offered to go to Goa, or, if necessary, even to Europe, to be able to satisfy the Japanese, on their return, of the truth of Xavier's statement,—viz., that there were whole kingdoms professing the Christian religion, with the splendor and magnificence he described.

It would be impossible to give an idea of the consolation and the hopes which filled the soul of our saintly preacher as he contemplated these precious beginnings. Unable to testify his gratitude to God as fully as he wished, he wrote to his religious brethren at Goa, and bade them share his joy and help him to render due thanks.

It is inconceivable how he can have borne up against his unwearied toils at this time, heavier now than they had ever been in India: to these may be added his total abstinence from flesh, fish, and wine. His food consisted of vegetables seasoned with a sprinkling of salt; and this was only taken once a day.

Whenever a few minutes of time remained, either by day or night, he spent them in transposing a copious exposition of the Apostles' Creed into Japanese, which he was in hopes of getting printed,

and then, if widely circulated, his pen would preach in places where he himself would be unable to obtain admission.

To supply this nascent Church with efficient workmen, he wrote again from Cangoxima to Goa, warning the fathers there to hold themselves in readiness for the voyage to Japan, as he purposed calling three of them in a very short time. His letter, though consisting of several sheets, is well worth being recorded: we shall therefore make copious extracts from it, because it is full of spiritual secrets, and comprises all the instruction necessary to form missionaries of a truly apostolic stamp,—that is to say, men who should be saints themselves, as well as zealous for the good of others. He warns them not to let themselves be deceived by what, to the inexperienced, may appear real virtues, but which in fact have nothing but the appearance of virtue: therefore, to enrich themselves for great undertakings with nothing more solid than these would be always dangerous and often ruinous. He tells them not to trust to a certain sort of zeal of souls, which makes us fancy we lose our time, when more of it is devoted to the acquiring a spirit of mortification than to exterior works of the ministry. Let them not fancy themselves fit to labor in the midst of infidels just because they sometimes experience a fine flame of zeal in a fit of fervor,—when they count as nothing storms at sea, stratagems of enemies, perils of journeys, sufferings, and prisons. All this seems nothing as long as it is remote and exists only in the zealot's imagination. Fictitious virtue may work wonders against fictitious enemies; but

when we come to realities we find a wide difference between *fancying* danger and *encountering* it. He gave them to understand that if one of them, or even if two together, happened to find themselves in a strange country, knowing little or nothing of the language, surrounded by suspicious eyes, looked upon as savages, refused a shelter, and perhaps in constant risk of death, they would be liable to temptations they had little dreamt of: the empty bubbles of spirituality would be of no service to them here. Let them, therefore, lay in a stock of solid virtues, such as humility, patience, union with God, purity of soul, obedience, and, above all, a perpetual abnegation and renunciation of self; and let them remember that he who has not courage to overcome himself in small things will have still less courage to confront great ones. Let them not reason in this style:—"If God favors and consoles me so much, now that I am attending only to myself, what will he not do for me when I am trying to gain the souls of infidels?" Such persons may convince themselves that they will then meet with as many occasions of losing themselves as of gaining others. . . . If they hoped to do much good in others, they must first be good themselves; and he reminded them that there were some in hell who had put many souls into heaven. What then would it profit them to gain the whole world, if they lost their own souls? He encouraged them, however, not to be desponding, or to lose heart, but, on the contrary, to endeavor earnestly to acquire those virtues, without which it would be vain to hope for a happy issue to the good begun; and, for this purpose, let them study to know

themselves; and then, far from presuming on themselves, they will place all their confidence in God, who replenishes with himself and with his gifts those whom he finds empty of self-esteem and self love; and this, because he will not allow that which is the work of his mercy and omnipotence to be attributed to any other cause than to himself.

Such is the summary of the saint's letter of advice to the fathers of Goa; and he desired that copies of it should be taken and sent to all the other fathers who were dispersed about in the different kingdoms of the Indies. It would seem surprising that he who wrote such pressing letters to the King of Portugal, to St. Ignatius at Rome, to Father Rodriguez at Lisbon, and to other parts of Europe, so earnestly entreating them to send more missionaries, where souls were actually perishing from sheer want of them, should nevertheless proceed so cautiously in summoning his own subjects from Goa, and should make them employ so much time upon their own perfection. As I say, at first sight this may appear strange, but not to those who understand true spirituality, and who know how deep a fund of virtue is required in men called to so arduous an apostolate as that of the Indian missions. He was the superior of the Society in the East, and, as such, gave a sketch of what those workmen ought to be who intended to labor there; and no one understood what was due to their vocation better than himself,—viz., that, though it was their duty to do much for the salvation of others, they were bound to do quite as much for their own perfection. Besides, with

respect to laboring for the benefit of one's neighbor, it is certain that God, in whose hands men are but instruments, concurs to the general good all the more largely, in proportion as he finds the said men more closely united to himself by sanctity of life and by the virtues adapted to so exalted a ministry. And hence it is that the holy self-hatred which we find in good evangelical laborers, their perfect obedience, and other virtues, turn to the advantage of those for whom they labor.

In the mean time, religion was rising in public estimation and in numbers far beyond the purpose of the devil and the bonzes. The latter began to open their eyes to their own interests, perceiving that, if the new religion took root in Japan, their idols and mysteries would be treated as fables, and themselves be deprived of the contributions which maintained and enriched them. They entered into a conspiracy to arrest his further progress, and strove to rival each other in their invectives against Christianity,—preaching against it, and threatening the people with the vengeance of the gods, urging them to rise in tumult to expel the fathers from the place and drive them back to the Indies from whence they came. The bonzes, however, did not succeed exactly as they expected; for to men so naturally keen as the Japanese the virtue and the truth which shone forth both in the conduct and teaching of Xavier and his associates prevailed over the calumnies and passionate abuse of their opponents. There were not wanting those who openly reproved them, and who inquired how it was that they, so powerful in numbers, influence, and learning, could not convict two or three

poor foreigners of deceit and fraud, if they really were the impostors the bonzes pretended. Why did they shun disputation with men who were ready to meet them whenever they pleased? why did they not rather defy them? why not convince them by argument, instead of having recourse to violence?

Not unfrequently, when the saint was preaching to crowds in some public place, a bonze more insolent than the rest would interrupt him, and admonish the people not to listen to that European, who was not a man, though he bore the semblance of one: on the contrary, he was a devil in human form. Hereupon the assembly would cry out, "Whatever he may be, man or devil, matters not to us: let him but teach us the truth, and we will accept and embrace it, come whence it may."

To illustrate the virtue of his servant, and to confound the malice of the bonzes, Almighty God was pleased again to work many miracles by his means, to the astonishment and admiration of the Japanese. One of the most remarkable was that of rendering the sea rich and prolific at a period of great scarcity; and, as fish forms a principal part of the sustenance of these people, the want of it had reduced them to very great distress. The saint happened to fall in with some fishermen just as they were landing their nets with little or nothing in them, as had been the case for some time past. He was moved to compassion by the sight of their disappointed hopes, and, after recollecting himself in prayer for a moment or two, he blessed the nets and bade them again launch forth into the sea. Trusting to his word, (for they already

looked on him as a wonderful man,) they obeyed, and to their own advantage; for they hauled up such a draught of almost every description of fish, that they were scarcely able to drag their nets to land: moreover, from thenceforward that sea became more abundant than it had ever before been known.

A mother brought and placed before him her little babe, all over inflammation, and swollen to a frightful size, the consequence of some malignant and incurable humor. The disconsolate mother saw that no words of hers were needed. The sight of the poor infant excited his compassion: he raised it up in his arms, looked tenderly upon it, and repeated these words two or three times:— "God bless thee!" This was quite enough: our Lord in heaven confirmed the blessing: the swelling instantly disappeared, and he returned the child to its mother perfectly cured. These or other similar miracles reached the knowledge of a leper who was a gentile, who, despairing of cure by medicinal means, (for every remedy had been unsuccessfully tried,) thought of having recourse to our saint,—God no doubt inspiring the idea, in order to cure both his soul and body. He sent a messenger to beg the holy man would go and heal him: he was engaged at the moment in some public duty, which prevented him from going; but he sent one of his companions in his stead, desiring him to ask the sick man thrice whether he would embrace the law of Christ in the event of his health being restored; and, if he invariably answered affirmatively, he was to make the sign of the cross over him,—when he would be cured;

after which he was to instruct and baptize him. Every thing happened as was desired: the question was thrice proposed, the leper promised, was blessed, and immediately all the scurf and scabs fell off him, and his flesh became as sound and clean as it was before the leprosy attacked him. The miracle was evident; and the man, faithful to his promise, demanded baptism.

More illustrious than all the rest, the following astounding case raised the faith high in the estimation of the natives. A beautiful young damsel died: she was the daughter of an old gentile, one of the richest noblemen of the country. He had loved her as he loved his own life, and her death threw him into a state of frenzied grief, which excited the compassion of all who saw him. Among the many friends who endeavored to console him were two Christians recently converted, who, knowing the wonderful deeds of Father Francis Xavier, advised him to have recourse to him, telling him that he might place full confidence in the prayers of such a man, who, if he only asked it, could restore the young lady to life. The bereaved father felt cheered by the mere hope of such a thing, and, escorted by his two friends, repaired to the saint, and, prostrating himself at his feet, by tears rather than by words besought him to intercede for him with Almighty God, that he would deign to restore his only daughter to life, assuring him that by doing this he would also be giving life to himself, for without her he must die of sheer grief. The saint was deeply affected as he beheld the streaming eyes of the poor man: he withdrew with Brother John Fernandez to pray;

and after a short prayer, turning to him, he said, "Go and assure the father that his daughter lives." When he saw the two retire, he imagined they were gone to prepare themselves to accompany him home to weep over the deceased; but when the young brother returned and said nothing more than that she was alive, he thought himself slighted, and, full of ire and anguish, he turned and went away. When he had nearly reached home, he perceived one of his servants hastening to meet him with a very cheerful countenance, who, screaming out at the distance where he was, bade him hurry home, because his daughter had returned to life, and not only to life, but to perfect health. He was soon convinced of the truth, for on reaching his own door the child herself came forth to greet him. The aged man was so completely overcome by his excessive joy that he all-but died under it: he wept and laughed and embraced her by turns, and at length, when sufficiently recovered, he asked her what had befallen her. She told that, immediately she expired, two horrible executioners seized her and led her to the brink of a deep pit full of fire; that they were on the point of flinging her into the flames, when two strangers, utterly unknown to her, men of venerable aspect, reproached the ruffians, released her from their grasp, and restored her to life and health, though she knew not how. The father well understood who were the two deliverers, and accordingly took her to return due thanks to Xavier. No sooner did she cast her eyes on him and Brother Fernandez, than she turned to her father and exclaimed, "Those are the very two who saved me from the

flames and rescued me from death." Without a moment's hesitation, the father and daughter simultaneously demanded baptism; and they, with all their relatives and domestics, were instructed in the faith and became Christians.

These, and other wonderful works, never before witnessed in Japan, made them look upon our holy apostle as an incomparable man, able to obtain whatever he asked of God,—an opinion which was confirmed by the sudden chastisement of a certain abusive fellow who ventured to insult him. Whether he acted at the instigation of the bonzes, or from his own innate malice, is not stated: at all events, he paid dearly for his insolence. The saint listened to him with imperturbable serenity of soul and countenance, and was on the point of thanking him very humbly, when God revealed to him that he intended to punish him, as a warning and example to others, to teach them to respect his ministers, by the penalty inflicted on one who dared to vilify him. Xavier looked calmly yet compassionately at him, and said, "May God preserve thy mouth!" He had scarcely uttered the words when a terrible cancerous wound filled his whole mouth; putrid matter and worms issued from it; whilst an intolerable stench was perceptible to all. This chastisement seems to have been intended as a warning to the bonzes, and to open their eyes to the truth; but, instead of this, emboldened by their numbers, they became worse than ever. Their present rage was materially increased by the conversion and solemn baptism of a noble matron, soon followed by that of all her family. Since, then, neither their public denuncia-

tions from the pulpit, nor their private threats, could deter him from pursuing his apostolic career, they entered upon another line of action. They engaged a set of miscreants to annoy him night and day: violent noises round about his house, stones hurled at and into it, in a word, whatever could create disturbance, was resorted to, in hopes of driving him away from Cangoxima; but, all their schemes proving ineffectual against his unalterable patience and courage, they resolved to carry their complaints to the king, in the name of all the Japanese divinities. Having matured their plan, they selected a certain number of the most authoritative and influential of their body, who, demanding an audience of the sovereign, told him, in terms more menacing than supplicatory, that they were sent to him by Amida and Shacca, and by the whole choir of the ancient national deities of Japan, to ask him what part of the world he meant to banish them to, seeing that he was ignominiously expelling them from his and their dominions, to give place to a foreign God, who would admit no other to share divine honor with him. They next addressed the king in these bold terms: —"What are you, a laic and a profane man, that you should dare to make yourself the arbiter of religious disputes and the judge of the gods? How dare you exterminate your own gods and admit others? Are all our learned academies blind? and is the piety of the Japanese nation entirely mistaken? Who has authorized you to give us another religion and other gods? What will future ages say of you, if you, the King of Saxuma, become so ungrateful as to drive Amida

and Shacca (who placed you on the throne) from your kingdom, and deprive them of their temples, honor, and worship, which, as the legitimate deities of Japan, have from time immemorial belonged to them? Will the neighboring people tolerate such a step? Will your own subjects allow it? Do you not expect that they will rise up in arms and deprive you of your kingdom, in order to restore the gods whom you are so ignominiously dismissing?" Some writers affirm that the king was indignant at these sharp reproaches of the bonzes, and that he answered them with equal warmth and haughtiness; but, in truth, such was not the case. Xavier himself tells us that he immediately gave up, and alleges as the reason that the king himself never cared about the Christian religion; and when he consented to the saint's preaching it, and to his people adopting it, he only did so in order to secure the commerce and favor of the Portuguese; but, hearing soon afterward that they had given the preference to a port of Firando, whose king was his implacable enemy, he was not unwilling to gratify the ambition and self-interest of the bonzes at the expense of our saint and of the new Christians. He loudly complained to Xavier of having been so ill requited by the Portuguese, for the acquisition of whose friendship he had shown so much favor to the saint. He next published an edict peremptorily forbidding his subjects from forsaking the ancient creed of Japan for the new religion of the European bonze. This blow annihilated the effects of all Xavier's recent labors. The crowds who had before followed him when he preached now for-

sook him, terrified and dismayed by the threats of the king; and he was left as it were alone in his own lodging. A small number, amounting to about a hundred, who were already baptized, proved that they were indeed predestinated by God, and stood firm against every threat, whether of exile or death, offering themselves to the saint for whatever he might require of them; and he, who always looked more to the quality than to the quantity of his converts, led them onward in the knowledge of God and in the exercise of those exalted virtues befitting their vocation. At stated hours they daily assembled around their saintly master, to receive from him new lessons of religion and piety. It was for them that he transposed into the Japanese tongue several parts of Holy Scripture, and certain devout compositions of his own,—particularly the whole narrative of the life of our divine Redeemer, from which he read and explained now one and now another of the mysteries, something in the style of a quiet meditation; wherein the heart was touched by God, and was inflamed with his holy love, whilst tears of sweet devotion bedewed the face.

So firmly rooted were the germs of Christian faith and piety in the souls of these his first-born of the Japanese Church, that many years afterward, though they had been left without further cultivation, the same impressions of virtue which had been stamped by the hand of our holy apostle still remained, not only unobliterated, but even more strongly marked and developed. It is true, the favor and example of Paul of the holy faith contributed much to this desirable effect at first. Xa-

vier, at his departure, committed the care of the little flock to this fervent neophyte,—who no doubt would in process of time have increased its numbers, had not our Lord seen fit to call him to himself in less than six months after the departure of our saint.

Heart-rending were the lamentations of the faithful little troop when Xavier took leave of them, just one year after his arrival among them. Most gratefully did they thank him, and with reason, for having travelled from a distant world, at the risk of his life, to illuminate their darkness with the light of the gospel, and to withdraw them from hell, whither they were hastening, and to place them in the secure path of everlasting salvation.

He and his two companions, Cosmo Torres and John Fernandez, quitted Cangoxima at the beginning of September, 1550; and, as it might appear that the harvest collected here was unequal to the toils of the sowing-season, our Lord was pleased to remunerate him where and when he little expected it. The fame of his virtue and wonderful works spread through the neighboring states, and had reached a certain fortress not far from the road leading to Firando, about eighteen miles from Cangoxima, and the property of one of the chief vassals of the said King of Saxuma.

He arrived there a stranger, yet not unknown; and an amicable contest arose among the inhabitants as to who should have the happiness of lodging him. This rocky fortress is certainly one of the wonders of the world. The natural position of the buildings is as remarkable as the workmanship of them is solid and durable. It is planted

on, or, as we should rather say, it springs from, the summit of a mountain-rock, surrounded by a girdle of steep rocks, and is accessible only by one narrow path; so that it may be called impregnable. The buildings are not composed of stone and mortar: they have been entirely chiselled in the rock itself. A deep, wide ditch receives the walls which enclose the fortress: they are built of very hard stone, and show great boldness of design in the artist. The rest of the arrangements connected with this singular pile of rock-work correspond with its natural site, and with the object for which it is intended,—namely, to serve as a protection to the country it belongs to. There is a royal palace, with all that is requisite or desirable both for use and ornament. This famous castle belonged to a nobleman named Essiandono, and was held in his name at the time our saint visited it. Availing himself of the courtesy of his hosts, he at once began to discourse on the true faith and of eternal salvation. The whole family of the Tono (as the lords of those places are called) assembled to hear him, and so did all the soldiers then in the fortress. So forcible were his reasonings, so clearly did he unfold God's truths, and so great was the influence of his virtues, that in a few days' time many were heard to deplore the spiritual blindness in which they had hitherto lived, and seventeen of them at once requested baptism, to the inconceivable delight of Xavier, who administered the sacrament himself, after duly instructing them; and no doubt every inhabitant of that fortress would have been converted, if Essiandono had but given the example, which at first seemed highly probable: he

was deterred by the recent edict of the king: nevertheless, he gave full license to all his retainers to become Christians if they chose. His wife and eldest son, a child four years of age, were baptized; and he promised that if his sovereign ever revoked his prohibitory edict he would himself embrace the faith.

Among these converts was the major-domo of the Tono, a man mature alike in age and judgment. Xavier appointed him to be master and teacher of this Christian flock, and at his departure gave him in writing the form of baptism, an explanation of the principal mysteries of faith, an abstract of the life of Christ, the seven penitential psalms, the litany of the saints, and a calendar of the fixed and of the movable festivals,—all in the Japanese language. He then selected one of the rooms in the palace to serve as a chapel, desiring that all the Christians (and as many gentiles as they could persuade) should assemble here every Sunday, when the major-domo was to read aloud some portion of the catechism after the ordinary prayers: on Friday they were to sing the seven penitential psalms, and the litanies every day. Having sown these seeds of faith and piety on the rock of Essiandono, he took his departure in the direction of Firando: and truly did the seed fall on a good soil, yielding fruit of heavenly benediction: the zeal and example of the fervent Christian whom he placed over the rest multiplied the number, together with the piety, of the little troop. Thirteen years afterward, when Father Lewis Almeida passed that way, he found more than a hundred Christians, so exact and perfect in the fulfilment

of their spiritual duties that the fortress had more the appearance of a monastery full of religious men than of a garrison of soldiers: it was a beautiful copy, in miniature, of the primitive Church, though without any other instructor than the Holy Ghost, who reigned as master in the hearts of these new disciples of the faith. Their innocence of life, their assiduity in prayer, their mutual union and spirit of precious charity, the use of public penances, which regularly took place in memory of the passion of Jesus Christ and in expiation of their faults, made this little church an object of God's special complacency. The Tono himself, though still a gentile, was foremost in all their public devotions; and the two children born to him since the visit of our saint had also been given to the font. As for the rest, there were five acting as teachers to the others, one of whom was a man of fine mind. From the manuscripts left by Xavier he had drawn materials for composing a work in his native tongue, in which he had beautifully arranged the whole history of man's redemption, beginning with the fall of the rebel angels and of Adam, going through the mysteries of the Incarnation and life of our divine Lord, to the descent of the Holy Ghost,—a work which so pleased Brother Almeida that he took a copy of it for the Christians of Bungo. The fervent author of this little book was once asked what answer he would give his king if he desired him to renounce his faith. To which he resolutely answered, "I would say to him, My lord, if it be your wish to have me, your vassal, loyal to your crown, faithful to your interests, ready to defend you with my life,

rendering due justice unto all, being respectful to my superiors, modest to my equals, compassionate to my inferiors,—then, I say, command me to be a Christian; for his profession, as such, obliges him to virtue. Should I cease to be a Christian, I become at once as disloyal and offensive to God, to you, to every one else, and to myself, as I should be treacherous and malicious."

Having related what the saint effected during his brief sojourn on the rock of Essiandono, we must add the further effects of two little poverty-gifts which at his departure he left,—the one to the Tono's wife, and the other to the aged major-domo, who was to replace him in taking charge of the little flock.

To her he gave a little old purse, containing only the Litanies and a few other prayers, all in his own handwriting. Valueless as such a gift might appear to worldly eyes, the pious matron prized it more than the richest of treasures; for, from the slight experience she had of the holy man's virtue and power, she suspected that for his sake God would impart some special efficacy to things that had belonged to him. Nor was she mistaken; for on applying the said purse to any of the sick, they were always miraculously restored to health. Neither was the favor confined to the small number of Christians there: the pagans shared it equally,—among others, the lord of the fortress, who, when senseless and in the agony of death, was touched with the relic and was immediately cured.

The other present given by Xavier to the worthy old gentlemen before named was his own discipline;

and this was used by the Christians for two very different purposes. The one was, working miracles in behalf of the sick, many of whom benefited in this way,—among others, the wife of the Tono, who, lying at the last gasp, was blessed with this discipline, by making the sign of the cross upon her, when she rose up in full health. The other purpose to which the discipline was applied was penitential. Every Friday these fervent neophytes assembled to use the discipline, till the good old man, finding it begin to wear out, became more sparing of it, and made other disciplines, after using which, he drew forth that of the saint, which passed from hand to hand, no one being allowed to inflict more than three strokes on himself with it, lest it should be quite destroyed.

By these and other similar means, the memory of Father Francis Xavier was perpetuated in the fortress of the rock: his virtues were honored, and his zeal rendered efficacious; so that, absent as he was, he may still be said to have drawn those gentiles to the faith, and to have sustained and increased the grace of baptism in those to whom he had administered it.

No wonder that, years afterward, when another member of the Society called at this place, he should have been instantly surrounded by these good people, who eagerly inquired about their saintly father and whether there was any chance of seeing him again.

On quitting this splendid fortress, our apostle took the path to Firando, sowing the seeds of Christianity through all the villages as he passed; and though, unfortunately, so few records have

been preserved of many of his journeys, especially of this one, we do know that he gathered much fruit in the territory of Canadab, situated about thirteen leagues from Cangoxima. Our information was obtained in the following manner:—

A father of the Society of Jesus, sent to the kingdom of Saxuma, called at Canadab on his way, and found that St. Francis Xavier was still remembered and was affectionately spoken of, although fifty-five years had elapsed since he had instructed and preached to these people, whom he had thoroughly imbued with that spirit so peculiar to the churches which he founded. The father had the satisfaction of finding still living the daughter of the sovereign who ruled when Xavier was there. This aged princess had, in early life, consecrated herself wholly to God, soon after her baptism, conferred by the saint himself.

One of the most respectable inhabitants of the place was a Christian called Michael, who told our traveller that, when his father was near dying, he placed in his hands, as the most valuable part of his inheritance, two rosaries, and a porcelain vase filled with holy water, saying to him at the same time, "This is a gift which I received many years ago from a wonderful and holy man, named Francis, who came from distant regions for the express purpose of teaching us the way of salvation and the knowledge of the true God. I had the good fortune of receiving him in my house; and he made me rich indeed, by way of recompense, for he made me a Christian; and, on bidding me farewell, he bestowed on me this precious treasure which I now consign to thee. Keep it carefully;

for I can tell thee, by experience, that health may be imparted to the sick, who are either touched with these rosaries or who swallow a little of the water." Thus spoke the dying man to his son Michael, who went on relating a vast number of miraculous cures which, as we may say, had passed through his hands, as he applied these revered memorials of a saintly benefactor.

The Jesuit father asked him how he had contrived to preserve this water, and make it suffice for such a number of invalids; for there was still a considerable quantity remaining. Michael answered, with holy simplicity, "Oh, if I had only given a single drop to each of my numerous applicants, it would have been all gone long ago; but, as I drew off from what had been given by the saint, I took care to fill up the vase with common water, which, becoming mingled with the rest, acquired the same miraculous efficacy." Michael moreover informed him that, when Father Francis Xavier went away, he left with the faithful there a picture of the Annunciation, together with an antependium and a canopy for the altar, both composed of beautiful silk. These valuables were kept with the greatest care, until they were seized by the then reigning prince, a pagan. He happened to hear that the Christians were in possession of these things, and asked to see them. Refusal was of course impossible. The barbarian at once claimed them, and sold the picture to some merchants, cutting up the beautiful silks to make dresses for his children. "Heaven knows," continued Michael, "how much my wife and I wept over this desecration, which we would willingly

have prevented at the expense of our own lives. But God and the saint (whose gift they were) took ample vengeance on their spoiler; for in a short time his four children died, one after another, probably in punishment for having thus impiously sold the precious picture. Of the fifth and only remaining child, some say he is gone mad, and others say that he is also dead."

Our worthy Michael also related instances of the saint's protection manifested in his own behalf. Once, when he was reduced to extreme poverty, he went to a neighboring wood to collect a few roots and herbs for food, and he found a piece of gold at the foot of a tree, which there was every reason to believe had been placed there by an angel's hand, for it was unlike and of much finer quality than the gold of the country.

Another time, he was walking at the foot of a volcanic mountain, just at the moment when it discharged an enormous stone, which rolled downward with great velocity in the direction of the poor man, who was left without the least chance of escape, for the path was too narrow to admit of divergence. As he was expecting to be crushed to death, he called aloud on Father Francis, when the stone, or rather the mass of stone, suddenly took another direction, and fell at no great distance from him.

But to return to Xavier himself. From Canadab he hastened to Firando, travelling, as usual, on foot, he and his companions carrying their luggage on their backs: it consisted only of the vestments and other articles requisite for the celebration of holy mass. Great were the inconveniences of

their land-journey, whilst their dangers by pirates at sea were equally great; but all this was sweet to these three fervent, courageous men, to whom even death would have been welcome if by it they could have enlarged the kingdom of Christ on earth,—their animating discourses of God and holy things forming no small alleviation to the laborious fatigue of the road, to the scarcity of food, to the want of shelter, and other trials to which they were perpetually exposed: the very cheerfulness which beamed on their countenances tended to their mutual encouragement.

On their arrival at Firando, they were received by the Portuguese ships stationed there with extraordinary demonstrations of joy and respect, standards flying, drums beating, and discharges of artillery: delighted indeed were the crews to meet, in this remote corner of the world, that Xavier who, go where he would, carried the heart of India with him. With equal marks of distinction and honor, they conducted him to court to see the king, who, hearing so much of him, both from Cangoxima as well as from the Portuguese, was most anxious to see him. He received the holy man with great respect, occasioned partly, no doubt, by seeing him so much reverenced by his European friends. And it was well that such an impression should be made; because a man of his stamp, who had no idea of God or of the influence of Christian virtue, would at first sight have contemned the saint on account of his mean garb and humble deportment. But, whatever may have been the honor shown him, he prized it far less than the consent, obtained as soon as asked, to

preach the faith of Jesus Christ in the kingdom of Firando, together with full liberty for the people to embrace it.

The holy father and his two companions immediately began to traverse the most frequented places, publicly proclaiming the kingdom of Jesus Christ. The whole city was thrown into commotion, crowds eagerly flocking to hear the new doctrines taught by the European bonze. In the mean time, God began to speak by the mouths of his ministers to the hearts of the people; and so successful was the teaching that in twenty days he baptized more persons than he had done in a whole year at Cangoxima. Xavier perceived this to be a soil which would well repay cultivation, and that it was blessed by Heaven: he therefore consigned it to the care of Father Cosmo Torres; and having, by the aid of the Portuguese, raised a small church on the sea-shore, he and Brother John Fernandez started for Meaco toward the end of October, taking road through the states of Amanguki.

Amanguki was one of the richest and most elegant cities of Japan: the kingdom to which it gives name possesses a fine soil, silver-mines, with several other natural advantages; but its inhabitants are superlatively vicious, their sensual excesses being of the most flagrant and revolting description. Without asking permission of King Okshindono, Xavier at once began boldly to announce the kingdom of Christ. Morning and evening he gave an exposition of the principal mysteries of faith; he condemned the enormous sins of the people, and threatened them with the judgments

of God. Attracted by the novelty of the teaching, he was followed by crowds; and at last certain nobles, hearing of him, wished to know something of his doctrines, and accordingly sent to invite him to their houses, promising to embrace Christianity if they could be convinced of its truths. Heedless of his own convenience, he went wherever he was called; but those intellects, blinded by sensuality, could not discern the light of truth even when placed before their very eyes. Most astonishing was the holy liberty with which he reproved those grandees, who were always surrounded by their armed retainers: nevertheless, the saint, humble as he was, looked at them with a stern countenance, and reproached them with an authority more than human. Sometimes they would address Fernandez in terms of insolent familiarity; whereupon Xavier, inflamed with zeal, ordered him to pay them back in their own coin, not in defence of his own honor, but from respect to the divine law which they preached. Fernandez tells us that, when he has been obliged by obedience to speak in this manner to the Japanese nobles, he always did it tremblingly, expecting every moment that some scimitar would smite off both their heads. The saint, however, encouraged his companion to cast aside this natural fear of death and rise superior to all that men could inflict upon him.

Certain it is that his undaunted courage raised him in the veneration of these haughty nobles, not one of whom ventured to insult him even in word. Not so the inferior classes: instigated by the bonzes, the mob would follow him and Fernan-

dez, pelting them with stones and mud and insulting them with every species of abuse. After a time these disturbances reached the knowledge of the king, who ordered Xavier and his companion to appear before him, to give an account of their conduct. A report was soon spread that the foreign bonzes were to be brought to court; and accordingly, on the appointed day, the palace was filled with all the prime nobility of Amanguki. Never had our saintly apostle felt greater joy than now, that he was called upon to speak of the grandeurs of Jesus Christ before so select an audience. The king, seated on his throne, conducted the interrogatory himself, and began by asking what motive had brought him to that remote corner of the world; to which the saint, with a majestic and intrepid aspect, told him that he was the ambassador of the great God, the Creator and Master of the world, who had sent him to Japan to teach his divine law, without the observance of which no one could be saved. "And who is this God? and what is his law?" inquired the monarch. Then the saint, bending his head in lowly reverence, declared that God had made heaven and earth out of nothing,—passing on to the fall of the rebel angels, the disobedience of the first man, the incarnation, life, death, and resurrection of our divine Redeemer, the general judgment at the last day, and other similar things. With energetic zeal, he next addressed himself to the assembled nobles, reproving them as being the worst of all, though so much indebted to the Lord their Creator: nor was he satisfied with this: like another Baptist reproving Herod, he turned to the king himself,

censuring his loathsome vices, so contrary to all the laws of nature. He dwelt upon the scandal he was occasioning his subjects, and on the everlasting perdition to which he would undoubtedly be sentenced by that supreme Lord in whose sight the greatest of earthly monarchs is no more than the veriest worms which crawl beneath his feet. Thus spoke the zealous preacher for more than an hour; and, from the boldness with which he spoke, every one present expected the king would consign him to the hands of the executioner. But no such thing: whether from policy or piety, or what other impulse, is not known, but the barbarian listened to every word he uttered; and at last, without giving any indication of his real feelings, he courteously dismissed the man of God.

The obduracy of this city cost the father much affliction and many tears. Although he remained several weeks here, preaching every day, he gained but few souls. It was evident that, for the time-being, our Lord required nothing more from him than the exercise of patience and charity, reserving the conversion of the people till his return from Meaco. Leaving the grace of God to work upon these hearts, the saint repaired to the grand court of Meaco, accompanied by Fernandez and two Japanese, one named Bernard and the other Matthew, both very fervent, and both baptized by himself.

Meaco, the metropolis of Niphon, is unfavorably situated, far from the sea, in a rather barren soil, surrounded by high mountains, is excessively cold, yet where fuel is expensive. Hence the name of Meaco (which means a *place worth seeing*) has not

been awarded in consequence of any natural amenities or advantages, but solely on account of the number and magnificence of its palaces: it is composed, in fact, of two towns, the one called *upper* and the other *lower* Meaco, the former being twice the size of the latter. In former times the emperor resided here, and tradition affirms that it enclosed three hundred thousand houses within its circumference,—that it extended twenty miles in length, by nine in width. At the time of Xavier's visit the monarchy was already dismembered; and Meaco was so far reduced as not to contain more than a hundred thousand families. Curtailed as were the King of Meaco's territories, he still retained the ancient name of emperor, expressed in their language by the term Daïri. The city was still noble, containing many magnificent temples, academies, monasteries, and palaces: of these latter, the most splendid belonged to the *sasso* or head of the Japanese religion.

Xavier set out on his journey to Meaco in the very worst season of the year, that is to say, about the middle of December, when the rains continue for whole weeks and when the weather is so severe as to be almost intolerable even to the natives. His path lay across wild mountains, swollen torrents, and woody districts, where enormous icicles hang from the trees, to the no small inconvenience of travellers who have to pass beneath them. Our holy apostle, poorly clad and always barefoot, carrying, moreover, the paraphernalia for the altar, pursued his way as best he conld. The stock of provisions for himself and companions was carried by Bernard, and consisted of nothing more than a bag

of roasted rice with a little salt. For beverage, they depended on the springs which fell in their way. The piety of the King Don John of Portugal provided nobly for the saint, assigning him a handsome revenue of above a thousand ducats; but Xavier, like a true apostle, loved evangelical poverty too well to apply so much as a single farthing of this fund to his own benefit: the whole was spent upon his converts, as an affectionate father would do among his children, whose necessities would be more cared for than his own.

We may judge of the sufferings and inconveniences he underwent in this journey from the length of time employed upon it: he is known to have walked the whole day at a pace regulated by the fervor of his charity rather than by the strength of his limbs. At a favorable season a fortnight would suffice for the distance; and yet it occupied him upward of two months. He had to scramble up and down mountains on his hands and knees; and as the road was unknown to himself and his companions, and was moreover covered with snow, he constituted himself their guide, which obliged him frequently to ascend heights in order to explore the surface of the country and calculate the route according as towns and hamlets gleamed in the distance. Frequently had they to cross frozen ponds and rivers; and often did night overtake them, when, bathed in sweat and rain, they had to sleep in the open air, with stones for their couch, and no better restorative than a handful of rice. As for him, he felt the sufferings of his companions far more than his own; for we learn from themselves that, on starting in the morning, he imme-

diately put himself in prayer, when his face became inflamed with the same fire which burned in his heart, and he evidently became insensible to the pain occasioned by the intense cold. With his eyes fixed on the heavens, and his mind fixed on God, he walked upon the thorns and briers which strewed his path, leaving shreds of his poor garments behind him on the bushes, and traces of his bleeding feet upon the road, apparently unconscious of it all.

Oh that God would deign to illuminate my mind to know what on these occasions he disclosed to his servant,—what objects, in those contemplations, could have filled his soul with consolations capable of blunting his bodily sensibilities and of carrying him in spirit so far from the place where he corporally was! At least, if I may hazard a conjecture on so exalted a subject, it would be this: Is it not possible that, permitted by God to raise the veil of futurity, he beheld how many of his brethren, led on by the same spirit and zeal as himself, would pursue the same traces which he was then marking with his blood,—footprints which they, no less than himself, would revive and color with their blood, both in imitation of him and to give example to their followers? Many and many years did they laboriously cast the seed of the gospel in the harsh, unculitvated soil of Japanese heathenism; and, in order to render it more fertile in future times, they watered it copiously with their blood. Their martyrdoms were as heroical as they were unheard-of and cruel, comprising crucifixion, lances, arrows, slow fire, chains, poison, frozen water, boiling water, and last, but not least, the

one called the *pit*, invented expressly for the torture of the Christians.

However, whatever may have been the object which rendered Xavier unconscious of pain for the time-being, I do not mean to say that, because his soul or mind was in a state of beatitude, his body suffered nothing. Far from it: his accumulated suffering and privation reduced him to such a state of debility that on arriving at Sacaï he was obliged to give up, for he was seriously ill: not that he called for medical aid; none was to be had; but he allowed himself a little rest.

Such were the fruits afforded him by land in the course of this journey. Nor was the sea more propitious. He had occasionally to traverse small gulfs, by way of shortening the route; and here he was exposed to pirates, who were everywhere lying in wait to pounce upon and plunder unwary travellers. Twice, when assailed by them, he was wounded by their arrows,—after which, his sailors, pagans though they were, always endeavored to place him under shelter. In addition to these dangers, how much had he not to suffer from storms and other casualties at sea!

As his indefatigable zeal and charity were ever on the alert, he lost no opportunity of preaching through the towns and hamlets as he passed along, when, if he did no more, he recited aloud in Japanese a summary of the Christian faith: nor did this always prove a light task. Father Cosmo Torres tells us that it led to the conversion of many, whom he instructed and baptized; though he often gained nothing more than the exercise of his own zeal and patience. A man so ill equipped, lean and ema-

ciated as a beggar, barefooted, and a foreigner, in a country where all foreigners are considered as savages, was looked upon as little less than a fool or madman when he attempted to speak on such exalted topics as God and divine truths, or when he promised eternal rewards or threatened with eternal torments, or when he reproved their gross, sensual mode of life. On these occasions, children and others would pelt him with stones, and tear his poor rags off his back, crying out, *Deus! Deus!* in mockery of him and his instructions. He always spoke of God under his Latin appellative, in order that the Japanese might never confound the Almighty with the fabulous deities of the country. But the bonzes treated him infinitely worse than the populace, whom they often incited to massacre him; and we know that twice emissaries were lying in wait to stone him to death as he issued through the city gates; but God defeated their schemes by raising such terrific thunder and lightning at the moment that the desperadoes fled in terror, without so much as venturing to touch him.

The most laborious part of this long journey was toward the end of it, as they neared Meaco; and here did our apostolic pilgrim give fresh proof of his incomparable charity. The road hereabouts is remarkably wild, and, from its numerous mountains, is often perplexing to the natives themselves. Besides this, it abounds with soldiers and ruffians of every description: hence travellers were often obliged to swerve from the direct road, selecting by-paths for safety: for the same reason, he engaged himself as groom to some Japanese merchants

travelling on business to Meaco. In addition to his own baggage, he had to carry a portmanteau belonging to one of them; and, on reaching the inns, he had to lead their horses to the stable and attend to them. Moreover, he had to follow them on foot, running at the top of his speed, for they generally were on the gallop for fear of meeting with robbers. The reader will guess what he must have gone through at this time. So far did the zeal of souls carry this nuncio, (so truly an apostolic nuncio!) and such is the example which he bequeathed to his successors!

"Such, then, my dear fathers and my dear brothers," writes Father Cosmo Torres, "such are the fervors and such the mortifications, so different in prospective from stern reality. Let those who think of coming to Japan ponder them attentively, and, as they dwell upon the painful beginnings of this arduous mission, let them purpose to imitate the example now given them. But, in truth, whatever they may do will be as nothing in comparison with what our leader, Father Francis, has done and undergone. Were I to attempt to describe the vituperation, insults, hunger, and cold endured by him and his companions, I should never come to an end."

As we have already remarked, Almighty God seems to have required no more of Xavier than that he should open the path of the gospel, and go and take possession of the territory, in the name of Jesus Christ and of the Church; leaving his successors to reap the fruit of his labors, *he* only reaping the merit of his zeal. He found Meaco in a state of revolt, and the king at war with some

of his neighbors; so that small chance of progress had the gospel just at present. He was not even able to gain an interview either with the daïri or with the sasso, to procure their authorization to preach the law of Christ without hinderance from the bonzes. We know not whether it was the usual form of those tribunals, or whether it was merely the avarice of some of the functionaries, hoping to extort money from the Portuguese: at all events, they demanded upward of six hundred ducats for such audiences, which of course Xavier could not give. He had nothing but himself and the treasures of eternal salvation, which they cared little or nothing for. Seeing, then, how little he had to hope, he set out toward the end of February, 1551, to return again through the same dangers, sufferings, and inconveniences as we have so recently narrated. God was preparing for him at Amanguki the recompense of his toilsome wanderings, to which place he returned about four months after he had quitted it. He was advised to endeavor to introduce the faith by the only means likely to succeed,—viz., by securing the favor of the sovereign. For this purpose he made him a present of a table-clock, a harpsichord, and other curiosities, which had been given to Xavier by his friends the Governor of the Indies and the commandant of Malacca, under the impression that they might be serviceable in procuring the civility, at least, of some of the Japanese princes, to whom such things were novelties. The presents were highly pleasing to the king, who sent him in return a large amount of gold and silver; but Xavier would accept none of it, saying, in answer,

that he had not been attracted thither by any worldly temptations and advantages, but solely by the desire of enriching the king and his subjects with a good which has not its equal on earth; and that for the attainment of his object he hoped soon to cast himself at the feet of his majesty in person to ask it.

On the following day he went to court and presented the letters he had brought from the Bishop of Goa and from the Governor of the Indies, both of whom wrote in commendation of the faith of Jesus Christ as preached by Xavier. The saint took this opportunity of asking the king's consent to the teaching of this faith throughout his dominions. This was courteously granted, and he immediately caused written tablets to be affixed to all the most important edifices of the city, conveying the royal permission for all his subjects and vassals to embrace the new religion taught by the European bonzes. As they were strangers and voluntarily poor, they had no house or place to open schools: he therefore assigned them a monastery which had formerly belonged to the bonzes, but which was then uninhabited.

Thus secure of royal protection, the saint and Fernandez sallied forth twice a day to the most frequented parts of the city, preaching the faith of Jesus Christ; and Xavier, who, according to new need, received anew the gift of tongues, preached in the morning to the Chinese in their own language, and in the evening to the Japanese in theirs. The bonzes were boiling with rage, yet did not dare to vent it. Innumerable crowds of all ranks flocked to hear him, and the wisdom

and the spirit of God which spoke in him so penetrated their hearts, that, whereas on a former occasion they slighted and ridiculed his words, now, on the contrary, they listened to him and honored him. The nobility and the *literati* began to assemble together on purpose to discuss religion with him, and in such numbers that he tells us the house was not large enough to contain them. No sooner did one set leave him than another came in. But it will be better to hear what he himself says in one of his letters to St. Ignatius, where, detailing the qualifications required in those members of the Society who were to be sent from Europe for the missions of Japan, he exactly describes himself (though without intending it) and what he had experienced during the two years he had then been laboring there:—

"In the first place, they must be men of such unimpeachable morals that the Japanese, who are easily scandalized when the conduct of their teachers is in question, and who are most curious in investigating it, may not find the slightest subject of reproach in them; nor ought they to be less eminent in learning than they are in virtue. For the Japanese are accustomed to tell us that they likewise have their theologians, vast in number and in knowledge: therefore we must not hope to convince them otherwise than by the use of the most powerful arguments. In the third place, let them come prepared to suffer incessant privations and poverty, subsisting on vegetables, roots, and water, and of these in small quantities; to endure intense cold; to be poorly clad, to be without shelter, and with few or no conveniences

for sleep. Besides all this, they must be of good courage to live in the midst of dangers, with death always before their face, and death, perhaps, of the most terrible description; for, as we are obliged to expose the frauds and malpractices of the bonzes, they, unable to defend themselves by argument, strive to avenge themselves by injuring us. . . . I am writing to Father Simon, or, in case of his absence, to the rector of the College of Coimbra, admonishing him not to send over to our university here any but men who are well known to and approved by your holy charity; for they will have to go through much more than they can as yet imagine: they will be disturbed by visitors and annoyed with questions at all hours of the day and night; they will be called to the houses of people of rank, whom it would be imprudent to refuse. They will scarcely have time to pray, meditate, recite the *Divine Office*, or make a little recollection; they may be unable to say mass; still less will they find time for meals and sleep. The Japanese are vastly importunate, especially with foreigners, whom they are apt to look upon as mere savages, and make game of them accordingly. Imagine, then, what they become when we decry their sects and condemn their flagrant vices, &c."

But this importunity of the sapient Japanese just suited Xavier's purpose; for, generally speaking, in proportion as they are inquisitive, so are they eager to embrace the truth when once they are convinced of it. There were at least nine different sects in Amanguki, quite contradictory one to another, yet each having a good number

of partisans: hence there were perpetual disputes among them; but no sooner did the saint make his appearance there than they at once combined together, and, laying aside their respective points of litigation, they simultaneously conspired against him, whom they all equally dreaded and abhorred.

It was here that the stupendous miracle took place, namely, of making one answer satisfy many and varied questions. As he was often surrounded by many, who hoped to puzzle him by their incessant and contradictory questions,—such as the essence of the Deity, the creation of the world, the secrets of nature, the malice of the devils, the immortality of the soul, the eternity of rewards and punishments; others, again, were questions of mere curiosity, as to the motion of the heavenly bodies, the cause of eclipses, thunder, lightning, the rainbow, and other equally dissimilar subjects,—he with one and the same answer solved these multifarious doubts, God so transforming the words, either in his mouth or in the ears of his auditors, that each one seemed to hear the answer required by his own special question. This wonderful faculty or gift was observed several times by their learned men and by the bonzes, who were astounded at the prodigy; and they accordingly planned new and more perplexing questions, as opposite to one another as heaven and earth. We are not told that on this occasion, as on the former, they admitted that one answer had settled all their questions; but it was easy to infer that such had been the case, from their looks of astonishment and from the interchange of signs among themselves. When they were obliged to notice this

singular faculty of replying to many different questions with one single answer, they were still perverse enough to deny that there was any thing preternatural about it,—persisting that it was merely the effect of his great learning, in which they said he surpassed not only many of themselves, but likewise his own companions: hence, when later he went to Bungo and left Father Torres in his stead at Amanguki, the bonzes resumed their audacity, (somewhat damped in presence of the saint,) saying that they could dispute with him, because he was less learned than Father Francis, and could not with one answer solve many contradictory doubts.

Besides these miracles, Xavier wrought many others in this place, as we gather from the *Processes.* Matthew and Bernard, the two Japanese already named, declared that they had seen him cure many sick by merely making the sign of the cross over them, or by sprinkling them with holy water: they particularly mention a deaf man to whom he restored hearing, a mute to whom he imparted speech, and another, deaf, dumb, and paralyzed, whom he perfectly cured of all. Father Anthony Quadros wrote these details four years after they occurred, and in the same letter adds, "He is looked upon as the greatest man of Europe; that the other fathers of the Society are inferior to him, because they can only convince one gentile at a time, whereas, if ten or a dozen persons propose questions to Father Francis, he answers them all at once,—to which I remarked that this was probably owing to all the questions bearing upon one subject; but they told me *no,*

quite the contrary; and they added that this, instead of being an isolated case, was a thing of frequent occurrence."

Now, thanks to the force of truth, seconded by the miracles and the saintly life of our apostle, conversions became so numerous that in less than two months he baptized five hundred, many of the converts belonging to the noble and literary classes, who, as they only yielded by degrees and from conviction, when once converted, were able to become teachers in their turn. The holy man himself says that nothing else was spoken of at Amanguki, either in public or private assemblies, but the religion of Jesus Christ, and that those who were the most violent in opposing it, and the last to embrace it, afterward showed themselves the most courageous in defending it and the most exemplary in observing it: they attached themselves so sincerely to their beloved father that they could not bear to lose sight of him, always finding motives for staying with him, under the plea of requiring further information on one or other of the mysteries of religion.

It would be impossible to describe his joy at this period of his laborious career: we may form a slight idea of it from the following extract from a letter which he afterward wrote from Cochin to his friends in Europe:—"I have recently returned here from Japan, tolerably well in health, but deplorably weak in virtue and piety. All my present wishes are centred in the wearisome voyage to China, for the accomplishment of which I trust to the goodness of God and the infinite merits of Jesus Christ. For although I am already

wan and gray-headed, I feel, nevertheless, as strong and vigorous as ever,—thanks to the inconceivable delight and consolation experienced in instructing well-disposed minds. Never in my life have I realized more of this than recently at Amanguki, when, with full consent of the king, vast multitudes of people flocked to hear us: I saw the pride of the bonzes humbled, and their haughtiness subdued, whilst at the same time the most cruel enemies of the name of Christ submitted themselves in obedience to him; I saw the flash of triumph with which the new Christians disputed with and overcame the bonzes, the eagerness with which they first strove to convince the heathens and then led them to baptism, and the grateful exultation with which they afterward related the means they had employed, and the success attending their battles, together with the after-detestation of their former superstitions. As I witnessed these things, my heart was so filled with consolation that I lost all feeling of my own trials and sufferings. Oh, would to God that now, as I recall and recount the happiness conferred on me by the divine beneficence, in the midst of all my labors,—would that I could give you an idea of it!—that I could only send a sample of it to the colleges of Europe! I am certain that those young students would come over in vast numbers, to expend their talents and their strength to the benefit of these heathens, if they could but once taste the sweetness of the heavenly delights experienced in the task of teaching and converting them."

Great as were the causes of his delight, the man

of God still found abundant subject of regret and tears, not only over the King of Amanguki himself, who, highly as he respected the Christian religion, still remained wedded to his blind idolatry and to the degrading excesses of his brutal passions, but likewise over the first lord of the court, a man named Neantondono, who was, as we may say, the king's right hand. A spark of heavenly light fell upon his soul, and, had it kindled into flame, the little church of Amanguki would have found an apostle in him: he and his wife venerated Xavier as a saint and as a father; for his sake they succored the Christians and protected the faith; but, having built and endowed several monasteries of bonzes out of their own revenues, it behooved them, as they foolishly said, to reap the benefit thereof: hence, not to lose that which they *had not*, they did not gain that which they might have had, and thus they incurred a twofold loss,—their worldly wealth and eternal blessings.

Heaven likewise blessed the toils of the saint's two companions with wonderful success, especially Brother John Fernandez, who, in recompense of an illustrious victory over self, gained the most glorious triumph that a minister of the gospel could desire, namely, the conversion of many infidels.

As he was one day preaching very zealously in one of the most frequented places of the city, he was surrounded by a vast crowd, on whom his words seemed not to make the slightest impression: he persisted, however, in his discourse, during which a miserable scamp approached as if to whisper something in his ear; but, instead of

this, he discharged in his face a whole mouthful of phlegm and filth which he had ready for the purpose, and then withdrew, as if he had achieved some fine exploit, looking back at every step or two and grinning, evidently well pleased with himself at least. The bystanders were variously affected: some laughed, others were indignant at such an outrage; but all fixed their eyes on the good brother, to see how he would take so shameful an affront. Without so much as turning his head to look after the vile miscreant, without so much as changing color, or pausing in his address, he calmly drew forth his pocket-handkerchief, wiped off the mass of filth, and went on as if nothing unpleasant had occurred. At this sight, a death-like silence pervaded the whole assembly; the contempt of the most dissolute was turned into admiration. Such equanimity of mind, such mastery over self, which is so much prized in Japan, made a profound impression; and to the spectators Fernandez at once became a man of noble and magnanimous heart; and, what is yet more, this beautiful instance of forbearance led to the conversion of one of the most learned men of Amanguki, hitherto the most implacable enemy of the Christian religion. Almighty God had led him there, and made him the witness of this scene, that by him He might suitably repay the patience of the good brother. Being a man of discernment, (or, as we should rather say, God inwardly enlightening his mind,) he began to reason according to the dictates of true wisdom: thus, "That religion must surely be divine which imparts strength to its followers to practise virtue in cases where unaided

nature would be unable to do so." At the same moment his eyes were opened to see that which his previous blindness had shrouded from his view; namely, that men so famous as these, who had come from the other extremity of the globe, through untold dangers both of sea and land, had certainly not been drawn to Japan by the love of worldly wealth nor of worldly honors, since they lived in such contempt of these things as actually to refuse all the gold and silver offered by the king. Nothing, therefore, but the love of their God could have brought them there, seconded by an insatiable desire of making him known to and adored by a people so wholly dissimilar to themselves in habit and in religion. Then, again, in the midst of their extreme yet voluntary poverty, they were ever happy and content in the hope of enjoying eternally that bliss which Christianity promises her followers. And could Almighty God allow men of such enlightened intellect and such holy life to be deceived? Or could it be supposed that he would bring such men from such a distance merely to publish falsehood and fables to the Japanese? On the other hand, he well knew the vices of the bonzes, and how completely their conduct was opposed to the dictates of right reason, how contradictory one sect was to another, and how each one at will might preach his own fancies as truths. These and other such thoughts rushed through the mind of our philosopher immediately he witnessed the heroic patience of Brother Fernandez. Nor was he more prompt in seizing the light of truth than he was in following it. When the brother had finished his discourse, and was moving onward,

the other followed him, confessing himself doubly vanquished, by the force of his reasons and by the example of his virtue: he solicited baptism, and received it from the hand of Xavier, to his incomparable delight, and to the great joy of the Christians; for they knew that the acquisition of this one—a man of such influence and authority—would lead to the conversion of many others. As was expected, his example served as a stimulus to others of his class: many of high rank, learning, and worth received the same grace from God; and, as they did not yield till they were fully convinced, they were fit to be masters almost as soon as they became scholars. It seemed as if they could never sufficiently thank Almighty God and their good father,—continually repairing to the latter for advice, and exerting themselves so zealously for the conversion of their compatriots that each one of them seemed transformed into an apostle. Well informed as they were of the false doctrines of the bonzes, they went on exposing them to the holy man, who confuted them in public and private meetings, revealing their impositions and frauds, which, thanks to the credulity of the people, secured for them an ample maintenance. The very children began to defy the bonzes, and, instructed by Xavier, could confute their errors, so that at last the poor creatures could hardly say a word in self-defence. Nor was this the least of their misfortunes: as the idols were forsaken, so did the alms, whereby they had hitherto subsisted, fail. This, together with the discredit to which bonzeism was reduced, compelled many of them to cast aside their habit, and devote

themselves, some to the court, some to the army, and some to other professions; so that of the hundred monasteries once counted in Amanguki, many of them lost half their members, whilst some of them were utterly abandoned. Their interests were terribly damaged by the conversion of a most renowned gentile, who had recently graduated in one of the most famous academies of Japan. This man was looked upon as a prodigy of wisdom and learning, and hence each sect of the bonzes was eager to win him over to its party; but, ere his choice was fixed upon any one of them, he had several interviews with Xavier, who clearly convinced him that he would find no solid truth but in the school of Jesus Christ. In utter detestation of all that he had hitherto learned from the books of Shacca, he demanded baptism. The whole city was in commotion at this astounding piece of intelligence: it seemed to every one impossible that a religion could be false which was adopted by so sublime an intellect and after so mature an investigation: the consequence was, converts went on increasing at Amanguki till their number reached three thousand,—an astonishing fact, when we consider the genius of the Japanese; for, unlike the Indians, who came over to the faith whole villages together, the former must be reasoned with and gained singly, like a piece of statuary, which is formed by separate blows of the hammer.

In the mean time, the miserable bonzes remaining in the monasteries were driven to fury both by penury and shame: they sallied forth publicly to threaten wars, pestilence, earthquakes, and all imaginable calamities. "Who would ever have

believed," exclaimed they, "that the Japanese would have been so foolish as to reject their ancient creed, to take up a new one, one wholly unknown by the very learned Chinese, brought hither by a hypocritical foreigner, a beggar, an ignoramus,—a man, in fine, who is come to Japan for no other purpose than to betray it to the Portuguese? They saw clearly what sort of religion it was that he proposed to them,—a religion exacting what was entirely beyond the strength of nature,—a religion which, if not observed, condemned its followers to everlasting torments, without the slightest hope of mercy. What an inhuman God must not this God of the Christians be! how different from their Amida and their Shacca, who are satisfied with a much milder law! besides, supposing their transgressors to be plunged to the very bottom of hell, the bonzes knew how to release them and appease the gods." In this absurd strain did they hold forth: moreover, they circulated letters through several provinces, endeavoring to vilify the saint and to excite the people to rise against him. They also attempted to rouse the king, and to induce him to withdraw the indults he had conceded to the Christians; but he would not venture openly to go quite so far, but he covertly did what was as bad: he began to harass and ill use the new Christians, especially the most influential of them, in every possible way; and, under one pretext or other, he contrived to confiscate nearly all their property. But all his violence was unable to shake these generous hearts: their chief regret arose from not being yet found worthy to sacrifice their lives, as well as their fortunes, in

so good a cause. And truly it is no small triumph to the Church of Japan that our holy apostle himself should have declared that there was not one of those Christians who would not have been chopped in pieces rather than have renounced his faith.

Our holy apostle now deemed it necessary to return to India, in order to regulate the affairs of the Society, provide additional laborers for the missions of Japan, and then to proceed himself to China; for it was unanimously agreed that, if China were once subjected to the yoke of Christ, Japan, which essentially follows it in matters of religion, would soon be so too.

Just at this time he received the gratifying intelligence that a Portuguese ship had reached the states of Bungo. However, as the information seemed doubtful to the people of Amanguki, he resolved on sending Matthew to ascertain the truth: he accordingly gave him letters, dated 1st of September, addressed to the captain and merchants of the ship, (in case a ship should be there,) requesting them to inform him who they were, whence they came, and whether they were likely to sail soon to China, because, if so, as he was anxious to return to the Indies, he would, on hearing from them, join them at once; and, in conclusion, he entreated them to steal a little time from mercantile affairs and devote it to the examination of their conscience,—"a merchandise," writes he, "more certain and more important than all your Chinese silks, even if your traffic in them should double your capital."

The Portuguese vessel was lying in the port of

Figen, a league distant from Funaï, the metropolis of Bungo. The messenger bearing letters from Father Francis was received with universal acclamation, and was loaded with presents: the letters were read in public, and such of the ship's company as were engaged at Funaï were informed of their arrival. They, who in the course of conversation had often spoken of Father Francis to the King of Bungo, knowing how gratifying the intelligence would be, announced the holy man's intended arrival in his dominions. The good king, whom Almighty God was disposing for the grace of conversion, was highly delighted, and, as a mark of respect and affection, declared his intention of writing to the father himself. With the king's letter was sent one from the captain of the ship and from six or seven of the most influential of the merchants, who wrote to him from devotion and respect, each one giving what news he could of India and Malacca. As for their ship and themselves, there were thirty Portuguese, with Captain Odoard Gama at their head: within the space of a month they were intending to sail for China, having left three ships already laden in one of the Chinese ports; that they should all start for the Indies in the following January; that his great friend Diego Pereira was among them; that they hoped he would join them without delay; that they were awaiting him with open arms, to welcome him not so much to their ship as to their hearts, &c.

Matthew returned to Amanguki in five days; and, amidst the joy of the little party, he remitted the letters to the saint, and informed him of the

eagerness with which the Portuguese and the King of Bungo were awaiting his arrival.

Having commended his new Christians to God, and having given excellent directions and advice to them, and to Torres and Fernandez, whom he left with them, he gave them a last embrace, and bade them farewell amid floods of tears, (on his side as well as theirs,) and then set out on his journey, toward the middle of September, 1551. The distance from Amanguki to Figen was eight hundred miles on land, besides a short passage on sea. As usual, he travelled on foot, laden with his altar-furniture. The consolations experienced in this journey were equal to its trials; and, having for his companions, in addition to Bernard and Matthew, two noble Japanese youths, exceedingly beloved by the saint, the barbarous King of Amanguki had, in punishment of their baptism, confiscated their property, of which each had inherited a revenue of three thousand ducats. Despoiled as they were of their wealth, and almost half naked, they were as cheerful in their poverty as if they were enjoying all the comforts of the world; and how could it be otherwise, sustained and encouraged as they were by their saintly father, by the rich treasures of Christ's grace, and by the hope of an everlasting reward? There was also another most fervent Christian, a native of Figen, surnamed Lawrence the *Purblind*, in consequence of his defective sight: he was at this time about twenty-five years old, and of a virtue far superior to that of a mere novice in the faith.

For the details I have to relate, from this date to that of the saint's arrival in India, I am in-

debted to one of the Portuguese, who was the eye-witness of all he relates, and who was a man of superior mind, a worthy merchant, and wrote with a pleasant pen. His testimony, confirmed by many others, was received and approved in the *Processes*, from whence I have faithfully transcribed it.

Travelling with these beloved companions, Xavier bore up nobly against his bodily sufferings till they reached Pinlashaw, a village not more than two leagues distant from Figen. Here his feet were found to be so terribly sore and swollen, his strength so completely exhausted,—to which may be added a violent headache,—that he absolutely could proceed no farther. In the mean time, Matthew Bernard and Lawrence went forward to announce his condition and his arrival to the Portuguese; whereupon Gama immediately despatched a messenger to recall those who were at Funaï, and the ship was decked out in all her gayest trappings. They put on their richest attire, and then, forming a splendid equestrian procession, sallied forth to Pinlashaw. But the saint, who suspected what was planning, and who knew that the remaining difficulties of the journey would be less painful to his weakness than the expected and dreaded honors would be to his humility, again resumed his march. The two parties met when he had proceeded about a quarter of a league: he, laden with his customary cargo, walked between the two Amangukian gentlemen. The Portuguese were deeply affected at the sight of him in so pitiful a plight. They immediately dismounted and greeted him with all the honor due to such a man. But, before they

could proceed, a friendly contest arose between the humility of the saint and the piety of the cavaliers: both gained, and both lost,—they insisting on his completing the journey mounted, to which, in spite of all their entreaties, he would on no account consent, whilst they, on their side, refused to ride so long as he walked. Much as he urged them to do so, they protested they would bear him company on foot; and so they did.

The ship, as we have said, was gallantly adorned: masts, sails, prow, and poop were decorated with banners and streamers; the crew were drawn up on deck, armed, and in their best dresses. No sooner did Xavier appear in sight than three salvos of artillery were discharged at regular intervals, the last taking place as he entered the ship, he all the time in confusion, and, by way of thanks, complaining to and gently scolding Gama for all this display of honor and respect. When the people of Funaï heard the report of the guns, they were alarmed, fearing that the Portuguese had been suddenly attacked by corsairs; and the king sent a messenger at full speed to ascertain the cause of the commotion. Gama, pointing to Father Francis, said that it was a small show of honor, to welcome that holy man just arrived from Amanguki; adding that he was an incomparable man, most dear to God, and much esteemed by the King of Portugal his master. The noble Funaïan messenger, who saw no more in Father Francis than a barefooted, ill-clad man, remembered all the abusive accounts of him circulated by the bonzes of Amanguki, and manifested signs of surprise: then, turning to Gama, he owned that he

scarcely knew what answer to return to the King of Bungo, because, on the one side, he felt disposed to believe the assertions of the captain, whilst, on the other, he was aware that those bonzes had written to his highness the most infamous accounts of him; for instance, that they had often seen him in familiar intercourse with a devil, who taught him how to throw his incantations and work the miracles which seduced the populace; that he was a beggar laden with maledictions, that the worms which covered him from head to foot disdained to feast on his loathsome flesh, and much more of the same discreditable nonsense. Gama, however, spoke as the occasion required, and bore witness to Xavier's innocence of life, saying much in praise of his voluntary poverty. He stated that he was a European nobleman, of royal blood, who had made himself poor by a heroic act of virtue, and nothing else. Much astonished at all he had heard, the gentleman returned to Funaï, faithfully relating to the king all that he had seen and heard, and added that the Portuguese deemed themselves richer in the possession of such a man than if their ship had been laden with silver; that, as for himself, he had perceived a certain majesty of countenance in him quite superhuman,—a certain indication that he was above the ordinary rank of men. All this did but increase the wise king's ardent desire of becoming acquainted with such a man, to whom he accordingly forwarded the following letter of invitation and welcome:—

"Father Bonza of Chemaïcogin, [the name by which they designate Portugal:] May your happy arrival in my dominions be as gratifying to your

God as are the praises wherewith his saints give him honor! Quanshunasama, the attendant whom I sent down to the port, has informed me of your arrival; and my people can tell you how truly I rejoice thereat. I therefore most earnestly entreat you (for God has not made me worthy to command you) to gratify the ardor of my affection for you by hastening hither before sunrise, and knocking at the private little door of my house, where I shall be so eagerly awaiting you; and, whilst I ask this favor of you, let not my words prove annoying to you. In the mean time, kneeling prostrate on the ground, I beseech your God, whom I acknowledge to be the God of all gods, the Sovereign Lord of all the greatest and the best who dwell in heaven, to make the wisdom of your doctrine be understood by the haughty ones of our days, showing them how dear to him is your life, so rich in poverty; that the sons of this world, understanding it, may no longer be deceived by the fallacious promises of the world. Send me news of your health, that so I may retire to rest happy and content till the crowing of the cocks in the morning shall announce the glad tidings of your arrival."

The honor of this embassy was heightened by the rank of the individuals to whom it was intrusted. These were a young man nearly related to the king himself, and a venerable and learned man called Poomindono, likewise of royal extraction. The two were attended by thirty cavaliers. On entering the ship and presenting the letter to Xavier, the young man was received with a salute of fifteen guns, with which he deemed himself

much honored, and, turning to Poomindono, was heard to say that assuredly great must be the God of those people; His mysteries were deep and hidden to the human mind, since he could take pleasure in being served by a man of such extreme poverty as that Portuguese bonze: the discharge of artillery in his honor testified how dear his poverty must be to their God and Lord; whereas among themselves poverty was held in abomination and contempt. To this the wise and aged nobleman replied that "possibly this poor man prized his poverty, although abhorred by us. Although we deem the poor unworthy of blessings, either in this life or the next, his poverty may be so pleasing to the God whom he serves, that, making himself thus poor for his sake, he may in reality be better off than all the rich men in the world, notwithstanding all that our bonzes say to the contrary." In this manner did our ambassadors philosophize on Xavier's poverty, as they were returning to the court. We know not whether the young lord spoke solely from the strength of his own judgment, or by divine inspiration. However this may be, he spoke in such high terms of the saint as to persuade the king that "such a man ought not to be received in the ordinary form, and that it would be quite a sin to put him on a level with their bonzes; for, though he was so poor as in reality to possess nothing, the captain and the Portuguese unanimously declared that, if Father Francis asked them to give him the ship with all its valuable cargo, they would make him master of it in a moment."

In this manner was Almighty God disposing the

minds of the princes of the court of Bungo to exalt the humility of his servant, and to depress the arrogance of the bonzes. In the mean time, the Portuguese at Figen were planning how they could best display their respect for religion and their affection for the holy father; and it would really seem that God guided their opinions in a circumstance so nearly connected with his glory; for when they began to consult upon the manner in which Father Francis ought to present himself before the king, they unanimously agreed that it should be in the most solemn and magnificent style possible to them; that he ought to be well dressed, and attended by a sort of court; that he should be conducted in state from the ship to the shore, and from there to the palace through the most frequented streets of the city. Having thus determined, they next divided the offices and prepared the requisite habiliments. When Xavier perceived these arrangements, he strongly objected to them: his humility could not tolerate them, nor did he think that the things of God should be mingled up with the pomps of the world: he said it was like gilding the cross of Jesus Christ, to condescend in this manner to the weakness of avarice, and a sort of make-believe, thus to parade the humility of the gospel to cheat the pride of the Japanese. But Almighty God, who had suggested these views to the Portuguese, likewise induced him to yield to them,—less to their united entreaties, however, than to the force of their arguments.

They thus reasoned. Since poverty is held in such abomination in Japan, and since the bonzes

of Amanguki had so much vilified him on this account, it was advisable to remove this injurious opinion from the minds of the people, by publicly manifesting how highly the Christians respect their ministers, whom they honor all the more, the more they see them devote themselves to holy poverty; that by acting thus they should secure him the respect of the pagans, who, being gross and material, could not appreciate the treasures of the gospel otherwise than when displayed with some extrinsic show: the honor, therefore, was not for him: it passed over him to Jesus Christ. Moreover, in proportion as the preacher was respected by the people, so would his preaching be acceptable. Then, as for the pomp and display to be shown on the occasion, there would be nothing of worldly vanity about it: the whole of it was the invention and the act of solemn piety, intended to excite veneration for sanctity as well as for the saint.

There were thirty respectable Portuguese to figure in the ceremony, all to be attired in their most magnificent costumes, gold chains, quilted doublets, and sashes gleaming with jewels and pearls. There was an equal number of servants and slaves, all well equipped, to accompany their masters. The saint wore a long cassock of black camlet, with a handsome white surplice over it, and a green velvet stole embroidered and fringed with gold. The five best-accoutred gentlemen made a grand show. One of them carried a book wrapped in white satin, (we know not whether it was a breviary or a catechism;) another carried a pair of black velvet slippers, which happened to

be found in the ship, and which were thought likely to add much to the display; a third carried an Indian cane handsomely mounted with gold; a fourth, an image of our blessed Lady under a violet-colored damask drapery; and the fifth, a magnificent umbrella. For their transit from the ship to the city, a boat and two barges were prepared, curtained and screened with parti-colored damasks and rich tapestry, together with a very respectable band composed of wind and string instruments. Toward mid-day, they set out down the river, proceeding in slow and measured time, the band playing, streamers flying, and the saint (tears of devotion gliding down his face) seated in the most conspicuous place. Nor was the pomp of the *cortège* ready to receive them in Funaï less worthy of the piety and magnificence of the king. He had given directions that it should be of unusual solemnity: hence every one was on the tiptoe of expectation. The three boats made a grand display on the water. Still more attractive was the band, several of the instruments never before having been heard in Japan. Immense was the crowd collected on the water's edge. On disembarkation, the saint's procession formed in the following order. Captain Odoard Gama walked first, as major-domo, bareheaded, and carrying a Bengal cane. Next to him, at equal distances, followed the five carrying the book, the slippers, the stick, the picture, and the umbrella. After them walked the saint, surrounded by twenty-five cavaliers, and followed by the whole troop of attendants. They advanced in this style to the royal palace, traversing the most important parts

of the city. Every window and balcony was filled with spectators; nay, the very housetops were covered in many streets. All eyes were fixed upon the saint, who was rapt in God, and whose majestic air, mingled with such unaffected modesty, won the veneration of the spectators. As for the bonzes, they were in a manner petrified when they beheld him in every way so different from what they had expected and represented.

On arriving at the square before the palace, they found a squadron of soldiers, six hundred in number, partly archers and partly lancers. As the saint approached, Fingendono, the commanding officer, made a sign, on which they opened into a double line, through which the Portuguese passed to the entrance. Here the five gentlemen bearing the before-named articles stopped, and, kneeling before Xavier, presented him, one after the other, the gold-headed cane, the velvet slippers, (which the bearer put on his feet,) whilst the third spread the umbrella over his head. The two carrying the book and the picture stationed themselves on either side of him. All this was done so respectfully and so gracefully as to delight the beholders, who, looking at each other with surprise, were heard to exclaim, "Surely this man is come from heaven to confound the envy and beat down the pride of our bonzes." Passing onward a little, they entered a large hall full of people, who, from their dress and bearing, seemed to be of distinction. Here a young child, led by a venerable old man, advanced and greeted the saint in these terms:— "Your arrival is as gratifying to the king as the rain of heaven is to the parched rice-fields after

a long drought. Enter with full confidence, for the virtuous love you dearly, though the wicked behold you with dismay, rendering them melancholy and timorous as they would be in a dark and stormy night." Xavier answered in terms suited to the person and the occasion; to which the child, with more than the sense of childhood, rejoined, "Great must be your fortitude, that has brought you from the extremity of the world into a foreign land, where you are defamed and insulted on account of your poverty; and immeasurably great must be the goodness of your God, who can look with pleasure on what men so much abhor, and on what the bonzes so strongly repudiate as to affirm that the poor have no more chance of heaven than women." "May the infinite goodness of the Lord," exclaimed the saint, "disperse the darkness of this silly ignorance with the light of his holy law! and may Japan, convinced of her errors, be disposed to follow it!" Delighted and surprised at the intelligence of his youthful interlocutor, and continuing to converse with him, they passed into another hall, full of young men, the flower of the Japanese nobility, all magnificently dressed. As Xavier entered, they advanced and simultaneously made that reverential bow which they call the *Gromenara*, and which consists in bending forward three times so low that the forehead touches the ground: this is performed with great dexterity, but is intended to indicate so ceremonious a reverence as to be practised only by children toward their father, or by vassals toward their king. Then two of them welcomed him in the name of their companions;

and one of them thus continued:—"May your arrival, holy father Bonza, be as grateful to our king as the sweet smile of an infant is dear to the mother who nestles it in her bosom! And truly it will be so; for we swear to you, by the hairs of our head, that the very walls rejoice beneath your gaze. We are delighted to offer you this welcome, and we exult at your arrival, because it will tend to the honor of that God of whom you have declared so many elevated and magnificent things at Amanguki." Having said this, one of them took the saint by the hand and led him forward, making a sign to his companions who were following to remain where they were. They passed, through a corridor lined on either side with orange-trees, into another hall, twice the size of those he had already traversed: here he was met by the king's brother, who later became the King of Amanguki. After greeting Xavier with marked respect, he said, "This day is a most solemn festival to the whole court. In possessing you, our lord the king deems himself richer and more fortunate than if all the silver of the thirty-two treasuries of China were at his command. In the mean time, I wish you an increase of glory and the accomplishment of those desires which have brought you hither from so great a distance." Whilst this was being said, the youth who had led the father by the hand retired. He next entered an antechamber, where a number of cavaliers awaited him, who, after cordially welcoming him, and conversing with him for a few seconds, introduced him to the king, who was standing. As Xavier made his appearance, the king advanced

five or six steps, and thrice inclined even till his forehead touched the ground, to the great astonishment of the court. Xavier in his turn prostrated, and would have touched the royal foot, according to Japanese etiquette; but the king would not allow it, and raised him with his own hands. He bade him be seated at his side and on a level with himself: his brother was seated a step lower, whilst the Portuguese, the courtiers, and the nobles of the kingdom remained opposite to them.

After the usual courtesies and ceremonies, Xavier began to speak,—when he clearly yet briefly expounded the principal mysteries of religion; and God, who was on his tongue no less than in his heart, enabled him to discourse so efficaciously that the king—a young man twenty-five years of age, steeped in the common vices of the country, though in other respects a fine character—declared that listening to Xavier was like listening to an oracle of heaven; and as soon as the saint paused, he broke out in the following exclamation of mingled astonishment and respect:—"Who of us can ever understand the high secrets of God, or why he has permitted us to live so long in darkness, whilst this man has the light and the full knowledge of truth? We, however, know the opinions universally circulated to his prejudice, and how much himself and his poverty are despised; but he sustains and defends the merit of it so effectually that one can no longer doubt it. All that he says is so completely in accordance with the dictates of right reason, that whoever weighs his arguments with the balance of sound

judgment will discover a truth in every one of them,—unlike our bonzes, with whom it is a miracle not to have one assertion in direct contradiction to another. Hence, the more they speak the more they become entangled in their own words, ever confused, unintelligible, and intricate in their teaching. What to-day they teach as true to-morrow they repudiate as false, saying and unsaying, and then again returning to their rejected propositions,—thus equally confusing both themselves and us. Keen and subtle as they may be on other topics, never are they clear on those which refer to salvation. They keep us in the dark, with our minds ever wavering and perplexed,—an evident sign that caprice rules them, and that they possess not the solid and immutable foundations of truth." Thus spoke the king; and his countenance told that his words proceeded from his heart more than from his lips.

There happened to be present one of their chief bonzes, called Fashondono, a haughty man, as vicious as he was reputed learned. Taking to himself a censure which was equally applicable to all the bonzes, he with difficulty restrained himself whilst the king was speaking; but no sooner had he finished than, without asking permission or rising from his seat, he began in a most insulting manner to reprove him, reminding him that, never having studied at the university of Fianzima, where alone divine matters can be learned, he was not at all qualified to pass judgment; and how could he dare to define what ought to be condemned, or what approved? Let him trust to others, since he himself did not understand; and,

if he really wanted to know, was there not a bonze ready to maintain the honor of his class? The king, without appearing in the slightest degree discomposed, calmly said, "If thou hast aught to say, say it." Whereupon he began in the same arrogant style to expatiate on the exalted profession and on the sanctity of life of the bonzes; that no doubt they were the favorites of Heaven, because they observed the law and taught the people to do so too; that they spent the greater part of the long cold nights in prayer for their benefactors and pious friends; that they lived in chastity, abstaining from all sensual delights; fresh fish never appeared at their tables; that they took care of the sick, instructed children, appeased kings and kingdoms, curbed the pride of insolent plebeians, defended the nobility, pacified public and private animosities, and maintained justice; that they gave passports for the next life, they who procured them being rich in heaven. He thus continued:—"And how many poor do they not maintain! How many orphans protect! How many afflicted console! Besides, the bonzes are related to the sun, and are the familiar friends of the stars, the intimate confidants of the saints. They have the privilege of conversing at night with any of them whom they please: they can draw them from heaven, to enjoy them to their heart's content." In fine, he talked at such a rate as would have furnished matter for a comedy, only that he happened to see some of the spectators laughing,—at which he fell into such a passion that he began to abuse the king, who bade his brother command him to be silent; he next ordered

his seat to be taken from him, and himself to be expelled the room, saying his conduct had but little corroborated all his fine assertions of the sanctity of the bonzes, and that, whatever might be the case with the rest, for himself, he certainly seemed to pertain as much to hell as he affirmed his order did to heaven. The king said much more; but, before he could finish, the dishonored bonze actually became wild with rage, and, looking menacingly round on the spectators, he exclaimed, "Time will show that there is not a man in this world worthy to serve me,—neither you, nor your king, nor any other monarch upon earth: not one of you shall even touch the hem of my garment!" He meant that some day or other he would be transformed and worshipped as a divinity. The king merely smiled, as if he thought him mad. However, he would have expressed some indignation, if Xavier had not interfered, by remarking that the subject had better be deferred to a calmer moment. The king insisted that he should go and do penance for his impious pride of comparing himself with God. Instead of giving a direct answer, the bonze went away muttering till he reached the door, when, raising his voice, he exclaimed, "May the gods send fire from heaven, and reduce to ashes all such kings as thee!"

Being now free from the annoyance of this turbulent bonze, the king and Xavier resumed their conversation on religion, none of the other bonzes present venturing to interrupt. In the mean time dinner was announced, the king inviting our saint to sit down to table with him. All his excuses were unavailing: the monarch in-

sisted, saying, "I well know, my good father and friend, that you have no need of this; but when you are a Japanese like us, you will understand that being invited to a king's table is the greatest sign of friendship and benevolence which he can give. Much as you are my friend, I deem myself happier in being able to invite you than you are honored in receiving the invitation." Hereupon Xavier bent forward and humbly kissed the king's scimitar,—a mark of respect in that country,—and said, with all the fervor of his heart, "I beseech Almighty God to reward you proportionately to all your benevolence in my regard. May he impart to your highness the light of his holy faith and the merit of his grace, that you may serve him faithfully in this life and enjoy him eternally in the next!" The king embraced him, answering that he too prayed to God for the same thing, but on the express condition that he and Xavier might be near together in heaven, and, indeed, that they should never be separated, that they might be able freely and fully to discuss the topics they had just begun. Hereupon they seated themselves at table, all his courtiers and the Portuguese eating on their knees, the bonzes present actually fuming with rage at the sight, though without daring to say a word.

In consequence of these friendly beginnings on the part of the king, the people followed him with esteem and veneration, whilst the bonzes pursued him with insult and vituperation: they frequently plotted against his life, and on several occasions he only escaped their machinations by miracle.

As to the success of his apostolic ministry at

Funaï, we have only to say that he drew innumerable souls from the darkness of idolatry to the light of faith in the knowledge of the true God.

One of the Portuguese who figured on the memorable occasion so lately described writes in these terms:—"The holy man was so taken up in his works of charity and zeal that he had not a moment's truce; so that when we Portuguese had occasion to consult him we were obliged to trespass on his time of rest, for two or three hours of the night were all that he could secure to himself and us, even for our confessions; and, as we loved him like children, we were afraid he would quite sink under so much labor, and we entreated him to take a little care of himself, by allowing himself necessary rest and food, for that nature absolutely required this; but he only answered us that, if we really loved him, we should look upon him as a dead man, as far as corporal necessities were concerned; and he begged us not to trouble ourselves in providing him either bed or food, because he found all his sustenance, all his comfort, and, in a word, *his All*, in delivering those souls from the slavery of the devil,—souls for whose sake God had called and brought him thither from the utmost confines of the world." And, in truth, he had enough to console him in this way, even to forgetfulness of self and his subsistence, so copious was the harvest yielded by this soil: it corresponded with the sowing,—fatiguing him even more in the reaping than in the cultivation. Incessant were his public sermons and his discussions with the bonzes or with laics; for, as we have already said, a Japanese only yields to conviction, and his conviction

must be based on the most solid arguments. Once, indeed, by a powerful vehemence of spirit, God led over a considerable number, and this by means of one of the most implacable enemies of the Christian name. This was Sacaï Eeran, a celebrated bonze of Canasam, and one of their most learned divines.

Seeing that none of his compeers ventured to confront the saint, he resolved to make the attempt himself,—how happily for both, the issue will show. It would be difficult to decide whether the victory which the bonze gained over himself was not quite as great as that of Xavier was illustrious and glorious. For when the saint opened his eyes, with the two lights of natural reason and of the gospel, to the clear knowledge of the truth, he conceived such a horror of himself and the miserable blindness in which he had hitherto lived, up to old age which he had already attained, that he was quite inconsolable, and for very shame would never have shown his face again in public, if the Spirit of God had not inwardly moved him, and had not his own conscience reminded him that, having been for so many years the teacher of error, it behooved him now to show himself as the teacher of truth. Accordingly, one day, when the public square of Funaï was unusually full of people, he forced his way through the crowd, and, ascending an eminence, he signified to the people that he wished to address them. He was quickly surrounded by the curious people, when, with many sighs and tears, he knelt down, and, raising his eyes and arms to heaven, he cried out aloud, "O Jesus Christ, true and only Son of God, my salvation and my life, I

am vanquished, and to thee do I surrender myself: with tongue and heart do I confess thee to be the eternal and omnipotent God; whilst to all you who hear me now, I beg pardon for having so often taught as truths things which I now know and declare to be mere fables and falsehoods." How effectually this public confession of the bonze, no longer an idolatrous bonze, but a Christian preacher, moved all those who heard it, will be best understood by what Xavier himself said on the occasion; namely, that if he had looked more to the number than to the virtues of those Christians, he might on that day have given baptism to upward of five hundred persons, and had he been in the Indies he would have done so; but in Japan the spirit of inquiry was so active, and the sophistry of the bonzes so specious, that it was found necessary to have the converts thoroughly instructed before they were admitted to baptism. The saint proceeded with equal caution toward the king, whose early conversion he calculated upon: he did not so much aim at fixing the time for the profession of the faith, *as* the dispositions requisite for the consolidation of it when once it should have taken root there: light of intellect was not wanting there, *but* the destruction of the brutalizing vices of which the training of the bonzes had made the king but too expert a master,—vices in which he wallowed without so much as a remorse of conscience.

However, as he willingly attended to the discourses, and admired the sanctity of Xavier's life, a great reformation of conduct was soon perceptible at court and throughout the whole kingdom. In the

first place, the king banished from his palace the one who pandered to his grossest vice; in the next place, he began to have compassion on the poor, whom the bonzes had taught him to believe were hateful to God, and that it was sinful to benefit them and justice to oppress them: as the mere fact of their poverty rendered them guilty of every crime, nothing more than their birth in poverty was needed to convict them; but Xavier completely removed this erroneous impression, and the king from thenceforward befriended them with regal benevolence.

The massacre of new-born babes, then so prevalent, was also suppressed: at the saint's suggestion, a law was promulgated, imposing the penalty of death on any one who should in future be guilty of infanticide. Many other excellent regulations were also made, for the good king seemed ever anxious to follow his advice; and he used to tell his courtiers that the mere sight of Father Francis made his soul tremble and his conscience quail; because the countenance of the heavenly man, like a pure mirror, threw back upon him the hideous spectacle of his own former vices, occasioning such a horror of himself that, were it not for his resolute intention of reforming his life, he could not have the heart even to look at him.

While affairs were thus prospering with Xavier at Funaï, Torres and Fernandez, whom he had left at Amanguki, met with more trials than fruit of souls. No sooner had the saint started for Bungo than the bonzes recovered all their arrogance, and persecuted the other two in every possible manner: under one pretext or other, they had scarcely a

moment of peace. Their disputations on religious topics were incessant; and, as the bonzes were unable to overcome their adversaries by force of argument, they had recourse to their usual artifices, and began to circulate the most hideous reports about them; for instance, that they privately murdered men and infants, to eat their flesh and suck their blood; that a certain devil, speaking by the mouth of one of the idols, had confessed that the two Europeans were his disciples, taught in his school, and were adepts in sorcery, enchantment, and deceit. Moreover, several of them swore that they had with their own eyes seen a devil over their heads, who threw something like a thunderbolt against the king's palace, threatening the king's person and kingdom, in punishment for having given, if not faith, at least hospitality, to the Portuguese bonzes. But the truth is, they, and they alone, were the true devils who deprived the king of his life and his son of the kingdom. For, seeing that all their spiteful fictions led to nothing, and that the people would no longer be led blindfold by them, they looked elsewhere for remedy and vengeance. They stirred up one of the most powerful lords of the kingdom, the personal enemy of the king, to come with his armed retainers suddenly on Amanguki, now that the prince was unsuspecting and, comparatively speaking, defenceless. The hint was acted upon, and in twenty days from the time that the bonzes published the vision of the thunderbolt, this nobleman reached the city gates. Not to dwell on unnecessary details, it will be sufficient to say that the city was completely sacked, and the unfortu-

nate king, to avoid falling into the hands of his own vassals, first slew one of his children and then committed suicide. Such was the end of the miserable King of Amanguki, and such was the fruit he gathered for his obstinacy in resisting the light of the gospel. On the death of the king, the people divided themselves into various factions, and for eight days the city was devastated, first by one party and then by another. Torres and Fernandez (whom the bonzes confidently expected to have been included in the general slaughter) were miraculously preserved by God. The wife of Neancondono, who, as the reader will remember, was devotedly attached to Xavier, hearing that the two were being hunted unto death, sent a confidential agent to convey them secretly to her palace, after which she found means for insuring their escape.

The bonzes, who had incited this insurrection with no other view than to the extermination of the Christians and their faith, found themselves but little bettered by their change of king.

As soon as the city was restored to order, the chiefs met together to elect their future sovereign, when the votes unanimously were in favor of the brother of the King of Bungo, a noble, valiant young man. A solemn embassy was accordingly sent to the court of Funaï, requesting the prince to accept the sovereignty of Amanguki. The election was celebrated with public rejoicings, in the midst of which no one showed more delight than Xavier, whose heart told him that God had thus unexpectedly given the kingdom to this young king for the benefit of the Christians; nor were

his ideas unfounded. At the request of the saint, the King of Bungo strongly recommended the little church of Amanguki to the protection of his brother, who assured him that the Christians of Amanguki should find in him a friend and a father; and so long as God was pleased to leave him the peaceful possession of his kingdom, he faithfully kept his word.

Xavier had now spent forty-six days at Funaï, where he had gained over incomparably more souls than could have been expected in so short a time. It was already the proper season for sailing to China, and accordingly the Portuguese and Xavier began to make the necessary arrangements. They went in a body to take leave of the king and to thank him for the many favors he had shown them, assuring him that on their return home they would speak of him in such terms of commendation as should secure for him the remembrance and gratitude of the whole Portuguese nation. In his answer, the king told them how much he envied them the company of Father Francis; that in losing him he seemed to be left fatherless a second time; and that he felt inconsolably afflicted at the idea of never seeing him again. Xavier kissed his hand with great respect, saying that, go where he would, he should always carry his highness in his heart; that he would perpetually beseech Almighty God to reward him in the manner his benevolence deserved: then the two stepped aside from the rest, when the saint, as a last pledge of his love, gave him a few words of advice, begging him never to forget them, as he hoped they would lead to his eternal salvation.

He spoke to the following effect:—"Remember that death will soon put an end to all goods and ills of this world; whereas the life to come is as immortal and durable as eternity itself. Where now are all the emperors and kings that have ever ruled Japan? What has become of them? What avails it now to them that formerly they had a brief life of happiness? What avails the remembrance of this happiness, if they are condemned forever to the flames of hell? What wisdom can there be in risking one's soul for eternity, merely to enjoy the momentary delights of this world? There is no kingdom, no empire, not even the sovereignty of the whole world, the loss of which would not be gain, if by such loss heaven could be won, and that state of glory which, when once acquired, never can be lost,—no, not even through the endless lapse of a whole eternity. Of these truths, all your ancestors, and likewise all Japan, had been, by the secret judgments of God, left in ignorance. Reflect, therefore, on what a terrible account and what severe punishment will be yours if you still remain in your voluntary blindness and brutal voluptuousness, now that God has so wonderfully favored you as to bring the light of the gospel from the farthermost parts of the world into your very house. God forbid that this should happen! As long as I live, I shall never cease pouring forth prayers and tears; and whether alive or dead, or wherever I may be, no news that can possibly be brought me will be more gratifying than this, that the King of Bungo had put himself in the way of salvation by accepting baptism, and had granted the same

privilege to all his subjects." How much these words affected the king may be inferred from the fact that he was seen by his courtiers (to their great surprise) to weep several times in the course of the conversation.

Whilst the Portuguese had been preparing for their departure, the bonzes had been machinating against them, and more especially against Xavier, who was specially odious to them. They thought that, if he went away thus triumphant, shame would forever be attached to their name: they consulted together, and resolved on vengeance, which was to be attained by rousing the people of Funaï, as those of Amanguki had been excited,—when the Portuguese would be slaughtered and their ship burned. Then they were to fall upon the king, who, with his whole race, was to be put to the sword. Having so far planned, their next object was to degrade the saint in the opinion of the people; for which purpose the same, or even worse reports were circulated, than those so recently related, and which had occasioned the insurrection at Amanguki. But all the false assertions and extravagant predictions of the bonzes proved useless to their cause, for God destroyed the enchantment and scattered their words to the winds, the Portuguese in the mean time continuing their preparations, and being, as we may say, on the point of weighing anchor. The bonzes, therefore, had to devise some other plan for the redemption of their lost honor. At about twelve leagues' distance from Funaï there was a famous monastery of bonzes, the chief of whom was called Fookarandono. He was looked upon as one of

the most learned men of the kingdom, and was much respected on this account, as well as for his rank and authority. He had been for thirty years their first theologian, the best versed in all their rites and ceremonies, and, in a word, was to his followers an oracle of more than human wisdom. Now, if the bonzes of Funaï could but get him to the city, they hoped he would be able to confound and silence Xavier at the first interview, and this would be quite enough to retrieve their lost reputation. They accordingly wrote to him, saying that if he had any veneration for the camis, or cared for the honor of the bonzes, he would not refuse to undertake the short journey from thence to Funaï,—that after two or three days they would themselves carry him back on their shoulders in triumph to his monastery, and, in conclusion, informed him of the reasons why they so much pressed the journey. The bonze, who was excessively proud, flattered himself that he could easily conquer Xavier, in which case he would acquire immense glory, as being able to do more than all the bonzes of Funaï put together. He therefore accepted the invitation, and set off without delay, accompanied by six of his most able disciples. Just at the moment when Xavier and the Portuguese were taking leave of the king, a messenger announced the arrival of Fookarandono, come to pay his respects to his majesty and, in his presence, to have a discussion with the foreign bonze. At the name of Fookarandono the king showed some annoyance, and, without noticing the messenger, he began to think how he could prevent the interview demanded; for, as he afterward owned, he feared

that Xavier would be unequal to contend with the redoubted Fookarandono, and, as he loved him tenderly, he could not bear the idea of exposing him to the risk of a defeat. He was making up his mind to decline receiving the old bonze, when Xavier, whose penetration guessed the cause of the perplexity, entreated him to admit the new visitor, and gave him full liberty to say whatever he pleased, either in discussion or disputation, saying to the king, "Have no fear on my account. The Christian religion, which I teach, is not the offspring of any worldly academy, nor does it depend on human intellect. It is a heavenly doctrine, of which God himself is the master; nor would all the bonzes of Japan, nor all the wise men of this world, be able to overpower it, any more than a cloud could destroy the light and heat of the sun." Hereupon the king gave orders for the entrance of Fookarandono.

Having made the three usual salutations to the king, he gave a look of contempt at the saint, and, seating himself at his side, thus accosted him:—"I know not, my fine fellow, whether you recognise me, or, rather, whether you recollect me?" Xavier replied that, to the best of his recollection, he had never seen him. Whereupon the bonze, turning to his companions, said, with an ironical laugh, that little good was to be done with a man who, having heretofore transacted business with him hundreds of times, either did not, or affected not to, recollect any thing about it. Fixing his eyes impudently on the saint, he thus proceeded:—"Have you any of those bales of silk remaining, some of which you sold me, fifteen hundred years ago, at

the port of Frenajoma?" Our holy apostle, still retaining his dignified composure, told him that he had never been a merchant, nor had he ever visited the port of Frenajoma; nor could he understand how they could have had any commercial relationship fifteen hundred years back, seeing that neither one nor the other was yet a hundred years old. Here Fookarandono raised his eyebrows in astonishment, and, assuming the expression of an oracle, replied, "If you do not know it, listen to me, and let me teach you, that you may be astonished at the profound wisdom of the Japanese bonzes." And he undertook to explain that the soul has no beginning, but represents a variety of personages on the theatre of this world, passing continually from one body to another, more or less perfect, according to their antecedent merits. Xavier at once recognised this as the doctrine of the Pythagoreans, so completely scouted and derided in the universities of Europe. "In what manner, and with what power of argument, he confuted these absurdities," writes the Portuguese who was present, and from whose account we have copied the scene, "I am unable to detail, nor have I learning enough for the purpose: suffice it to say that I do know the poor bonze, however much he shouted and however much he twisted, could not extricate himself: so it suited him better to change the subject and propose another, worthy of the degraded soul of a Fookarandono, who wallowed in the infamous vices of the Sodomites. He asked the saint how he dared to constitute himself a legislator, and condemn an act which was allowed by nature, and which had

always been practised unrestrainedly in Japan." The question went like an arrow to the pure soul of Xavier, whose face was suffused with blushes; but, as the honor of God compelled him to apply his tongue to so foul a subject, he so vehemently proclaimed the enormous abuse of this excess, that the king and the whole court were ashamed of it; and the more the bonze strove to justify it, the more indignant did the audience become, till at length he began to insult and abuse every one there. Some of the most authoritative reproved him, and threatened him as he deserved, whilst others bade him take a lesson from the modest humility of the foreign bonze. At length, howling like a wounded animal, he was driven from the palace, the king at the same time assuring him that, were it not for the garb he wore, he would order his head to be struck off. The bonzes were terribly afflicted at the dishonor of their chief: they spent the whole night in devising some scheme of vengeance, and decided that their best plan would be to represent the cause of Fookarandono as the cause of religion, as if all the gods of the country had been insulted in his person. Consequently, the following morning, the doors of all the temples remained shut, and the city was declared profaned and under an interdict. This stratagem raised the people to a state of frenzy, and, urged on by the bonzes, they seemed determined to take up arms against the king and against the saint. Finding themselves insecure in the city, the Portuguese were for retiring to their ship, and used their best endeavors to persuade the holy father to accompany them; but he pro-

tested that nothing should induce him to forsake his children, or to give such a subject of triumph to the enemies of religion. The Portuguese had removed their vessel to some distance from the port of Fegèn, intending to set sail as soon as a favorable breeze should arise; but, reflecting in the mean time on the dangers to which Xavier would be left exposed, they felt something of shame, and resolved to make another attempt to get him on board among them. Captain Odoard Gama himself undertook the task. On arriving at Funaï, he found him encouraging some of his Christians in a little cabin. He warmly urged the saint to agree to the wishes of himself and his companions, and to place his life in safety at once by accompanying them on their homeward voyage. We give Xavier's answer in his own words, as reported by Gama. "Ah, my lord captain and my dear brother, would that I were happy enough to deserve what you call the misfortune of being slain for Christ! In truth, I am not worthy that God should honor me with such a favor; but, not to render myself still more undeserving of it, I will on no account either go on board your ship or quit this place. What a scandal would not my flight occasion to this little rising Church! If they found me so practically deficient in what I have taught them, would it not be a pretext of excuse for them if they should prove unfaithful to the promises they make to God? If you hold yourself obliged to protect and defend the passengers who intrust themselves to your care, am not I still more obliged to remain here and die, if need be,

for a God who has so mercifully given his life for me by dying for me on a cross?"

Nothing more was requisite to give a complete change to Gama's views. He returned to the ship, and, presenting himself before his associates, he told them that if they were determined on returning to the Indies, he resigned his ship, furnished as it was, to their hands: he left them at full liberty to go as they pleased; but that, for his part, he was determined to remain with Father Francis, even at the expense of his ship, merchandise, and life. The noble generosity of the captain found a response in the hearts of all the rest, who unanimously resolved to stay and share his fate. As they *said*, so they *did*. They drove their ship again into port, and, leaving a few hands on board for safety, they set off to Funaï in search of the saint. Their unexpected appearance occasioned great delight to the Christians, and equal astonishment to the pagans, who, as soon as their little burst of fury was over, loudly applauded this act of fidelity and courage.

The bonzes, perceiving this change in the people, and the continued protection of the Portuguese over the saint, almost lost heart. Despairing of being able to prevail by measures of force, they determined on having another trial of disputation, and thus, if possible, recover their lost honor. They presented a petition to this effect to the king, who granted it on this express condition, that the dispute should consist of argument, and not of shouts: that the spectators should be the judges, and decide between the contending parties: and that if Fookarandono should be defeated the

rest of the bonzes should pledge themselves to be quiet, and not molest such of the people as chose to become Christians. They were obliged, much against their will, to agree to this arrangement: it was particularly galling to them that laics should be constituted judges on religious questions; but they were obliged to submit. At the hour appointed on the following day, Fookarandono made his appearance at the palace-gates, escorted by a troop of three thousand bonzes,—so that he seemed disposed to give battle rather than to argue.

The king, perhaps, was apprehensive of some tumult, for he gave orders that only four of them should be admitted, and genteelly kept the others at a distance by saying that it would be disgraceful for so many to enter into discussion against one.

The Portuguese, on their side, were determined to honor the saint by accompanying him in grand procession and in their gala-dresses. They stood round him bare-headed, and knelt on one knee as they addressed him: the bonzes were bursting with rage as they witnessed these marks of respect. Even Fookarandono himself seemed intimidated, now that he was shorn of his plumes and was obliged to enter the arena unattended by his three thousand followers: he was overheard telling the four at his side that he should deem himself fortunate if he escaped as well as he did on the previous occasion.

On entering the regal hall, where the prime nobility of Funaï were assembled, the king received the saint most graciously, and spent some time in familiar conversation with him; after which, each one took his appointed seat.

At the king's command, the father was the first to speak: he began by asking Fookarandono the reason why he deemed the Christian religion deserving of prohibition. The bonze replied that it ought to be prohibited because it was totally new, and contrary to the most ancient laws of Japan; and because it declared that Shacca, Amida, and other national deities were not true gods; and, lastly, because it destroyed the privileges granted by the supreme power of Zasso and the Daïri: (by this he meant the unbridled license so universally encouraged with regard to libertinism.) Having said this, he was silent, and the king desired Xavier to answer him, who immediately arose, made a profound reverence to his majesty, and then asked his adversary which proposition he should answer first. The bonze selected, if not the most powerful, at least the most plausible, viz., the exclusion of Shacca, Amida and Co. from the catalogue of the gods. Hereupon the saint entered into an explanation of what must be the nature of God, and of his divine attributes of eternity, omnipotence, immensity, independence, and his other infinite perfections: from all this he deduced, as a necessary consequence, that there could not be more than *one* God, the sole Creator and Master of all things, and therefore there could be no true divinity in the many creatures they adored, more especially as (according to the admission of the Japanese themselves) many of their gods had not only been men like them, subject to age and death, of limited power and wisdom, but had actually led most vicious lives, more deserving of everlasting reprobation and punishment than of divine honors.

The words of Xavier seemed so solid and so evident that a shout of applause burst from the whole audience. But Fookarandono would not be silenced: he protested against this simultaneous decision, but to no purpose; therefore, without requiring an answer to his other two propositions, he asked the saint what authority he had for condemning the letters of insurance for the next life which the bonzes were in the habit of giving,—letters which were of such service to those souls who carried them with them. This question gave Xavier a fine opportunity of explaining the species of beatitude peculiar to the soul when separated from its body: "it does not consist in wealth, or gold and silver, nor in sumptuous palaces and grand banquets, as the bonzes foolishly affirm, who promise their votaries a remuneration of ten for one on the gifts they bestow on themselves." He next demonstrated that the happiness of heaven is not to be purchased with money, but with sanctity of life during our pilgrimage on earth; and that it by no means depended on the capricious decisions of the bonzes, who pretended to bestow it on the rich, provided they paid handsomely for it, and entirely excluded the poor, because they had not the means of satisfying the avarice of those who furnished the said *bills of exchange*. "And," exclaimed he, "what fault is it in them to have been born poor? did they regulate the circumstances of their parents? Could there possibly be a nation in the world so barbarous as to make a capital offence of poverty? Is it likely that God, so just and so merciful, will condemn them to eternal flames?" The keen intellect of the Japanese appreciated these

truths, and gave signs of great approbation, to the infinite annoyance of the bonzes; and thus ended another day's argumentation.

The dispute was renewed the following day, when Fookarandono came, accompanied by six of his most famous bonzes; nor did the king make any objection, because he saw that the more numerous were the saint's opponents, the more glory redounded to the law of Jesus Christ in their discomfiture. The subject of discussion chosen by the bonzes was thus proposed by one of them:— "Whence proceeds the inequality which we perceive among mankind? Why do some enjoy such unbounded wealth and others languish in such miserable penury? If God is just, this can only proceed from the merits of the one and the demerits of the other: hence we must infer that all the rich are virtuous, and all the poor wicked; so that the bonzes have reason to promise heaven to the rich, and to threaten the poor with hell." The saint found no difficulty in unveiling the fallacies of this sophism; asking how riches and poverty could be attributed to the merits or demerits of individuals, since, generally speaking, both rich and poor are born so, so that their lot is decided before they have the power either of action or of merit; besides, are not the rich frequently notoriously more wicked than the poor? It must then be acknowledged that these transitory advantages are not dispensed by God in proportion to our virtues or our vices. Neither does it follow from this that God is unjust; because he who gives from his own store is master of what he gives, and may therefore give to whom he pleases, and as much as he pleases, with-

out the slightest injury to any one. Moreover, the poor have no great reason to regret that labor has fallen to their share, because, after all, temporal life is subservient to that which is eternal; and as this is acquired by the rich by means of alms-deeds and other good works, so is it likewise accessible to the poor by means of patience and submission to the divine will: indeed, it may be more easily attained by the poor, because they have not the same incentives to vice as the rich have. Scarcely had the saint concluded these remarks, when another of the bonzes, contradicting the first speaker, would give expression to a new idea, which he thought vastly clever. He said that all men, notwithstanding their diversity of circumstances, might enjoy themselves very much in this life, because each one might find innumerable delights in his own sphere: "Therefore," said he, "let men enjoy what they can here below, without caring about a paradise which belongs to others. Yes, truly, heaven after death is most justly due to our miserable cattle, for they have no happiness in this world,—the greater part laboring for us and ministering to our wants. See, then, how useless is all the trouble taken by this European bonze, who is come all the way to Japan to show us the way to a heaven which after all belongs only to brute beasts." Our saintly apostle could scarcely restrain his tears at this deplorable instance of spiritual blindness: overflowing with indignant zeal, he triumphantly refuted the absurdity of such a doctrine, and was cheered by the plaudits of the whole assembly.

The bonzes attempted to introduce other sub-

jects of discussion; but such contradictions arose among themselves, that, unmindful of the respect due to those who were present, they assailed one another unmercifully. Some of the cavaliers enjoyed the scene amazingly, and urged on the conflict, till the king, disgusted with it all, turned off and went away. St. Francis was conducted to his lodgings by the Portuguese, who spent the night with him in sweet converse on spiritual topics, in the course of which he very humbly entreated them to recommend him to God, that he might give honor to his holy name in those disputations.

The next day the king went out into the town, and purposely passed the house where the saint lodged, sending one of his gentlemen to invite him to a hunting-match in his garden, reminding him to come well armed, as his majesty expected him to bring to the ground at least a couple out of the seven hawks that attempted to tear his eyes out the day before. Xavier immediately understood the witty allusion of the king, and hastened to the door to thank him; whereupon, in sign of cordial affection, he took the saint by the hand and walked with him through all the principal streets, to the astonishment of the citizens, as this was a very unusual mark of distinction.

On their arrival at the palace they found an immense concourse of the nobility awaiting them. The bonzes wished to resume the points already discussed and judged; but the king refused to allow this, and accordingly they proceeded to more difficult and subtle points, taken chiefly from the discourses which they had heard given by the saint.

The first difficulty was this:—"When God created the angels, he either foresaw that Lucifer and his accomplices would rebel, or he did not foresee it. If he did not foresee, you must admit his ignorance; in which case he is not all-perfect, as you affirm. If he did foresee it, he must either be accused of cruelty or malice, since he willed the sin of those unfortunate beings; and, with the sin, he must have willed their ruin." On hearing this blasphemous proposition, the saint turned to the Portuguese captain who sat next to him, and said, "Observe how the devil speaks in his own favor by the mouth of this man!"

The second question was to the following effect:—"When God created Adam, he either foresaw his fall, or he did not." From which they drew the same conclusion as before.

The last query was this:—"Since, after the first sin, God was pleased to promise mankind a remedy, why did he allow so many ages to pass before the Incarnate Word came forth on earth? What fault had they been guilty of who lived before the coming of the remedy? And why were they doomed to perish? Such partiality is unworthy of a God whom you represent as being infinitely good."

Xavier replied to the first two points according to the teaching of the doctors; namely, that God undoubtedly foresaw what would follow the creation of the angels and of man, but he did not on that account decree or will those sins, nor the ruin consequent upon them; still less did he take pleasure in or desire them. He permitted them, inasmuch as he did not prevent them; and this, in

order that they should not be deprived of the free action of their will: hence it does not follow that God can be considered either cruel or malignant. With regard to the epoch of the Incarnation, he said that immediately after the fall of Adam the goodness of the Lord gave a universal remedy to all mankind, re-establishing its claim to paradise and appointing the means whereby to possess it. And although, according to the decrees of his Almighty Providence, he delayed being made man for so many ages, the merits of an incarnate God were of such infinite value that their efficacy was not to be restrained to future times only: it might equally be extended to the past. The holy man endeavored to explain these things in a manner suited to the capacity of men unused to scholastic subtleties; but, as every one knows, it is much easier to expose doubts than to comprehend the solution of them, especially when they refer to such sublime principles as these. The bonzes, therefore, were dissatisfied with these answers, which were above their understandings; so they were obstinate in their blindness, and added mockery to insult; till the indignant king, rising, uttered a sentence, wise indeed coming from the lips of so young a man, and he a pagan. "They must remain in error," said he, "who by haughty opposition would presume to fathom that truth, which can only be intelligible to the most elevated faith." Having said this, he took the saint by the hand, and going forth from the palace, followed by his courtiers, he accompanied him all the way to his lodging; the bonzes, in the mean time, yielding to

a frenzy of rage, and invoking the vengeance of Shacca and Amida on the king.

The disputation being now brought to a close, the saint prepared for his departure to Malacca, after having spent about fifty days at Funaï and rather more than two years and three months in Japan. After again taking leave of the king, and the new Christians, with tears on all sides, he entered the ship of Odoard Gama on the 20th of November, 1551.

Before we bid a final adieu to Japan, a few interesting circumstances connected with the career of our glorious apostle must not entirely be passed over. We know not the precise dates of their occurrence, but we do know that they occurred in Japan.

One Sunday, when the saint had been preaching to a vast concourse of Christians and idolaters, a certain pagan merchant, who had been blind for many years, approached him, and, deploring his misfortune, besought the man of God to have compassion on him, and to cure him. Xavier, as usual, raised his eyes and heart to God; then, reading a gospel over him, he blessed his eyes with the little cross which he wore at his breast, and at that instant the blind man recovered his sight; and, no longer needing the assistance of a guide, he returned home alone. In a short time, however, he returned to the church, accompanied by his three children; where, prostrating himself before the saint, he declared that he could see better than he had done previous to the accident which had destroyed his sight: he then besought him still further to extend his charity over himself and family,

by pouring the light of heaven into their souls. Highly gratified was our saint, who baptized them with his own hand; and the fame of this miracle, being spread abroad, brought upward of three hundred heathens to the fold of Jesus Christ.

One of the large towns of Japan (the name is not specified) was ravaged by a fearful pestilence. Xavier happened to travel that way, and was immeasurably grieved to see such multitudes of idolaters passing from temporal to eternal death. He began, therefore, to appeal most fervently to the mercy of our Lord; beseeching him to lay aside his just indignation. He was heard at the very moment. The air was immediately cleared of all infectious vapors; the city was restored to a more healthy state than before, and not a vestige of the contagious malady remained. Nothing more was requisite to work the conversion of those people, who consecrated themselves to Christ, and the saint there formed a numerous church. All this was narrated in the last processes at Cochin, by Martin Lupo, who attests that these facts were public and notorious in Japan.

Having described the courtesy and affection with which the King of Bungo treated St. Francis Xavier, the amendment which took place in his moral conduct, and the dispositions with which Almighty God was preparing him for the efficacious grace of a true conversion, I think the reader will be curious to know the issue of such promising beginnings. A brief account shall therefore be given, more especially as the noble edifice owes its whole foundation to the instructions of the saint, in the first instance, and afterward to his

tears, austerities, and fervent prayers. The king himself always acknowledged this, and, with this conviction, would receive no other name at his baptism than that of Francis, out of veneration to the memory of the saint; and when he afterward sent a solemn embassy to Rome, the first favor that he asked of the reigning Pontiff, Gregory XIII., was the canonization of Father Francis Xavier.

When, then, the saint had taken his departure from Bungo, the poor king was left in the hands of the bonzes; and being carried away by the impetuous passions of youth, he again fell into his old disorders, and professed a sect called the Gneshi, the most infamous of all the idolatrous sects. But amidst all his corruption he preserved a deep affection for the true faith, favoring it in every possible way, and protecting the fathers of the Society who preached it in his dominions. He used to say that the law of Christ was superior to all others, but that a king ought to be very cautious before he changed his religion, that he might not afterward be reproached with levity; but in truth, he found it too difficult to relinquish those abominable excesses which Christianity anathematizes, but which the sect of the bonzes extol as feasts of chivalry. To sensual delights, however, the young king knew how to join military prowess. He subjugated four crowns to his hereditary kingdom of Bungo, and thus rendered himself one of the most powerful monarchs of Japan. He continued thus for twenty-seven years after the visit of our saint; when at length the blessed seed which he had sown in his heart began to germi-

nate. One day, the king all at once made his appearance with his rosary round his neck, and boldly declared himself a Christian. He kept in his private cabinet an idol of exquisite workmanship, which he was in the daily habit of worshipping, bowing before it, with his head upon the ground. No sooner was he converted, than he ordered it to be publicly kicked and dragged through the mud of the streets, and then, disfigured and filthy as it was, he caused it to be thrown into the sea.

From thenceforward he devoted himself to fasting, prayer, and other pious works; and on the 28th of August, 1578, he took the final step by receiving baptism at the hands of Father Francis Cabral, vice-provincial of the Jesuits in those countries.

Being now a Christian, he resigned the charge of government in a great measure to his eldest son, that so he himself might more easily attend to the things of God; and as he could not bear to live amidst an idolatrous people, he determined to build a city for the exclusive benefit of the faithful. Accordingly he entirely forsook the courtly city of Funaï, and, retiring to a distant spot, he there built another: he with his own hands labored in the building of the church. Every day he spent several hours in contemplation and in pious reading; every Sunday he had recourse to the sacraments of penance and holy communion; and regularly every night his whole establishment, comprising three hundred persons, assembled to recite the rosary with him.

Whilst good King Francis, yet a neophyte, was

giving himself to these pious exercises, the devil was making every endeavor to reconquer him. Hitherto the king's life had been a tissue of prosperity; he was beloved by his subjects, and respected even by his enemies, so that in Japan the *good fortune of the King of Bungo* was become a proverb. In less than two months from the epoch of his baptism, this pleasing scene completely changed. Many powerful vassals, and many of the neighboring princes, in hatred of Christianity, took up arms against him, and fomented rebellion, so that he was compelled to abandon his retreat, and undertake a war in self-defence, or rather in defence of his states. So completely did the battle go against him, that twenty thousand men and the flower of his nobility perished, and he himself was obliged to flee to the rocks and mountains, where he wellnigh perished of hunger; his life only spared because he could not be found. Thus in one single day was King Francis all-but despoiled of five kingdoms, and with difficulty could effect his escape within a certain fortress, where his wife and children, like those of holy Job, received him with reproaches, and condemned him for what they called the mad resolution of embracing a creed which had ruined both them and himself,—bidding him go to the God of Christians, and see whether he could restore what the indignant gods of Japan had deprived him of in punishment of his apostasy.

These reproofs pierced the heart of the pious prince; but, armed with faith and courage, like another Job, he blessed God, and kissed the wounds of his crucifix,—offering his life, and whatever else

he still possessed, to his Divine Savior. To his friends, and to the fathers of the Society, who offered to comfort him, he answered that, if they really loved him, they would rejoice with him that he had something to suffer for the love of God. Soon after these reverses, one morning, when he had heard mass and received holy communion, he made a public protestation that he would ever live and die in the profession of the holy catholic faith. Not content with this, he further told the fathers of the Society that if the whole of Japan, and the whole of Christian Europe,—nay, more, if by an impossibility the Roman Pontiff himself,—should renounce the faith, *he*, with the help of Heaven, would yet remain true to it, ready, if necessary, to shed his blood in its defence. To this protestation he added two others, equally creditable to him: namely, to observe, wholly and faithfully, the precepts of God and of the Church, even to his last breath, and to accomplish, to the utmost of his power, whatever the fathers should enjoin for the welfare of his soul. From such noble beginnings we may easily infer that the progress would be great.

Nothing could console his regret for having so long deferred his conversion: hence he used to say that for the brief remnant of his life it behooved him so to husband the moments of it that each one might be rendered equal to a day, and each day equal to a year.

And, in truth, Almighty God, who saw how fully he might trust his fervor, furnished him with no ordinary opportunities of signalizing his fidelity. During the nine years that he survived his baptism

he had no peace,—now gaining and now losing ground, but always in difficulties, always persecuted; so that the fathers, writing from there, tell us that his afflictions might have moved the very rocks to compassion. But he, wholly unmindful of himself, and implicitly submissive to the will of God, devoted himself earnestly to the frequentation of the holy sacraments, to pious pilgrimages and disciplines, often scourging himself to blood; and he did this with such alacrity of soul that he used to say he enjoyed more delight on these occasions than he ever had done amidst all the pleasures of worldly pomp and state. Our Lord, too, was pleased to favor him in a miraculous manner. Once, when he was closely besieged in a fortress by a rebel named Jottetto, he was absolutely without means of defence. Full of confidence in God, he invoked his aid, if He saw that he should turn it to his glory. At that moment the enemy, without any apparent cause, was panic-struck and precipitately took to flight; whereupon his followers took heart, pursued the fugitives, cut off vast numbers, and, among the rest, Jottetto himself.

The fervent king was most anxious for the extirpation of idolatry: whatever territory he became master of, his first care was to purge it of all superstition. On one occasion he gained possession of a certain famous mountain, much revered by the pagans on account of a celebrated temple and idol and for the three thousand bonzes dwelling thereabouts: the very day that it fell into his hands, he caused the temple, the idol, and the monasteries to be utterly destroyed. His zeal was perfectly astonishing: all his care seemed to con-

sist in building churches, and in protecting the Christians who were under persecution, for whose sake he carried his charity so far as to deprive himself of bare necessaries. He continually wrote to such of the princes as remained on amicable terms with him, beseeching them to favor the Christian religion; and he frequently acknowledged that the desire of extending the faith was so active in him that it awoke him in the night,—when his thoughts would range all over the empire of Japan, considering where and how evangelical missionaries might be dispersed about the country. Whenever he heard of fresh conversions, tears of delight would stream down his cheeks, and he would say that his own trials were unfelt so long as he could see the faith making its way through so many provinces; and he would often exhort the fathers to try and win the good will of his greatest enemies, if religion could in any way be benefited thereby; assuring them that they need have no consideration for his own personal feelings, since, provided only good could be effected, he cared not at what cost to himself. More than once, in times of sedition and tumult, when the lives of the fathers were in danger, and their death decreed for a certain hour, he would courageously go to their houses and spend the night praying with them, wishing that he too might be slain for Christ or in defence of the fathers. As he rejoiced at the successes of the gospel, so did he equally deplore its reverses. His eldest son was on the point of declaring himself a Christian, but, seeing the calamities which befell his father soon after his baptism, he became terrified, changed his mind,

and persisted in his idolatry. This was a source of heartfelt grief to the zealous parent, and occasioned him a serious illness: nevertheless, he would on no account consent to see his guilty son.

Moreover, his death was attributed to affliction occasioned by the sack of the churches belonging to the Christians of Bungo; and he who exulted in his own misfortunes actually died of grief under those of the Church. He was attacked by a slow fever, during which all his conversation was of God and of heavenly things, praying for mercy and the pardon of his sins, and receiving the bread of angels every second day. He paid no more attention to state and family matters than if they in no way concerned him.

Before he died, however, he had the consolation of seeing his son a Christian: he took the name of Constantine at his baptism. This had long been the first wish of his heart, not only as being the means of salvation to the soul of the young prince, but likewise because his own death would not leave the succession open to an idolatrous heir. Finally, laden with merits, and distinguished by every sort of virtue, he went to rejoin his beloved Father Francis in heaven, from whom he had received the first impulse of his glorious career. He left orders for his funeral to be conducted with the least possible display and pomp, requesting that he might be buried in the dress worn by the fathers of the Society of Jesus, having kept one expressly for the purpose, one which had been long worn by a father who died in his dominions. But the affection of the faithful prevailed over the humility of the pious king: they celebrated his

obsequies with regal magnificence, and wept bitterly over the remains of their loved monarch; and it was unanimously admitted that, after Saint Francis Xavier, the Church of Japan was indebted to no one more than to Francis the good king of Bungo.

But from this little digression, which, we think, will not have been uninteresting to the pious reader, let us return to our holy apostle, who, as we have said, sailed with the worthy Gama on the 20th of November, 1551, from the port of Funaï, leaving the faith of Christ sown in the city of Cangoxima, where he first landed, and in progress even as far as the states of Meaco. He was accompanied by the two young Japanese, Matthew and Bernard, and by an ambassador sent by the King of Bungo to Goa, expressly to assure the Portuguese of his friendship, and to request the viceroy to send some fathers of the Society in place of Xavier to preach the gospel in his kingdom. For seven days they coasted along the island with a favorable wind, and reached Melletor, a territory dependent on the King of Minacco. From here they crossed a gulf which carried them into open sea. On the twenty-seventh there was a new moon, and this brought a change of weather: the sea became fearfully tempestuous, holding the ship completely at its mercy, and finally carrying it into seas wholly unknown to any one on board. For five days and nights they had not so much as had a glimpse of either sun or star, and, as the waves continued to increase in fury, they began seriously to think of lightening the vessel. The pilot, being unable to make his calculations, did

his best to drive direct to Mindanao, one of the Philippine Islands. As they were thus pursuing their dangerous course, one evening the wind blew such a hurricane, and the waves rose to such a height, that they were compelled to cut away the forecastle in order to ease the ship and enable her to obey the helm. They next endeavored to insure the safety of the sloop which followed the ship, to which it was attached by means of two new and strong cables. Wearied out as they were by these heavy labors, night overtook them before they could take on board five Portuguese and ten sailors and slaves who were in the sloop,—though, had they been favored with broad daylight, the fury of the waves would have prevented the approach of the sloop to the ship's side sufficiently to admit of the transit from one vessel to another.

In the midst of all these afflictions, the voyagers had no other consolation than that afforded by the presence of the saint, who toiled as assiduously as any of the crew: besides this, he heard confessions, encouraged their hopes of even escape from present dangers, if such were the will of God; or, if not, he exhorted them to look forward to a better world. Nor were his prayers, which were sometimes continued during four or five consecutive hours, of less service to them: he shed floods of tears before God for the preservation of his dear fellow-travellers, reminding him of all they had done for his sake at Funaï, and that their lives were now in jeopardy only because they had postponed their departure from thence to do honor to his holy name.

All at once, in the middle of the night a fearful cry of distress arose, which sent dismay to the heart of every one on board. The sound proceeded from the sloop. As with a violent struggle, the ropes which fastened it to the ship had snapped asunder, leaving it and its unfortunate freight completely at the mercy of the waves. At first it was believed to have sunk; but, on carefully scanning the sea, as far as the darkness of the night would permit, they perceived it at no great distance,—whereupon the captain, more rashly than reasonably, gave orders to turn the ship and strive to rescue the poor victims. The remonstrances of the pilots, crew, and passengers against this desperate risk of all their lives were to no purpose: there was a nephew of his own in the sloop, whom he loved more than his own life, and for whose safety he had to answer, as well as for that of all on board. He was obeyed; but, as they were lowering the sail to enable them to tack about, the vessel encountered two violent and contending waves, which all-but submerged her. The terrified mariners, unable to keep their standing, were tossed about in all directions. In the mean time, Xavier, who had been on his knees praying in the captain's cabin, aroused by the fearful rocking of the ship, as well as by the screams of the people, recommended them and himself to God, and then sallied forth on deck, where a deplorable sight awaited him,—the ship utterly unmanageable, the crew and passengers clinging as best they could to the masts, cords, or boards, many of them cut and bruised by the concussion, and by being thrown to and fro, according

to the fury of the waves. Heart-rending were the appeals to God for mercy, some of soul, and others for safety. The saint cast his eyes over the sad scene, then, raising them to heaven, and, with all the fervor of his soul, uttered these emphatic words:—"O Jesus Christ, thou love of my soul! by those five wounds which thou received for us on the tree of the cross, I beseech thee to help us!" He had proceeded no further, when the ship, which until then was not more than a few inches above water, suddenly rose upon the surface and righted herself,—at which the helmsman and crew, seeing that Heaven was evidently favoring them, again undertook to act, and, setting the sail, which, as we have said, had been displaced, advanced with the wind astern.

Tears and lamentations, however, did not cease with their own release from immediate danger: few of them had not to deplore the loss of some relative or friend in the sloop. Xavier compassionated the grief of the one party and the misfortunes of the other. He particularly regretted the loss of two Moorish slaves who were in the skiff, because the loss of temporal life would lead them to eternal death. As these sad thoughts crossed his mind, he recollected himself in his usual manner, and offered up a brief yet fervent prayer for these two, who knew not how to recommend themselves to the Divine protection. Scarcely had he finished his request when he felt that it was granted: therefore, turning to those who were near him, he began cheerfully to encourage them; and, alluding to their absent companions, he bade them place their confidence in God, for that he

trusted they were safe, and that in a few days the child would rejoin its mother,—meaning that the sloop would return to the ship. This seemed utterly impossible, even supposing the former to have weathered the storm; for the latter was driving impetuously forward. They therefore placed no reliance on his word, and continued their lamentations, declaring the loss to be irretrievable. However, at break of day some one ascended to the mast-head to look out for the sloop; but nothing was to be seen except the wide expanse of water. Two hours later, Xavier again made his appearance, with the same cheerful countenance as before; and after courteously saluting the captain, the pilot, and seven other Portuguese who were with them, he inquired whether they had any news of their companions, and was answered "No!" as he expressed a wish that some one should again mount the mast and be on the look out. A bystander replied, "Ay, ay, father: the sloop will come back when we send another after it;" meaning to say that it would never be seen again. Hereupon Xavier gently reproved him, saying, "Does not Heaven watch over these souls? Is the power of God so far lessened that he is unable to save them? Is his power as short as your confidence? I have placed them under the protection of the Queen of Heaven, and have promised for their safety to celebrate three masses in her honor at the altar of Our Lady del Monte, at Malacca." And, turning again to the pilot, he bade him send one of the sailors up aloft. To satisfy him, this was done; and after remaining there on the look out for half an hour, the man

declared that nothing was to be seen. For two days and three nights the saint had taken neither food nor rest, and was reduced to such a state of weakness that he could scarcely stand: moreover, he was assailed with sudden attacks of vertigo. Ferdinand Mendez, one of the merchants on board, entreated him to take at least a brief repose, offering him his own little cabin for the purpose. Xavier accepted it, and requested, as a further favor, that he would place his Chinese servant at the door, in order to secure him from interruption. The repose he sought was prayer, not sleep; for the servant assured his master that during the seven hours that Father Francis spent in the cabin, he had never moved from his knees; that, hearing his sighs and groans, he had watched him narrowly, to see how he would spend the time. Toward sunset he again came forth, and asked the pilot whether the sloop was not in sight, as it could now be at no great distance. The pilot told him that he might be quite easy about their companions, because it was sheer absurdity to expect ever to see them again,—adding, "If our ship has scarcely been able to weather the storm, what chance can a slight skiff have had? Unless God has miraculously preserved it, it has been swamped long ago. However, supposing it to have so far escaped, it would avail but little: they can never overtake us, for we are at least a hundred and fifty miles ahead of them." In spite of all this, the saint begged he would send again to the look-out. Less to satisfy him than to put an end to what seemed to him presumptuous expectations, he went himself up aloft, and, carefully scanning both horizon and

sea, he declared that nothing but waves was to be seen, and accordingly he descended on deck.

Now, at least, it seemed preposterous to wait for further proof; but Xavier, who negotiated the matter with God, and who trusted in him, that he would not only save the sloop, but would likewise soon bring it in sight, began most earnestly to entreat the pilot to shorten sail and await the arrival of their companions, who were not far off. He pleaded so warmly that the pilot, who respected him most sincerely, acceded to his wishes. The mainsail was lowered, and they halted for three hours, awaiting those whom none but himself expected. At the end of that time the passengers began to complain of the uneasy swaying motion of the vessel, and insisted on the sail being again hoisted. The saint remonstrated, and, seeing that the sailors were obeying the pilot instead of himself, he ran and threw his arms round the sail-yard; then, leaning his head upon his arm, he burst into a flood of tears, sighing profoundly; but soon afterward he arose, clasped his hands together, and, raising his streaming eyes to heaven, exclaimed, with deep emphasis, "O Jesus Christ, my true God and Lord! by the sufferings of your sacred passion and death, I beseech you to save the souls of these your faithful servants, now coming through such dangers in the skiff." Having said this, he again rested his head upon the mast, and remained silent for a few minutes, apparently asleep.

All at once a boy, who happened to be sitting on some cordage at the foot of the mast, cried out, "A miracle! a miracle! Here comes the sloop!"

And, sure enough, there it was, at the distance of about an arrow's throw. Every eye was turned in the direction indicated by the child, and was satisfied of the truth. It would be impossible to describe the tears and exclamations of delight which ensued. Joy seemed to have turned every one's brain, especially the poor captain's, whose grief at the supposed death of his nephew had deprived him of all rest. All crowded round the holy father, falling on their knees before him, accusing themselves as wretched sinners, in not having appreciated his worth, declared themselves unworthy to have so holy a man among them, and, in humble confusion and affection, vied with each other in striving to kiss his feet. He, blushing both for himself and them, reproved them for attributing to him that which was the work of God alone. Then, bidding them render due thanks to Him, he slipped away from them, and shut himself up in the captain's cabin.

In the mean time the sloop was approaching; and every one noticed with astonishment that, instead of the irregular, jerking motion which the swelling waves would naturally occasion, the bark appeared to glide swiftly through the waters, and advanced in a straight line toward the ship, so that it was evident to all that God himself was the pilot: still more were they convinced of this when, coming alongside, the sloop made a dead halt, remaining motionless till every one had safely disembarked, and then, without any trouble to the sailors, took her accustomed place at the ship's stern.

Sincere and ardent were the mutual greetings

and congratulations. It is true, a fresh cause of surprise arose—a surprise which seemed to paralyze every tongue—when the travellers in the sloop asserted that they felt no alarm throughout that horrible tempest; that they had felt perfectly safe even in the deep gloom of that fearful night, because they had all along been cheered by the presence of holy Father Francis, who had guided the helm with more than a pilot's skill. The ship's crew protested that Xavier had been with them, and had never left the ship; whilst, on the other hand, the passengers in the sloop with equal confidence affirmed that he was *with them*, and that his presence, and nothing else, had inspired their feeling of security. So manifest a discrepancy could only be accounted for in a miraculous sense: it was, in fact, a case of bilocation, the work of the right hand of the Most High. Upward of fifty witnesses attested this circumstance on oath, as we learn from the auditors of the Rota. The fame of this stupendous miracle spread far and wide, and was notorious throughout the East. The two Saracens who were in the sloop, convinced by this miracle of the truth of the Christian dispensation, renounced Mohammedanism and requested baptism.

When the universal excitement had somewhat subsided, Xavier again came forth, and, calling Francis Aghiar, the pilot, aside, in a friendly manner reminded him that he, and the fifteen saved in the sloop, ought to render thanks to God in a manner suited to so signal a favor,—as in effect they afterward did. He moreover advised him to increase his canvas, because they would soon have a favorable wind. Although the practi-

cal science of the pilot told him just the reverse, he placed implicit reliance on the words of the saint: scarcely were the sails set, when the sea became calm, and a fine breeze sprung up, which in thirteen days carried them to Sancian, a Chinese port then open to the Portuguese flag.

The friendship of our holy apostle for Francis Aghiar did not end here; for, on the following day, as the two were discussing the dangers incident to a seafaring life, the saint told him that he would die ashore, adding, moreover, that no ship in which he sailed would perish at sea. The pilot accepted his word as an oracle; and on many occasions it was miraculously verified. When Aghiar had to undertake a voyage, he set out boldly, without regard to season, weather, or other danger, to the astonishment of those who were unacquainted with the cause of his security. But on one particular occasion he more than ever proved the high estimation in which he held the saint, as well as the implicit confidence which he placed in his promise. He was sailing from Tenasserim to Pegu in a small, ill-built, and very old ship, when a furious storm arose, and soon threw the other ships sailing in company with Aghiar on the rocks, to the utter destruction of them all. This little old vessel alone escaped; and *this*, in the hands of any other pilot, would have been the first to perish: nevertheless, on this occasion, she nobly rode the waves, as if an angel ruled her, whilst the good pilot sat at the helm singing merrily, as he might have done in a smooth sea and fair weather. His *sang-froid* actually astounded the passengers, some of whom asked him how he

could possibly be singing there, at a moment when he and themselves were on the brink of eternity. To which he very quietly answered, "I should not feel the slightest fear even if the waves ran a thousand times higher than they do, nor if the ship was twice as old and as rotten as she is, because my father Master Francis has assured me that neither I, nor any ship that I steer, shall ever perish at sea." Hearing this, the Christians on board felt completely at ease; whilst the Saracens, touched by God, unanimously declared that if they survived this storm, and reached land in safety, they would embrace Christianity,—as in effect they did. On their arrival at Tanar, they were confirmed in their good purpose by the sight of the dead bodies and remains of the other ships, which had perished in the tempest and were now washed ashore: the said Moors hereupon solicited baptism, to the inexpressible delight of the worthy pilot.

Being late in the season, Xavier found, on reaching Sancian, that only two Indian vessels were remaining in the harbor, one of them belonging to his best-loved friend, James Pereira. As Odoard Gama's ship, which had brought him from Bungo, was so thoroughly out of repair as to be compelled to winter at Sancian, he went on board his friend's ship; and no sooner had he entered it than the wind, which had hitherto been directly contrary to their Indian voyage, instantly changed in their favor: therefore, on the following day, the last of the year 1551, they set sail, with their prow toward Malacca. The other ship, which, like Pereira's, was only waiting for a

fair wind, sailed at the same time, but with very different success, as will appear later.

During the greater part of the voyage, our saint's conversation chiefly turned upon Japan; the hatred and persecutions of the bonzes, the dispute with Fookarandono, the piety of the sensible King of Bungo, the conversions effected in Funaï, Amanguki, Cangoxima, and other places; but, above all, of the facility with which Japan would be brought over to the faith if China could first be subjected to its domain, since it is the latter empire which mainly guides the former in all matters connected with religion. Xavier therefore came to the resolution of turning his energies to the conversion of China; and for this purpose he was now returning to the Indies, to make some arrangements for the welfare of the Society and of the new Christians; after which he would set out upon his arduous enterprise. He had already translated his catechism into Chinese, and was carrying it with him for the benefit of such of his religious brethren as were to accompany him.

The Portuguese passengers on board heard him express his intentions with very great regret. Being acquainted with the laws of China, they assured him that he could not effect an entrance into that country unless by an act of public authority; adding that death was the penalty of an infringement of this law, and that there were already several Portuguese merchants in prison, some of whom had been there many years, for no other offence than that of furtively introducing themselves into the kingdom for mercantile pur-

poses. There was but one path open to him; namely, for the Viceroy of the Indies to send, in the name of the King of Portugal, a solemn embassy to the Emperor of China, soliciting his friendship. The expense of this, including ships, presents, &c., would be enormous: therefore it was highly improbable that the viceroy either would or could consent to it. But Pereira, who under the garb and profession of a merchant carried the heart of a prince and the religious zeal of an apostle, overruled this obstacle, by offering to God, and to the saint himself, his ship and all his wealth, if necessary to the undertaking. Xavier, therefore, undertook to obtain the viceroy's consent to the embassy and to Pereira's being nominated ambassador, he, on his side, defraying the expenses.

A new difficulty, however, arose. They received intelligence that Malacca was closely besieged; therefore, if they neared that coast, their ship would probably be pressed into the service for purposes of war. Nor was the apprehension groundless; for so vigorous was the siege that great part of Malacca was destroyed. This had been clearly foretold by Xavier. In June, 1551, this dissolute city was attacked, both by sea and land, by the Mohammedan King of Gentian, seconded by Malay and Japanese soldiers,—his forces amounting to upward of twelve thousand. Malacca was left with little more than the valor of the governor for her defence; but he, fortunately, found opportune succor by means of Egidius Carvallo, who happened to be on the coast of Chedda, with three well-appointed ships, which he hastily

brought down to the assistance of the distressed city suffering from incessant assaults. The Malays and Javanese successively relieved each other, so that when one party was wearied out the other came on quite fresh.

The fathers of the Society at Malacca, though few in numbers, supplied the place of many by their indefatigable charity and toil. They were foremost in danger, especially Father Francis Perez, who effected wonders by means of a crucifix which Xavier had given him when he started for Japan. Once, in particular, when a numerous troop of Javanese had boldly dashed in front of the artillery and crossed the river, there seemed no possibility of driving them back. Perez fastened his crucifix to a tree, and, kneeling down before it, besought Almighty God to grant victory to the arms of Portugal. His prayer was granted almost as soon as uttered: the Javanese were repulsed, leaving more than three hundred dead on the spot.

But, as the sins of Malacca pressed more heavily upon her than the weapons of her enemies, part of the city fell into the power of the Saracen king, who put all to fire and sword. Of the three hundred Portuguese within the walls, more than one hundred were slain; many thousands of the natives were carried off as slaves, besides an immense booty.

At the time these events were passing, Xavier was at Funaï, battling with the bonzes; but God, nevertheless, revealed to him what was going on at Malacca; for one day he expressly advised Gama and his companions to hasten their depart-

ure, because Malacca would be unable to resist the siege with which she was threatened; but, as his mental vision dived still more deeply into futurity, he saw that the distance was too great for Gama to be of any real use to the besieged: the saint, therefore, began to aid them with his prayers. As God had sent the chastisement for the amendment as well as for the punishment of the citizens, he granted their deliverance to the intercession of our saint; for, strange to say, the enemy quitted Malacca without any apparent cause, more in the manner of a flight than of a retreat. This, too, was revealed to Xavier; for when Pereira expressed a dread of touching at Malacca, lest his vessel might be taken, the holy man removed all apprehension, by telling him the danger was over and the enemy gone.

As the season was far advanced, it was doubtful whether they would find any ships at Malacca destined to the Indies; and, if not, their projected voyage to China would be considerably delayed; because Pereira was unable to go on to Cochin, being bound by contract to proceed at once to Sunda. Almighty God, however, relieved them both from their anxiety on this score, by making the following revelation to Xavier, who imparted it to his friend; namely, that there was only one ship then at the port of Malacca, belonging to Anthony Pereira; that on their arrival they would find it with sails set, and resting only on one anchor, ready to start for Cochin. Wonderful to relate, the prediction was literally verified, as will be shown in due time.

In this manner did our holy apostle pursue his

voyage from Sancian to Malacca, when suddenly, one day, the sea became disturbed, and one of those terrific whirlwinds arose, which threatened the destruction of any vessel that chanced to be within reach of its influence. The hopes of the crew and passengers rested in the merits and presence of the holy man, to whom, with pallid lips, they had recourse, beseeching him to have compassion on them in their danger and to aid them with his prayers. He withdrew for a short time, and then, returning with a serene countenance, said to them, "The ship Santa Cruz [such was her name] will neither now, nor at any future time, perish at sea: she will fall to pieces on the same shore where she was built. Would to God that I could say as much for the other vessel which started with us from Sancian! her misfortune will soon be made manifest to us." Scarcely had he said this when the hurricane, which had hitherto been hanging over the *Santa Cruz*, suddenly took another direction, and the storm subsided. Soon afterward, they saw various articles of merchandise, dead bodies, and the rigging of a ship, floating on the waves. They moreover picked up two sailors, still alive, who had bound themselves to some planks and thus escaped the watery grave which had swallowed up their companions,—the sole remnants of the unfortunate ship alluded to so recently by Xavier. We may find instruction in some particulars connected with this ship, and which were given in the Processes by Dominic Caldeira. He tells us that when the saint was returning from Japan he placed some of his altar-furniture on board a Portuguese vessel which was returning direct to the Indies. Just

before starting, as the captain of this ship (who was a man of little or no conscience) was speaking of his voyage, he blasphemously said that he intended sailing straight to the Indies, *God willing or not willing.* Xavier, who overheard the expression, was horrified, and, reproving the miscreant, repeatedly said to him, "Do not speak thus, brother; do not speak thus: rather say, *I will go direct to the Indies, please God!*" But he ordered the said Caldeira immediately to remove the sacred vestments from that ship and transfer them to the one in which he himself was intending to embark. A few days after the ship of this sacrilegious captain set sail, she was totally wrecked, as we have seen; and as the saint was looking at the floating remnants of the wreck, he said to the bystanders, "Behold, my dear children, had we taken passage on board that ship, the innocent would have been in equal danger with the guilty."

Now let us briefly relate what befell the *Santa Cruz.* As soon as it became known that Father Francis Xavier had blessed it and promised it prosperity, it was revered throughout the East as something holy, and thenceforward was more generally designated the *saint's ship* than the *Santa Cruz.* Whenever she entered any port, the people flocked in crowds to look at her. Other ships saluted her with salvoes of artillery. In freighting her, no consideration was had for her capability or tonnage. Merchants paid at a higher rate to get their goods consigned to her. All available space was crammed to its utmost,—so that often the ship's sides were hardly above water. In progress of time, she became fractured and rotten: neverthe-

less, old and damaged as she was, she gallantly braved every storm and danger, crew and passengers readily intrusting themselves under her sails. Once only do we meet with an instance of distrust. She had started together with a large fleet from Malacca to Cochin, as usual very much overladen. When they had traversed about twenty-five miles of sea, she took in so much water that there seemed to be every prospect of her sinking. Signal-guns were fired to warn the other ships of her danger and to claim their aid; but, as they were all sufficiently laden, not one of them was willing to ease her load by adding to their own. Fearful of not being able to accomplish so long a voyage, the captain decided on returning to Malacca. On his reaching the port, the inhabitants were exceedingly surprised to see the *saint's ship* brought back in fear, and expressed their indignation and contempt both of the crew and captain, reminding them of Xavier's prophecy, which had been a standing miracle for upward of twenty-two years. Ashamed of themselves and of their want of faith, they immediately turned their prow toward Cochin, started again, and reached their destination so safely that none of the merchandise had suffered from damp,—an advantage not enjoyed by any of the other vessels that had sailed with her. The *Santa Cruz* occasionally changed owners, all of whom (mindful of the saint's prediction that she was not to perish at sea) took care to have what repairs were necessary done when she was fairly afloat. About thirty years after Xavier's death, the captain to whom she then belonged, fearful for her safety, and anxious to have her thoroughly

repaired, had her drawn ashore on the coast of Cochin, where she had been built. Here, propped up on one side for the convenience of the workmen, she dropped completely to pieces in one night, of sheer old age, and the next morning presented nothing but a heap of decayed timber, fit only for the fire,—thus entirely verifying the prediction of the man of God. The circumstance was celebrated as a public festival by the people of the town.

But astonishment did not cease here. Though destroyed, the *saint's ship* was still miraculous. George Nunez, suspecting that the virtue of so powerful a blessing would still adhere to the damaged planks, secured a piece of one and nailed it on his own small frigate. Nor were his expectations deceived; for he invariably escaped the many dangers to which he was exposed. When some of his friends accused him of rashness for venturing so light a craft in seas which were appalling to the largest and best-appointed vessels, he always answered that the sea and winds knew better than to insult a board which had been blessed by that holy man Father Francis Xavier. Strange to say, the frigate of Nunez ended just as the *Santa Cruz* had done: she was drawn into the arsenal of Coulan for repairs, and, at a moment when no hand was upon her, crumbled to pieces.

Whilst Xavier and Pereira are quietly pursuing their voyage from Sancian to Malacca, the reader may take a hasty view of some interesting incidents which had occurred during his absence in Japan. Conversions and baptisms of kings; numerous populations won over to the faith; pious

institutions for the maintenance and propagation of the same; the extermination of idolatry; the banishment of the Brahmins from the neighborhood of Goa; the foundation of new colleges; the addition of members to the Society; and finally, the labors, successes, merit, and glorious deaths of some of them. Great were the rejoicings of the faithful in the Indies when news reached them of any of his triumphs in Japan, such as his victories over the bonzes, his magnificent reception by the King of Bungo, and the miracles whereby God was pleased to glorify his servant, and give authority to the Christian religion in the eyes of infidel nations.

Some of these important details reached Malacca in April, 1550, when Don Peter di Silva, captain of the fortress, rejoicing in the successes of his dear friend Father Francis, as well as in the progress of religion, would have a public and solemn festival on the occasion. All the clergy, the military, the magistracy, and the people of Malacca went in grand procession to the church of Our Lady del Monte, to return her thanks for having landed Father Francis in Japan on the feast of her glorious Assumption, and to congratulate with her on the conquests already made in the name of her divine Son. The vicar chanted a solemn mass, after which the rest of that day and the following night were devoted to mirth and festivity; bonfires, illuminations, artificial fireworks; bells ringing from every steeple; houses decorated with tapestry and flowers; bands of music; juvenile chorus-singers, loudly proclaiming the praises of God and blessing the name of Father Francis.

Both the fortress and the port had their own peculiar displays,—flags and banners waving, guns firing, colored lamps, &c. &c. But the most gratifying sight of all was that of the four Japanese pagans sent to Malacca by the holy apostle to witness with their own eyes the magnificence of the Christian religion and the solemnity and devotion of its worship. Touched by the grace of God, they became willing trophies of the truth: they were duly instructed by Father Francis Perez, and finally were baptized by the vicar himself.

We have already stated that Xavier assured Pereira that they would find his namesake's ship at Malacca ready to sail. It remains for us now to show how exactly his words were verified. As it had been made known to him by revelation, he was so confident of the fact, that, when he reached the Straits of Singapore, (about ninety miles above Malacca,) finding a frigate going thither direct, he sent letters by it to Anthony Pereira, announcing his near arrival, and entreating him to defer his departure for three days, in order to receive him on board and convey him to Cochin. He wrote at the same time to Father Perez, the superior at Malacca, preparing him to receive the ambassador from the King of Bungo, together with Matthew and Bernard, whom he was intending to send to Europe. He desired Perez to appeal to the hospitality of the Portuguese and thus insure them a suitable reception.

They reached Malacca at the time specified, and found Anthony Pereira with his sails set, and resting on one anchor, just ready for departure. As

usual, the people went forth in crowds to receive and welcome the saint. Their respect and affection were nevertheless tempered with affliction. Pointing to the ruins of their town, they told him that had he been there when they were attacked by the Malays and Javanese, as he was when they were attacked by the Acheens, Almighty God would have spared them for his sake.

He gratified his religious brethren with the pleasing accounts he gave them of Japan, then visited his old friend Don Peter di Silva, and his successor Don Alvaro D'Ataiide, (afterward so inimical to the saint,) who was recently appointed to the command of the fortress, informing them of his designs with regard to China and the embassy of Pereira,—at which they both expressed much satisfaction, as being likely to improve the interests of the crown of Portugal, as well as to enlarge the empire of the Church of Christ.

Later, however, the avarice and envy of Don Alvaro smothered every feeling of conscience and piety: to the everlasting infamy of his name be it said, he opposed and defeated an embassy undertaken by the saint in compliance with the will of God and approved by the whole of the royal council.

Having embraced his worthy and right noble friend James Pereira, and received from him an order on his agent for thirty thousand scudi, to expend in preparations for the Chinese expedition, he and his Japanese entered Anthony Pereira's ship, and after a tedious and somewhat dangerous voyage (wherein his prayers proved most effica-

cious) he landed at Cochin on the 24th of January, 1552.

Here he found that a serious disturbance had been occasioned by the excessive warmth of Father Anthony Gomez. He had been called there to accept the foundation of a college for the Society, and had been put in possession of a church named of *the Mother of God.* Soon afterward, however, the confraternity to which it had belonged regretted the gift, and reclaimed it. Gomez, who was of a fiery character, insisted on retaining it; and on appealing to the governor, who was his personal friend, the leaders of the opposite party were thrown into prison: hence arose most bitter complaints against the fathers, and much angry feeling between individuals. On his arrival, Xavier was promptly informed of the circumstances, whereupon he assembled the magistracy, the vicar, and the confraternity, and then, holding the keys of the church in his hand, he knelt down in the midst of them all, and with the greatest humility begged pardon for all that had occurred; and, deeply deploring that there should have been so much cause for displeasure, he restored the keys, protesting that he looked for nothing and wished for nothing further than what they in their goodness were pleased to confer. This act of humiliation on the part of a man so universally revered very much affected those who witnessed it, and produced a most favorable impression in the town. A council was held, when a final and solemn donation of the church was decided upon,—effected, no doubt, by the modesty of the saint, which triumphed where the imperative harshness

of Gomez had failed; and the Society was permanently established there.

In Cochin, too, he had the satisfaction of completing the conversion of the King of the Maldives, a young Mohammedan prince about twenty years of age. For some reason or other, his subjects rebelled against him, and, as his forces were unequal to the contest, he was compelled to save his life by flight. He fled to Cochin, hoping that the Portuguese would espouse his cause and reinstate him in his dominions. The Fathers of the Society received him into their house, when the example of their holy lives, so much more powerful than words, in great measure opened his eyes to the light of truth. Xavier's opportune arrival effected the rest. He knew so well how to speak to him of God, and still more how to speak of him to God, that he completely convinced him; and, after giving him the necessary instruction, he received solemn baptism from the saint's own hand. The crown of Portugal seems not to have thought the Maldive territories worth its care or cost, for no efficient aid was ever afforded the young king, who married a noble Portuguese lady and lived and died in quiet retirement at Cochin.

At a later epoch the said King of the Maldives declared on oath that he had seen the holy father raised to a considerable height from the ground whilst he was in the act of celebrating mass. Still more singular and more celebrated was the rapture which occurred to him once at Goa, when he was publicly distributing communion to a vast number of the faithful. He used to do this, not standing, as is customary, but on his knees. One morning,

then, as he was engaged in this sacred function, he was seen (with his knees bent, as if kneeling) to rise to the height of three palms from the ground, that is to say, to a level with the balustrade, and, thus suspended in the air, he administered the blessed Sacrament to the people, who gazed upon him as they would upon an angel come down from heaven, rather than as a mortal man.

During his stay at Cochin he had an opportunity of forwarding some letters to Europe. Availing himself of it, he wrote letters overflowing with zeal to St. Ignatius, to the King of Portugal, and to some of the fathers of Rome or Lisbon. We cannot entirely pass them over in silence, and therefore quote a striking sentence or two from his letter to his saintly superior, whom he confidently thus addresses:—"*To my father in Christ, Ignatius.*" After a few lines, which he assures him that he writes with tears in his eyes, he proceeds as follows:—"I can never sufficiently explain to you how much I am indebted to the Japanese, since through them our Lord has been pleased to unveil to me my innumerable sins. I am almost beside myself when I think that until now I had never penetrated the abyss of misery completely concealed in the deep recesses of my conscience. But now, amidst the excessive toils and trials of Japan, the divine goodness has been pleased to open my eyes, and, as it were, to compel me to see how necessary it is for me to be placed under obedience to some one who will watch over me with special attention and diligence. I therefore humbly beseech your holy charity to reflect on what you have done, by appointing me to govern

souls so holy as are those of the fathers and brothers residing in these countries. As for me, it is solely owing to the mercy of God that I have been so thoroughly convinced of my utter unfitness to be intrusted with the care of them; and this leads me to hope that, in place of leaving me to be their superior, you will make an exchange, and rather commit me to their custody."

In this manner did the saint, enlightened by his refined humility, look upon himself as being so very different from what every one else believed him to be.

Again embarking, a few days' sail carried him from Cochin to Goa, whither he arrived two years and about ten months after he had quitted it to undertake his famous voyage to Japan.

END OF THE THIRD BOOK.

S. P. FRANCISCI XAVERII SOCIETATIS IESV INDIARVM APOSTOLI.
Ab omnibus deserti et in tugurio morientis juxta prototypon GOA missum vera effigies.

Book the Fourth.

On stepping ashore at Goa, our holy apostle went straight to the hospital to visit and comfort the sick: from thence he proceeded to the college, where he found the fathers increased in numbers up to thirty. After satisfying the first impulse of mutual affection, which was not accomplished without many tender tears, the saint inquired whether there were any invalids in the infirmary; and being answered that there was one at the point of death, entirely despaired of by the doctors, he hastened to pay the sweet debt of charity. Approaching the dying man, he gave him his blessing; and at that very moment he awoke as from the sleep of death: the malady was entirely gone, and he arose from his bed strong and well.

Xavier found much to console him on his return to Goa. A great reformation of morals had been effected through the zeal of his spiritual sons, especially Father Gaspar Barseus, who, recalled from the missions of Ormuz, was sedulously cultivating the seed which had been sown by his saintly father. The frequentation of the sacraments was now so familiar to the Portuguese that none of them would venture to undertake a long voyage without first preparing themselves for it by having recourse to confession and communion. Equally gratifying were the accounts he received

of the fathers whom he had dispersed through the various kingdoms of India. He listened to these recitals with a beaming countenance, whilst tears of devotion and delight rolled rapidly down his cheeks.

For the glory of our holy man, as well as for the encouragement of the missionaries of the Society of Jesus, we may be permitted to extract a few lines from a letter written by the Archbishop of Goa, Don John Albuquerque, to St. Ignatius. It is dated the 28th of November, 1550, precisely at the time when St. Francis Xavier was going through his heaviest labors in Japan.

"The work accomplished by the subjects of your reverence in these parts of the East, their good example, their saintly lives, their learning, their sermons, their labors in the confessional for the benefit of the Portuguese, the journeys which they undertake for the conversion of idolaters and Mohammedans, induce me to give this intelligence to your reverence: which I am well able to do from experience, and as being the eye-witness of what I affirm. The fathers of this holy Society are so fervent in alleviating the heavy burden of the bishops, that all that we have, all that we obtain, all that we are able to do, proceeds from them. I believe that we shall be spared many years of purgatory in consequence of the fidelity with which they assist us in the salvation of the souls committed to us. I, more than all the rest, hold myself particularly obliged to them, living as I do in the midst of so many nations where idols of wood and stone are worshipped. By the zeal and industry of the fathers, many of these bar-

barous people have been brought to the knowledge of the true and only God, acknowledging the three persons of the most blessed Trinity.

"Neither my occupations nor my time allow me to describe in detail their multifarious good works, and the fruit which they produce in souls. I will only add that here they seem to be endowed with a double share of zeal for clearing away the gloom of the dark night wherein they labor. Praise and glory be to God, who effects such great things by means of his servants!"

The ministers of the King Don John wrote in similar strains to his majesty; in consequence of which, this pious prince placed under the direction of the Society all the seminaries hitherto erected, and which were hereafter to be erected, in those parts. He moreover determined to found several more colleges in Portugal, for the express purpose of training evangelical laborers for the missions of the Indies. Not satisfied with this, he wrote to the sovereign Pontiff, giving him ample details of the vast acquisitions to the Church gained by St. Francis Xavier and his companions, making special mention of the conversion of the King of Tanar, and of the blessed death of Father Anthony Criminale, slain for the faith of Christ on the coast of the Pearl Fishery.

Among so many subjects of joy and gratitude, Xavier found much to deplore and blame in the conduct of Father Gomez, already mentioned in connection with the awkward affair of the college at Cochin. Severe complaints of him were carried to the new viceroy, Don Anthony Norogna, even before he had disembarked at Goa. His excellency

was told that he had emptied and ruined a seminary which had hitherto been an honor to the city, and the salvation of India,—a seminary from whence had sallied forth innumerable fathers and teachers of the faith, men of such virtue as generously to present their bodies to the arrows and their necks to the scimitars of those tyrants who strove to destroy the religion of Jesus Christ; adding that if Father Francis could only witness the damage caused by one of his disciples, he would promptly strive to remedy it to the satisfaction of the city and to the confusion of Gomez. These people only spoke the truth; for no sooner did Xavier arrive than he minutely examined all the circumstances of the case, chastising Gomez by expelling him from the Society. He did not, however, despoil him of his habit, willing to save his honor as far as he could, until he was on the point of embarking for Portugal. The misfortunes of Gomez did not end here; for on the voyage to Europe (whither he would go, either to account for his conduct to the Portuguese Government, or to implore forgiveness of St. Ignatius) the vessel was wrecked, and he was drowned; God so permitting it, that there might be no chance of appeal against the decision of Francis Xavier. Such was the end of Anthony Gomez,—a man whose talent in benefiting others could rarely be equalled, and whose powerful and natural abilities might have accomplished great things in the service of God, had he been more pliable in obedience, and had he been as submissive in humility as he was ardent in zeal and ambitious of honor.

Having made such arrangements as were likely

to restore peace and prosperity to the college, he became more anxious than ever to wage war against the enemy of mankind. He consulted the Lord by long and fervent prayer, and then distributed his subjects, according to their strength and talents, through the various kingdoms of India. To such of them as were absent, he wrote soul-stirring letters, encouraging them to renewed zeal and fervor in the service of God and their neighbor. With those who were so fortunate as to be in Goa, he spent the greater part of the day, giving each one such minute and particular instruction as his employment required; and in the evenings, when they were all assembled together, he made them a discourse on the obligations annexed to their vocations; speaking with so much feeling that his hearers were usually affected even to tears, as they themselves related in their letters.

St. Ignatius recommended that some prudent, well-informed person should be sent over from the Indies to treat with the sovereign pontiff, and with the King of Portugal, on the more important concerns of those missions. In compliance with this wish, Xavier sent over Brother Andrew Fernandez, a man of great prudence and virtue, giving him suitable letters, and explaining what was to be particularly recommended to the notice of those potentates, but chiefly to insist on the necessity of sending out additional laborers, men of solid virtue and of indomitable courage.

With Fernandez he sent the two Japanese, Matthew and Bernard: the former, unfortunately, died before he reached Europe; but the latter

arrived in due time, put on the habit of the Society, and persevered in it until death.

In the mean time, Xavier was prosecuting his plans for the Chinese expedition and securing the embassy for Pereira. In his interviews with the viceroy, Don Alphonsus Norogna, he explained to him the importance of the measure, and obtained from him the requisite credentials, splendidly written in gold and adorned with bullion fringe. These letters were to be presented to the Emperor of China in the name of the King of Portugal. Others of the same description were received from the archbishop, in commendation of the Christian religion; and these too were to be delivered to the Chinese monarch. Pereira purchased a collection of magnificent presents, to which the piety of certain Portuguese noblemen added several others,—such as pictures by some of the first European artists, and other articles of exquisite workmanship: to these were added a magnificent supply of altar-furniture and vestments. To prevent all obstacles which might be raised against this embassy, the viceroy, most zealous for the glory of his crucified Lord, published an edict constituting it a capital offence in any minister of the crown who should venture to oppose it.

Having thus negotiated the affair with men, Xavier continued to recommend the issue of it incessantly to God. We may judge his own feelings on the subject from the following extract, copied from one of his letters written to the King of Portugal five days prior to his embarkation:—"Our object is to liberate the Portuguese who are there lan-

guishing in captivity; to institute amicable relations between the sovereigns of China and Portugal; to wage war upon hell and its abettors. For this purpose we shall (beginning with the king and thence descending to his subjects) declare, on the part of the King of Heaven, that it is their duty to yield those honors to the Lord their Savior and Judge which hitherto they have absurdly given to the devil. To reprove a powerful sovereign, and declare the truth to him and his people, may appear a rash undertaking; but we are encouraged thereto by the deep conviction that God himself has stamped the design in our heart; and he fills us with such confidence that we cannot for a moment doubt his power, which so far exceeds all that the King of China either could or would do. Moreover, as the issue of the whole affair rests in the hands of God, we have nothing to fear; and, in fact, there is no real cause of fearing any thing in this world but offending God and rendering oneself deserving of everlasting damnation. My confidence is materially increased by the consideration of Almighty God having chosen such miserable inexpert men as we are for so exalted a task as that of imparting the light of the gospel to an uncivilized nation, situated, as we may say, in another world,—a nation doubly blinded by its vices and by its ignorance."

The time of departure being at hand, the holy man convoked all the members of the college, declaring Father Gaspar Barzeus vice-provincial of India in his stead. Then, immediately, by an act and words of profound humility, he threw himself on his knees at the feet of the new superior, as

being the first to show him respect and submission, giving at the same time a beautiful example of that deference due to whoever governs us in the place of God. It would be impossible to describe the scene: tears fell from every eye, whilst overpowering was the confusion of poor Barzeus,—he who, so far from wishing to rule, most ardently desired and hoped to make the sacrifice of his life to God, either in China or Japan. But he was obliged to submit to the decision of the saint, who would accept of no excuse, and who left him a manuscript of his own writing containing the most perfect idea of religious government,—a document worthy both of the master and the scholar.

Nothing more remained but to make choice of those who were to accompany him. There was not one who did not offer himself to the saint and entreat the favor of being associated with him in his future labors: but he could only gratify the following:—Father Balthasar Gago, priest; and Brothers Edward Silva, Peter Alcazeva, Alvarez Fereira, Francis Gonzales; to whom was added a young Chinese, named Anthony, educated in the seminary of *Holy Faith.*

Of these, some were intended for Japan, and the rest were to accompany him to China. As he gave and received the last farewell embrace, he also gave them his last spiritual advice, of which one who was present thus writes:—"Just before our father, master Francis, went on board, as he was embracing his distressed and weeping brethren, he recommended each one of them to remain true to his vocation; to study that profound humility which springs from a true knowledge of oneself;

and, above all, to practise prompt and willing obedience; expatiating on this virtue, as being most dear and precious to God, and most necessary to all the children of the Society."

The saint was attended to the ship by all his own *confrères* and by many of the Portuguese nobility, as well as by vast crowds of people. He started from Goa, never to return to it alive, on Holy Thursday, the 14th of April, 1552.

Whilst traversing the vast archipelago toward China, many remarkable incidents occurred,—among the rest, an instance of ubiquity, or rather of bilocation, quite as stupendous as the one already recorded, and which the reader will remember to have taken place during the perilous voyage from Japan to Sancian.

In the first place, then, I meet with the marvellous taking of the city of Tolo, in the isle of Moro. It is certain that it occurred precisely at this time; and it is equally certain that Xavier played a conspicuous part in it and was there in person: this was attested by several who fought in the engagement, and is expressly declared in the bull of his canonization: it must, therefore, be acknowledged that on this occasion an Almighty Power rendered him present in two different places at one and the same time.

To make the circumstance intelligible, the reader must recall to mind what has been related in the earlier pages of this work. When, in 1547, our saint, passing from the Moluccas to the isle of Moro, converted vast numbers to the faith, and left Father John Beira at Tolo to watch over the flock there, amounting to twenty-five thousand

souls, that these savage people should have been won over was looked upon as a most stupendous miracle: nevertheless, such was the case; and the faith was cherished and preserved till this very year, (1552,) when, by a just judgment, Almighty God permitted the devil to overturn a Church apparently well built. Two Mohammedan kings—one of Tydor, the other of Gilolo—decided on the destruction of Tolo, in hatred of Christianity, and for this purpose led their combined forces against it. From its position, the town was impregnable: they therefore devastated the surrounding villages and fields, putting all to fire and sword. The citizens, though sorely pressed by scarcity, and grieved to witness the destruction of their property, remained, notwithstanding, true to God, till at length the King of Gilolo sent to propose terms of peace, on condition that they abjured Christianity and returned to the ancient worship of the country. One of the chief magistrates, wearied by the protracted struggle, and apprehensive of further trials, accepted the proposal, denied his faith, and again assumed the garb and profession of idolatry.

Here we see the fearful effects of bad example in persons of authority, especially when their subordinates are men of gross and sensual mind. There does not seem to have been one who had moral fortitude enough to oppose the impious cowardice of this wretched leader: one after another, they all apostatized in the course of the day; and, falling from one abyss to another, they drove away their pastor Beira, set fire to the church, destroyed the crosses and holy images, and, in fine, heaped

unheard-of insults on all that is most sacred, and this to gratify the caprice of a barbarous king.

Scarcely had they completed their impious task when the vengeance of indignant Heaven fell upon them: all nature conspired against them as the enemies of the Creator. The rice which had been stored up in the public granaries rotted; the fields, though usually fertile enough, and then actually promising an abundant harvest, became parched, and refused to yield so much as a single green blade; the water of the springs and rivers became unpalatable and even infectious, so that the unfortunate inhabitants could procure nothing to assuage the pangs of hunger and thirst which tortured them; and lastly, to add to their misfortunes, a pestilential malady broke out among them, and seemed likely to decimate them in a very short time. Notwithstanding these repeated blows from the hand of God, the perfidious hearts of the Morons, so far from relenting, became all the more obdurate.

Now, whilst the saint was pursuing his voyage to China, he knew, by revelation, all that was passing in the city of Tolo. Such infamy roused his zeal to its utmost; and, though he was then two thousand miles distant from the Moluccas, he was, by the omnipotence of God, conveyed in a moment to Ternate, where Don Bernardine di Sosa acted as captain of the fortress established there by the Portuguese. Di Sosa was as pious as he was brave: the saint, therefore, had no difficulty in persuading him to espouse the cause of God, and to avenge the injuries inflicted on the Christian name: it is true, he did not dare to leave the fort-

ress without a sufficient garrison, and could therefore only spare a score of his soldiers: these were joined by four hundred of the natives; a very incompetent supply, in comparison with the number of their opponents, but deemed sufficient if God himself fought with his own, as they confidently hoped he would. Xavier set sail with this noble little band, and crossed over to the isle of Moro, distant about a hundred and eighty miles from Ternate. The inhabitants of Tolo, conscious of their misdeeds, were fearful that the Portuguese would go and punish them, and had consequently prepared for their own defence. As for the city itself, it seemed impossible that it could be captured, being situated on a rocky mountain, accessible only by one narrow path: to render it still more secure, they surrounded it with wide and deep trenches, the borders of which were planted with sturdy, pointed stakes, so placed that whoever attempted to pass either over or between them would remain impaled. In addition to all this, the King of Gilolo supplied them from his territories with ammunition, soldiers, and provisions: hence, deeming themselves perfectly secure, they impiously set heaven and earth at defiance.

When the Portuguese disembarked, they posted themselves at the foot of the rock, and then despatched a herald to proclaim to those who were within that, if they wished for peace, they were to beg pardon of God and return anew to the law of their Creator; that, unless they did this, they would learn to their cost how dreadful was the indignation of so powerful a Monarch, and how energetic was the courage of his ministers. The

barbarians received the proclamation with undisguised contempt, and sent for answer that they neither feared the Portuguese nor their God; that they were ashamed of themselves for having ever embraced Christianity; and that they were resolved to maintain the ancient faith of their country.

Xavier, who was present with the rest when this message was returned, was astounded as he listened to the blasphemy; and, becoming ardent, like another Elias, he besought the Lord Almighty to stretch forth his arm and strike his enemies with terror. As he concluded his prayer, the sun instantly became obscure, (though until that moment it was shining brilliantly,) a dense cloud covered the horizon, which was dark as midnight, and a vast mountain, situated about nine miles from Tolo, burst open with a terrific noise and began to vomit forth clouds of murky smoke. Fearful roarings were heard all over the island; rumbling motions, and even earthquakes, were sensibly perceived, which, increasing by degrees, seemed to threaten the destruction of the whole country. A formidable wind arose, which uprooted forests; whilst a lake which ran through the valley, bubbling up from beneath, overran its boundaries and swallowed up an entire hamlet with its inhabitants. At last, the volcano, infuriated and like a minor hell, began to cast up ashes, flames, lava, and stones, the greater part of which fell upon the iniquitous town, blown thither by the breath of an angry God; and an enormous mass of hard stone, being violently dashed among the buildings, was shivered into a thousand fragments,

which, being scattered about in all directions, produced incalculable mischief. So tremendous was the battery of Heaven that none of the houses of Tolo were able to withstand it. But, that it might clearly appear that God was the author of the destruction, one poor solitary little house, inhabited by the fathers, was alone left standing; and a few small landed proprietors, living in the neighborhood, who still remained true to the faith of Christ, escaped wholly uninjured both in property and person. For three days and three nights did the elements thus wage war upon the idolaters, numbers of whom perished by fire or in the ruins. In the mean time the Portuguese had retired to their boats, from whence they could behold the miraculous tragedy; and when our Lord ceased to battle for *them*, they again came forth, and would have the glory of fighting too for *Him*. Stimulated by the holy man, they boldly climbed up to the city, and found that the vast accumulation of ashes had levelled the inequalities of the ground for them, so that they could easily make their assault. There were still rebels enough left to attempt a defence; but at length the Portuguese, passing the trenches, effected an entrance, and carried all before them, returning triumphantly to Ternate, without the loss of a single man. After returning due thanks to God, Xavier sent back Father Beira, who at once began to labor in the conversion of the people, whom he found dispersed in all directions. By another miracle of Divine grace, he again restored that Church, which might not inaptly be called the flock of the Penitent Faithful.

Having accompanied St. Francis to the Moluccas

and to the island of Moro, let us now return and accompany him in the voyage which he was making at the same time from Goa to China. As we have already stated, he sailed on the 14th of April, 1552. The passage across the gulf was prosperous as far as the two isles of Nicubar, to the north of Sumatra. Here they found a boisterous sea, which in a short time became a terrific tempest, leaving them but small chance of escape; and they had reason to be alarmed when they saw two large vessels which had sailed in company with them, unable to contend against the fury of the elements, sink to the bottom before their very eyes. The ship which carried Xavier, though large and well built, was heavily laden, and could with difficulty be governed. Hence it was judged necessary to lighten her, by throwing some of the cargo overboard. The sailors and slaves were already dragging some of the merchandise up on deck for this purpose, when the saint, to whom God had revealed the cessation of the storm, opposed it, telling them that it was occasioning an unnecessary loss to the merchants. He next appealed to the captain, begging him to manage the sails as well as he could for the present, but that God would certainly carry them safe through the danger. The crew objected, urging that generally at sunset a storm increased; and then, when it would be dark, they would find it far more difficult to ease the ship. The saint bade them not to trouble themselves about the matter, for that the sea would be quite calm, and they would be in sight of land, before nightfall. The captain, guided by past experience, believed the words of the man of God, and soon

found them verified. The storm and the sun declined at the same time; and they likewise came in sight of land. Whilst all the rest were exulting at their near approach to port, Xavier stood silent and dejected. Being asked the reason of this, he desired them to pray for Malacca, just attacked by a terrible epidemic, which in a short time would carry off a vast multitude of people. On their arrival, they found his information but too true. If on former occasions his visits had been welcome, *now* was he welcomed with tenfold delight, every one hoping to be assisted by him, either corporally or spiritually. Nor were they mistaken; for no sooner did he land, than the sick sent for him in all directions, placing their souls in his hands, with assured hopes of their salvation if they had him at their bedside. His companions, as well as himself, were indefatigable, devoting themselves day and night to the service of the souls and bodies of the poor abandoned sufferers. The house occupied by the fathers of the Society was crammed full of patients. Xavier himself went about the city, picked up the infected as they lay about in the streets, and carried them on his shoulders to the already-overfilled hospital,—he having no other protection from the scorching rays of the sun than an old broad-brimmed straw hat. By way of providing shelter to the houseless who were attacked by the contagion, he fitted up the old useless ships that were on the sands, as well as he could, and there conveyed these poor objects of his compassion and charity, for whose support he himself went about begging from door to door.

Often and often was he unable to snatch so much as one hour's rest in the night.

Few or none of those who served the infected escaped themselves; and it was universally held as miraculous that he, who was never clear of the infected atmosphere, suffered not in the slightest degree from its effects. Whether or no this was miraculous, the following circumstance decidedly was so. A youth named Francis Cajus, the only son of his mother, heedlessly put the point of an arrow into his mouth, without having an idea that it was poisoned. The Indian poisons, be it remembered, are very prompt in their effects: in this instance, the poison passed rapidly from the tongue to the heart, and the boy died. As they were preparing the body for burial, Xavier, by some chance or other, caught sight of the bereaved mother, who was inconsolable, and weeping bitterly: he inquired the cause of her affliction, which affected him extremely: he entered the room where the corpse was, and, taking up one of the hands, he exclaimed, "Francis, in the name of Jesus, arise!" The youth instantly arose, alive and well. Believing that a life thus miraculously restored ought to be consecrated to God, he entered the Society of Jesus, but after a time left it, and joined the order of St. Francis, in which he persevered faithfully unto death.

We copy from the *Processes* a pleasing little incident, related by the very person to whom it happened. One morning, when the saint went out to say mass, he left a young man at home to take care of the house, who during Xavier's absence unfortunately committed some sensual excess. On

his return, the holy man saw, as it were, stains on the youth's dress, and instantly said to him, "Child, thou hast surely been guilty of some sin: go quickly and confess it." The youth, thus detected, blushed up to the eyes, owned his fault, went off immediately to confession, and when he returned home the saint saw no vestige of a stain upon his dress.

As soon as the mortality had somewhat subsided, our holy apostle resumed his preparations for the embassy to China. Don Alvarez Ataïde, though nominated Governor of Malacca, was not yet in possession of the charge, which for the present was in the hands of Don Francis Alvarez, the royal auditor-general. On a previous occasion Ataïde had professed himself the warm friend of Xavier, who had confidentially intrusted him with his intentions upon China, telling him that he was returning to the Indies to make the necessary arrangements with the viceroy. Ataïde apparently approved of all his plans, promising to second them in every possible way; but when brought to the test he either changed his mind, or had never intended what he said. Now, as heretofore, however, he received the saint with a smiling face and pompous promises, though the design of his heart was widely different. In real truth, his acts ought not to have belied his words, for he was under great obligations to Xavier; besides which, as a Christian, he was bound not to oppose the interests of religion. At his own request, the holy man procured from the viceroy letters-patent, constituting him high-admiral of that sea,—because, as he pretended, that title would enable him to

promote the embassy to China, as placing the ships belonging to the crown at his disposal. Nor was this the only favor which the saint obtained for him at Goa: there were several other advantages not specified in the patent: moreover, he had attended upon him with great charity during his illness, even celebrating mass for him in his own private apartments. But in ignoble souls envy and avarice are more powerful than the virtues either of a cavalier or of a Christian. He envied James Pereira the dignity of such an embassy, as well as the gains which his merchandise would realize in China: to defeat this double object, he affected to believe that the letters-patent assigning the embassy to James Pereira were intended for a nobleman of the same name in Portugal, quite ridiculing the idea of having them given to a merchant. Pereira, warned by Xavier, made his appearance at Malacca with unaffected modesty, assumed no pompous display as an ambassador, in order that he might not provoke the rancor of Ataïde; but all proved to no purpose. As soon as Pereira entered the port of Malacca, his opponent sent officers of the crown to remove the helm off his ship and convey it to the palace. This was the first act of jurisdiction which he exercised as lord high-admiral,—thus ungratefully and ungraciously turning his authority against Xavier, who had obtained it for him. He attempted to justify the measure by saying it was necessary to the interests of the crown, because spies had informed him that the Javanese were meditating a descent upon Malacca, in which case he should require all the vessels he could procure.

This was an ill-concocted falsehood, and was soon exposed, to the confusion, but not to the amendment, of its author; for in a few days some Portuguese ships arrived at Malacca from Java, bringing news that the natives were at war upon each other: so far from being likely to assail Malacca, it was more probable they would destroy themselves. Xavier's penetration discovered the only remedy to the evil: he offered him, as a share of the merchandise, thirty thousand ducats given by Pereira: but he, who aspired to all, refused the offer; and when the treasurer and other officials reminded him that it was unlawful to detain a vessel which had paid all just demands, he drove them from his presence in a fury, saying that, as long as he was lord high-admiral, James Pereira should never go to China, either as a merchant or as ambassador. Indignant at such injustice, Don Francis Alvarez would have procured the rudder of Pereira's ship by force of arms, had not Xavier, who dreaded the effusion of blood, positively opposed such a proceeding, declaring that he would have recourse to milder measures: he accordingly sent the vicar Soarez, Father Perez, and some other influential persons to Ataïde, who were to read to him the letters of the king to Xavier, in which he declared it to be his royal will that the father should receive every assistance from his ministers, in whatever concerned the interests of religion throughout the kingdoms of the East: moreover, they were to show him the declaration of the viceroy, whereby it was made a capital offence (and the greatest that could be committed) in any one who should oppose this enterprise. Hereupon

Ataïde became downright furious: he rose from his seat, stamped on the floor, and exclaimed, "The interests of the crown require it, as I say; and as I say it shall be done!"

Xavier, seeing that all other measures failed, took long council with Almighty God, and then decided on producing the papal briefs constituting him apostolic nuncio,—briefs which, during the ten years he had been in India, had been seen by no one but the Archbishop of Goa: his humility had concealed them, leaving them like a *sword in its scabbard*, to use the words of the auditors of the Roman rota. *Now* he thought that the glory of God required him not only to wield the sword, but actually to strike. He showed the briefs to the vicar John Soarez, with orders to inform Don Alvaro Ataïde of the sentence of excommunication which he should issue against him. But even this did not bring him back to a sense of his duty; on the contrary, it only exasperated him against the saint, whom he accused of being a hypocrite, a proud pretender to dignity, the partisan of a base merchant, who, under pretext of gaining souls, only wanted to pick up gold. Much more was said in the same strain; and eye-witnesses have affirmed that the saint could not stir out of his house without being followed by a set of insulting miscreants,—so that he himself owned to Father Francis Perez that he had not suffered half as much from the persecutions of the Mohammedans and pagans as he did from these *soi-disant* Christians. But, in the midst of all this, he remained calm and imperturbable, more distressed at Ataïde's sin than his own sufferings: he attri-

buted all these misfortunes to his own sins,—in proof of which, we need only refer to the letter which he wrote, just before he left Malacca, to his dear friend James Pereira, thus taking a written farewell of him, because he did not dare trust his feelings to a personal interview:—"The enormity of my crimes is the reason why Almighty God will not accept our services in China: the weight of my sins is such as to injure not only myself, but you and your interests likewise, and has destroyed an embassy which has been so expensive to you. God, however, knows my intention toward him and you: had it been less pure and upright, I should certainly now be quite inconsolable. I am going on board at once, in order not to meet with your companions, who often seek me to weep over our common trials. God forgive those who have occasioned all this mischief! One favor I have to beg of you,—that you do not come to see me: the sight of your distress and grief would be too great an aggravation of my own. I trust, however, that this loss will prove to you a gain, and that the king will amply indemnify you, as I have written to entreat of him to do, begging him to do it in a manner worthy of your ready zeal for the promotion of Christianity. As for the captain, who had the heart thus to frustrate a measure so profitable to religion, I have taken my last leave of him: I deplore his misfortunes, for undoubtedly he will have to pay more dearly for his misdeeds than he imagines. May God preserve your health, and may he be the guide and companion of my voyage! Amen."

Though Xavier wrote efficacious letters in be-

half of Pereira to the King of Portugal, he did not write a word in condemnation of Don Alvaro Ataïde, as he himself was able to ascertain. For the sake of security, Xavier sent two copies of his letter by two different occasions, one of which was intercepted by Ataïde, probably suspicious of the contents. At all events, when he read the letter, he found not only no accusation, but not even a complaint. A pity it was that he did not know that he every morning offered mass for him, besides pouring forth floods of tears before God for his conversion. But he was unworthy of such a grace; and our Lord, in this instance, had less regard to the prayers of his servant than to the vindication of his honor. He revealed to Xavier, who consequently predicted it, that Ataïde would not complete his term of office, and that such misfortunes would befall his person, property, and reputation that the world would load his memory with infamy,—misfortunes which would awaken terror in others; after which he added, "but may God preserve his soul!" Every word of the prediction was most awfully verified. Before the expiration of two years, the Viceroy of the Indies deposed Ataïde, and had him conveyed in irons from Malacca to Goa, from whence he was sent back to Portugal. All his property was confiscated and made over to the royal treasury, he himself being condemned to perpetual imprisonment; and here God put forth his hand to complete the chastisement, by afflicting him with an incurable leprosy: he is said to have died suddenly of a horrid imposthume, which bred so much filth and corruption that no one could bear to go near him.

But to return to Xavier and Pereira. Ataïde seized the ship and cargo belonging to the latter, placing a captain and twenty-five sailors (creatures of his own) in command of her, with orders to go and trade with China. God debited Pereira's loss to His own account, and made Himself his creditor, beginning from thenceforward to pay him interest, but reserving the principal to be repaid in the next life. During their previous voyage from China to Malacca, Xavier had, in general terms, foretold to Pereira the coming misfortunes; and now he prophesied that the king, Don John, would make full amends for his losses, and would even raise him to a higher rank, suited to his faithful service. As the mercantile profession is ever a precarious one, so that a man in the morning might be very rich and yet be a beggar at night, Xavier gave his friend most comfortable assurance against these contingencies, by telling him that neither he nor his children should ever be without the means of subsistence. The prediction was verified once by a manifest miracle. A son of Pereira's, a merchant like himself, was by some accident or other reduced to great poverty, so far as not to have wherewith to procure a dinner for himself and family; but God knew how to provide, sending, as was firmly believed, an angel in the form of a youth to the house. This youth was laden with bread, fruit, and other comestibles in abundance. Francis Pereira went to purchase something of him, and, not having any money to give, offered one of his wife's gowns in exchange for the provisions; but the stranger would not accept it, telling Pereira that his word sufficed,—that he was

to take as much as he pleased from his store, without troubling himself about the rest. His whole deportment denoted that he belonged not to the inferior class, which his dress and cargo at first sight led Pereira to suppose he did. Although he and his wife did all they could to discover their unknown benefactor, who had suddenly disappeared when he had supplied their wants, never afterward could they gain any tidings of him.

One day, shortly before his departure, the saint, as he was conversing with the other fathers, was suddenly rapt in spirit, and flung himself upon a couch, where, after remaining silent for some little time, he rose apparently quite overcome, like one awakening from a painful dream: then, drawing a deep sigh, he named a well-known person then in Portugal, and said, "Alas! *so-and-so*, may God forgive thee! God forgive thee!" The fathers were astounded, and, not venturing to question him, they made a memorandum of the circumstance, expecting that the mystery would be cleared up later. Their next letters from Portugal brought news that at that very time the Society had been subjected to a heavy trial, through the extravagant whim of the turbulent person mentioned by Father Francis in his rapture. They were further informed that Almighty God had been pleased to appease the tempest and to turn the projected mischief to his own greater glory. This fortunate result was commonly attributed to the prayers of our saint.

In consequence of a malady contracted in attending on the pestiferous, Father Francis Perez was dangerously ill, with no prospect of recovery. His

greatest consolation arose from the hope of breathing forth his soul in the hands of his beloved Father Francis. When, however, the saint went to take his last leave of him, Perez was exceedingly grieved, and besought him not to leave him just then, but to remain at his side till God should be pleased to summon him from this world. Hereupon Xavier, pressing him affectionately to his breast, said to him, "This may not be: I cannot await your death, because you will not die as yet. God will have you live: he reserves you for further toils in the service of the Church in India." And so it turned out: contrary to all the rules of medical science, Perez recovered, and survived this incident twenty-seven years, persevering with full fervor to the end, laboring in and around Malacca. Whilst halting in the Straits of Singapore on his way to China, Xavier wrote to him, saying, "I do not recommend you to attend to the health of your soul, because I know you do so; but I do advise you to take care of your body. When you have quite lost all fever and other vestige of your complaint, I will not have you resume your duties of preaching, hearing confessions, or any other ministerial labor, for at least twenty days. I wish you, on the contrary, to do all you can for the complete restoration of your health."

The last thing done by the holy father in Malacca was to send three of his companions to Japan,—Father Gago to the King of Bungo, and the other two to Amanguki. Just at this moment, Father Beira unexpectedly arrived from the Moluccas, bringing most gratifying accounts of the progress of religion in those islands.

As it was now the season for the Chinese voyage, and as the Santa Cruz, in which he was going to sail, was nearly ready, he went to bid a last farewell to his friends, and to implore the blessing of Our Lady at the Church del Monte, where he remained in prayer till sunset,—when the mate of the ship informed him that they were raising the anchor and that the sails were already spread. Great was the affliction of the people at the prospect of losing the holy man, and many reasons were adduced to dissuade him, if possible, from his dangerous enterprise; but to all this he replied that wheresoever God called, thither it behooved him to go. Followed by a vast crowd of the sorrowing people, he descended to the beach. On the way, the vicar Soarez drew him aside, and anxiously inquired whether he had taken leave of the captain; adding that he thought the omission of this mark of respect might give scandal. Xavier answered, "God preserve me from saluting an excommunicated man! Don Alvaro will never see me again in this life: I await him at the judgment-seat of God, to give an account of himself and of the defeat of this measure." On passing a little church built on the shore, he knelt down at the threshold, raised his eyes to heaven, and prayed aloud with great fervor for the salvation of the unfortunate Ataïde; then, prostrating, with his face to the ground, he spent a short time in silent prayer,—after which he arose, and, taking off his shoes, he, with a most moving expression of countenance, shook them against each other, and against a stone, declaring that he would not carry away with him so much as a grain of the soil of so

guilty and perverse a place; and, predicting the chastisements which overhung Don Alvaro, he entered the ship, leaving the people mute with awe and astonishment, every one weeping bitterly as they took their last look of him.

It was Pereira's ship, though few of its people now belonged to him, the majority being the partisans of Ataïde. Such of them as were still in the pay of Pereira had strict orders from him to pay all possible attention to the saint. And here we must relate another remarkable incident which occurred some time before he left Malacca. Xavier asked Pereira to which of his men he had recommended him, and to whom he was to apply for his allowance of bread and water whilst at sea. His friend answered that he had given the necessary instructions to his own agent, who would attend to him, and that he was to share his comfortable little cabin with him. The saint instantly replied, "Your agent will provide but little either for you or me: you must look out for some one else to recommend me to. Mendez, the agent, will not accompany us to China: he will remain and die here at Malacca." This announcement seemed strange to Pereira, considering the present healthy condition of Mendez; and, not imagining any thing preternatural in the prediction, he quietly remarked to Xavier, "How so? he is very well, and in the full vigor of life." "Very likely," rejoined the holy man: "nevertheless, it will be so. Therefore, confide your interests and me to some one else in time." This was sufficient for Pereira, who appointed Thomas Scandel as his agent. The prophecy was fulfilled. Mendez, who had not com-

pleted his arrangements when the vessel sailed, made his excuses and remained behind. He died three or four days after Xavier had started from Malacca.

More numerous than ever were the miracles wrought by our apostle during this his last voyage on earth. God seemed, as it were, in haste to render him illustrious, and by new glories to compensate for the recent insults to which he had been subjected at Malacca. The first we meet with is the famous transmutation of salt water into fresh. The Santa Cruz carried in all about five hundred individuals, for whom a competent supply of fresh water had been provided; but when they had reached about midway they were suddenly becalmed, and remained so for fourteen days, as stationary as if they were at anchor or in port. In the mean time the water became so scarce that only a small measure for drinking could be allowed to each person: it was far too precious to be used for culinary purposes; and the crew began to die, or grow delirious, the effect of sheer thirst. The skiff had been despatched in search of some river, or island where springs would be found and thus afford them a supply. For seven days was this fruitless search continued,—when at last, the case being desperate, the miserable people seemed to open their eyes to the conviction that the means of escape was actually in their own hands, Father Francis Xavier being on board. One of them went round and reminded his companions of the influence of the holy man's prayers. This was enough: they repaired to him in a body, and, by tears rather than words, besought him to have compas-

sion on their deplorable condition, for that if he would only ask it of God, he could save them all from death, by obtaining either wind or water. Deeply affected by their common misery, the saint knelt down at the foot of a crucifix, when all together they sang the Litanies, after which he dismissed them, bidding them confide in God: then, retiring to his own cabin, he remained there a short time in fervent prayer. On coming forth, he ordered the skiff to be lowered, which he entered, accompanied by a young lad, whom he desired to dip his hand into the sea and, to tell him how the water tasted. "Salt," said the child. "Try it again," exclaimed Xavier. He did so, and pronounced it sweet. On reascending to the ship, he beckoned to a Mohammedan, telling him to order the sailors to fill all the water-casks with sea-water, which was done,—many people tasting the water from curiosity: one and all declared it to be in its natural state, namely, a bitter salt. Over all these vessels Xavier just made the sign of the cross, when instantly the sea-water was changed into fresh: the eager crew and passengers drank of it, to their infinite relief, and unanimously declared that the water was superior to that of Bangan, a place noted for its delicious springs. Incredible was the delight and even the devotion of the poor sufferers at this unexpected deliverance. They all cried out, "A miracle! a miracle! Father Francis is a saint!" They crowded round him to thank him, and kiss his hands and feet; but he gently reminded them that the favor came entirely from God, and not from a sinful man like himself. Nor was he without his share of consolation amidst

this universal joy. The majority of the passengers were Mohammedans, Arabs, who with their wives and families were passing over to China. These came to him in a body, fell at his feet, declared the God of the Christians to be the true God, and demanded baptism, which, to the glory of Christ, was conferred with as much solemnity as circumstances would allow. As for the water, which the blessing of the saint had rendered sweet, it was divided among the people, every one deeming himself happy in being able to preserve some of it for future purposes. It was kept as a sort of relic of the saint, and numberless cures and other miracles were afterward effected by means of it.

The following miracle, though not so universally advantageous, was still more stupendous than the former. Whilst the ship was advancing at full sail, a child, five years old, the son of a Moor, by some accident fell overboard. So great was the actual velocity of the passage, that it was impossible to lower the sails and tack about in time to render any assistance to the poor child, who was, necessarily, left to perish. The wretched father was like one distracted: he went and hid himself, that he might be able to give free vent to his grief. After some days he again made his appearance, though with still weeping eyes. Xavier, who had heard nothing of the accident, happening to meet him, inquired the cause of his distress,—of which the poor man gave him a detailed account. Recollecting himself, as usual, for a few moments, he said to him, "Supposing Almighty God were to bring your child back again to the ship, alive and well: would you promise me to believe in him and

to become a Christian?" Whether he believed the thing to be possible or not, we cannot say: at all events, he unhesitatingly gave the promise. Three days later, just before sunset, the child was seen seated in the same spot from whence he had been precipitated into the sea. He could give no account of what had happened to him during the six days which passed from the time of his fall till that of his reappearance. He remembered that he had fallen overboard, but how he got back again he knew not. His father nearly expired of joy. He could well account for the miraculous interposition; nor did he need reminding of his promise. He, his wife, his child, and a servant, went and threw themselves at the saint's feet, demanding baptism, which was readily conferred by Xavier. Out of respect to the holy man, and in memory of so extraordinary a favor, he would have his child christened by the name of Francis.

These two stupendous miracles, witnessed by all on board, caused our apostle to be looked upon as a wonderful man; and when the vessel touched at Chinchoo, on the Chinese coast, crowds of Ethiopians and Indians, chiefly Mohammedans, went on board expressly to see him. As if Almighty God had brought them as prey to his net, he began to preach to them on the mysteries of the Christian religion; and before he had finished his sermon they were all convinced of the truth of his words, and he baptized them in the ship before she quitted the port. As he was in the act of baptizing them, another miracle occurred. The saint's stature became considerably heightened,—so much so, that the people ashore supposed him to be standing on

a stool; but as they saw him move about among the neophytes, and there was no change of stature, they began to think there was some miracle in question: so, to assure themselves of it, several of them passed over to the ship, where they found the saint actually standing on the same boarding with all the rest, yet so much taller than them all that he had to lower his arm to pour the baptismal water on the heads of the converts. When the ceremony was over, he returned to his ordinary height.

Whilst he was at Chinchoo, he foretold a death in a very decided manner. The saint was saying his Office, as he strolled along the beach, when he saw several persons putting a sick man into a boat in order to convey him to the ship, where they thought he would be better taken care of and would sooner recover. The saint bade them not to take him on board, for that, if they did, he would certainly die there. But either the invalid wished it, or the others did not believe Xavier's word. At all events, they did not obey him; seeing which, he said to them, "Carry him there, then, if you will; but I tell you that they who now take him there alive will soon have to bring him back dead." Scarcely had the man reached the ship when his fever grew much worse, and he died in the space of a few hours,—so that the same people who had conveyed him thither brought him back for burial.

From Chinchoo they sailed for Sancian, an island where the Portuguese were permitted to trade with China. They had already passed it, and were approaching Canton, had not Xavier assured the

sailors that they had miscalculated the distance. They were unwilling to be persuaded of this, and would have proceeded, had not the captain decided on casting anchor, whilst the skiff was sent to reconnoitre the neighboring coast. But as the party sent did not return in three days, those on board became exceedingly alarmed lest their companions had perished in one of the terrible whirlwinds peculiar to those seas. As Xavier witnessed their distress, he assured the captain of their safety, and that they would soon make their appearance, bringing refreshments from the Portuguese at Sancian. His every word proved true. The skiff soon reached them, convinced them that they had mistaken their distance, and escorted them safe to the port of Sancian, twenty-three days after they quitted Malacca.

Sancian, properly speaking, consists of three small islands, at so small a distance from each other as to seem like one: they are but thinly peopled, and of poor, unproductive soil. Strict observers of their ancient laws, the Chinese allow no foreigners to set foot in their country: nevertheless, to secure the advantages of commerce with Portugal, they allow the Portuguese to negotiate mercantile affairs on this island: to attempt to proceed any further would be to incur the penalty of death: nor are they permitted to build substantial houses at Sancian,—nothing more than wooden huts, which must be removed on their departure.

No chains, no slavery, no prospect of death, would have been able to withhold our holy apostle from effecting an entrance, by some means or other,

into this long-sighed-for, long-sought empire of China. Nevertheless, God, who rules all things according to his high Providence, had predetermined that here (at Sancian) he should end his travels and rest from his labors.

In after-times there would not be wanting others of his own order, inheritors of his own spirit, who would triumphantly carry in the banner of Christ which he himself had planted at the door.

There were several Portuguese merchants with their ships then at Sancian, who made a festival of this unexpected arrival of their saintly father, and, with great affection and devotion, set to work and built him a little church, composed of wood and evergreens,—a task which they completed in two days. Here he regularly celebrated holy mass; but, for giving instruction to children, reconciling discords which were perpetually occurring among the soldiers and sailors, correcting immorality and injustice, for preaching and hearing confessions, the whole port, and every ship in it, served him as a church. Among his many other works of Christian piety, he contrived to settle a young female orphan, exposed to great danger, by providing a suitable marriage, he raising a portion for her from one of his friends: this was a rich merchant named Peter Vellio, a pleasant man, a free liver, though not a profligate: he was a great alms-giver, and was affectionately attached to our saint, whom he became acquainted with in Japan, and the two had sailed together from thence to the Indies. Xavier had often exhorted him to clear off some of his accounts with God,—in other words, to expiate the sins of his past life, especially by an occasional

use of the discipline; but Vellio excused himself, under the plea of delicate health, saying, too, that he really had not the courage to ill treat his own body. The saint, therefore, undertook to do it for him, though without telling him so, and accordingly used to withdraw to a private part of the ship and there scourge himself in atonement for the sins of his friend. Vellio once caught him in the act; and, moved by his generous charity, he promised the saint alms enough to assist all his poor. This poor orphan's case seemed one well deserving of Vellio's benevolence, and he set out in search of him, and found him at a friend's house engaged in a game either of draughts or chess. Advancing, Xavier asked an alms for the love of God. The other, who loved a joke, said to him, "What, Father Francis! come to ask money from a poor gambler when he is not at home? Is this a time to expect cash from me, when I am doing my best to win money from others?" The saint quietly rejoined that it was well to do good at all times, and that the best time for bestowing an alms was when the money was actually in one's hand. "Well, well," said Vellio, pretending to be vexed, "here, take my key," (giving the key of his money-chest, containing forty-five thousand ducats:) "you will find money in my chest, and you may take it all if you like." But Xavier only took out three hundred scudi, the sum required for his purpose. When Vellio next visited his chest, he found not a penny of his money gone, and went off to Xavier to quarrel with him, as he said, for not having made use of his key. The saint assured him he had taken three hundred ducats. "If you did,"

said Vellio, "there is not a farthing missing from my store, so God forgive you, Father Francis! when I gave you my key, it was with the intention that the money in the chest should have been equally divided between you and me." He spoke from his heart; and so Xavier saw. Fixing his eyes upon him, he said, with great warmth and feeling, and with a beaming countenance, "Peter, in the sight of God, who measures the intention of the heart, your *offering* is as grateful as the *gift* would have been: in due time he will himself repay you; and I now promise you, in his name, that never in this life shall you be without the means of comfortable subsistence: you will often be on the verge of poverty and bankruptcy, but friends will always be at hand to assist you: moreover, you will not die without being first warned of the day." Wonderful to relate, from that day Vellio was changed into another man, attending only to the welfare of his soul and to works of piety,—so that, whilst still in the profession of a merchant, he led the life of a religious. The promises of Francis were a source of continual satisfaction to him, more especially that one relating to his forewarning of death. As the saint gave him no specific idea as to *what* the indication would consist in, he one day plainly asked him the question. Without a moment's hesitation, Xavier answered, "When your wine tastes bitter, then prepare for death, for it will be close at hand." Now let us see how accurately the prediction was verified. Vellio lived to venerable old age, prosperous to the end; yet he was more than once all-but ruined: his friends, however, no sooner heard

of his embarrassments than they promptly came forward with their purses and saved him from insolvency. Finally, one day, as he was seated at table at a grand banquet, he called for wine: on tasting it, he found it bitter, and, with a start, he remembered the words of the saint. To avoid all danger of mistake, he requested several of the guests to taste the wine in his cup: they did so, and unanimously pronounced it exquisite. Not satisfied with this, he called for other wines and other cups; but *to him* all alike were bitter. No vestige of doubt remained on his mind: raising his eyes to heaven, he at once made an offering of his life to God, and then related the peculiar circumstances of his case to his surrounding friends: he made his final arrangements, giving a considerable part of his property to the poor, providing suitably for his children with the rest. He then took leave of his friends, many of whom, seeing him so hale and well, thought that old age was weakening his mind, and therefore did their best to divert him from what they called depression of spirits. They proposed parties of pleasure to him, which he declined, requesting them to favor him with their company at church the following morning. Here, preparations had been made for a solemn funeral-service: he received the holy viaticum and extreme unction, and then stretched himself on the bier during the celebration of a requiem mass. The church was crowded with spectators, some attracted by the novelty of the thing and others by curiosity to watch the event, whilst some few went to ridicule the folly of poor old Vellio. At the conclusion of the mass, the

officiating priest and his assistants chanted the last *responsary*, he being still alive: they passed round the bier, making the usual absolution; and, when all was over, Vellio's servant approached the bier to assist his aged master to rise from it. He found him dead! Subdued voices of awe and surprise ran through the building; tears of devotion streamed from many an eye; whilst loud were the benedictions invoked on the memory of holy Father Francis, who had then been many years at rest. As the report of this remarkable event spread through the Indies, devotion to the saint became greatly increased; whilst many who before had cared little for the poor, taught by the happy example of Vellio, became munificent in alms-deeds.

We find in the *Processes* that Xavier restored a dead child to life on the island of Sancian, the details of which are not given. But we are distinctly informed that at this time the country was infested with tigers in such numbers that they prowled about in troops, devouring children and men. One night Xavier went forth and met them: he sprinkled them with holy water, commanding them never more to injure any one of the natives. From thenceforward no tiger was seen on the island.

God made known to him by revelation that there was strife at Malacca between the captain Don Alvaro Ataïde and Don Bernardin di Sosa, just arrived from the Moluccas: he gave an account of this to the Portuguese who were with him; and when the next set of ships arrived at Sancian from Malacca, his revelation was verified by the news they brought.

Just as distinctly did he behold the progress of a ship in which several of his associates were interested. She had sailed from Malacca to Japan, and was at high sea, when one of those terrible tornadoes arose, from which escape was scarcely possible except by miracle. As she was freighted with a very rich cargo, her owners were extremely uneasy about her, and yet were unable to obtain any information. They had recourse to Father Francis, well knowing that the eye of his mind could penetrate distant as well as future events. He at once assured them that they need feel no anxiety about their ship, for that she had certainly reached Japan in safety. They were satisfied with this for a time,—till, finding the season prefixed for the return of these ships passing away without any tidings of the one in question, their fears were again excited, and again they had recourse to the saint, who gently reproved them for their want of faith. He comforted them, nevertheless, telling them that before the end of the week their ship would be in the harbor of Macao. And this proved to be the case; for she arrived there two days afterward laden with riches.

The wonderful and sublime gift of prophecy, so familiar to Father Francis, was by no means confined to the details given in this work, numerous and striking as they are; but I have necessarily confined myself to those cases which were authentically proved in the Processes. To have done otherwise would have required a separate history, so numerous are the miracles wrought by St. Francis Xavier before and after his death. As Holy Scripture, when describing the riches pre-

pared by king David for the building of the temple, enumerates the ingots of gold, silver, and other precious metals, passing over the iron, lead, and such as are more common, merely saying they were beyond compute, so do I, in relating the miracles of this man of God, dwell on the most remarkable and authentic, merely hinting at the rest, content to record what was asserted by one of the judges who was examined in India. He expressly says that, if he undertook to relate those only which had reached his own knowledge, they would suffice to fill an immense volume. Other eye-witnesses, when questioned on oath, declared that Xavier cured all the sick he touched. Moreover, the same result was noticed with regard to those who were touched with any thing belonging to him,—for instance, his rosary, crucifix, discipline, breviary, and even the crosses which he erected in public places; insomuch that the very pagans used to call him the man descended from heaven, and the master of marvels; that some of the countries converted by him stood immovable against all the persecutions of the idolaters, chiefly in consequence of the miracles which they had seen him work.

With regard to his predictions, they were so continual, so circumstantial and minute, that it was firmly believed that in him the gift of prophecy was non-interrupted,—unlike most other saints, in whom it was, as we may say, only accidental and temporary. The gift appeared in him even before he reached the Indies: the reader will remember his denunciation of the ship when he was at Mozambique. From thenceforward, to

the last hour of his life, he continued to foretell future and to see distant events as accurately as if both one and the other had actually been present. Father Anthony Quadros, a very sensible and worthy man, provincial of the Indies, declared he could mention upward of a hundred thousand of such instances, but that prophecy was so common to Father Francis at all times, and in all places, that it ceased to be looked upon as wonderful, and in his case was thought no more of than the ordinary mode of speech was in other persons. But to return to our narrative.

We have said that Xavier's unexpected arrival at Sancian had given great delight to the Portuguese there; but when they heard that he intended passing over to China, they were exceedingly grieved, both from affection to him as well as from anxiety for their interests. They therefore used the most powerful arguments to dissuade him from his purpose, dwelling on the rigor of the Chinese laws against the admission of foreigners, the inexorable cruelty of the mandarins in executing these laws, and the vigilance of the sentinels appointed to watch the coasts; that if he were seized, (of which there could be little doubt,) death, or perpetual imprisonment, would be the inevitable result; that if it were his object to meet with either of these two, he need only cross the stream which divided their island from the mainland; but that if he wished to preach the gospel, they hoped Almighty God would change his mind, and induce him to repair to some other country, where, instead of himself being lost, as he surely would be there, he might gain others to the law of God. As

for China, they assured him that it was one and the same thing for a foreigner to enter it alive, and then to die, or, at least, to be buried alive in one of their wretched prisons. This had been experienced, to their cost, by a few unfortunate sailors, who, without any fault of theirs, had been wrecked on the coast of China the preceding year, and who, for this unavoidable offence, had first been nearly bastinadoed to death, and then been pitilessly thrown into a dungeon, where they were left to pine away their miserable existence,—if, indeed, they still remained alive; for of this their countrymen could gain no certain information. Finally, they asked him whether there were not rashness in thus as it were tempting God, by thus flinging himself into the jaws of death.

The saint's answer shall be given in his own terms, as written to Father Francis Perez. After specifying the dangers attendant on the much-dreaded transit from Sancian to China, he adds, "But there are other still greater dangers to be encountered, though not so clear and manifest; but it would occupy too much time to detail them all: I will, therefore, only specify a few. First, diffidence in the benignity and Providence of God; more especially as I came here, not only for his sake, but also in obedience to his will, that I might teach these people his most holy law, and bring them to the knowledge of his only Son Jesus Christ, the fount of our salvation. Since, then, his benignity is pleased to employ me in this work, were I to doubt of his assistance and favor, or were I to recoil before the dangers which threaten me, would not such diffidence be an in-

comparably greater evil than all his enemies could inflict upon me? And, after all, what mischief can the devil and all his followers effect against me, more than God himself permits them? If he becomes my aid and defence, what have I to fear? Moreover, I shall thus be obeying Jesus Christ, who says, *He who loves his soul more than me in this life shall lose it; and he who loses his soul for my sake shall find it.* This corresponds with his other words, *He who puts his hand to the plough, and looks back, is not fit for the kingdom of God.* As the dangers of the soul are much greater than those of the body, I, being fully convinced of this, have determined on hazarding my temporal life, in order not to risk that which is eternal. What more remains to be said? I am resolved on going to China; nor will I do otherwise. May God guide and conduct me thither, and may he assist me to propagate his holy law; and then let hell do its worst! I heed it not. *If God be for us, who shall be against us?"*

In this strain did he write to Perez, and in this strain did he answer his Portuguese friends, who, finding their remonstrance useless, sent some Chinese merchants to him, in hopes their threats would terrify him; but quite the contrary,—for what he told them of the faith seemed so just and reasonable to some of the wiser of the party that they rather encouraged him to pursue his design without fear. They advised him to carry his books, explanatory of his creed, with him, because the Emperor of China had not long before sent through the neighboring kingdoms to collect information on the rites and mysteries of all the religions pre-

vailing in China. The saint was highly delighted at this intelligence,—hoping that, if the gospel-truth could only make itself heard amidst this mass of falsehood, it would undoubtedly triumph over them all.

Thus encouraged, he began to look out for an interpreter, because the Chinese, Anthony, whom he had brought with him from Goa, was unacquainted with the language of the court, which is spoken by the mandarins; and, indeed, he had nearly forgotten the dialect of his own province. He was fortunate enough, however, to meet with one well skilled in the language of the nobility, as well as in Chinese writing. He willingly undertook the office,—either from curiosity to learn something of the manners and religion of Europe, or because he was flattered at the idea of making his appearance at court and of there acting as interpreter for so learned a monarch.

Xavier found it much more difficult to meet with sailors who would venture to convey him ashore,—because the penalty of death equally fell on those who introduced a foreigner into that country as upon the intruder himself. At length, however, he met with one in whom the love of money was stronger than the fear of death,—a very respectable Chinese merchant, named Capozeca, who for an immense bribe undertook to smuggle him into Canton. To carry out the plan, he and his sons proposed rowing him ashore with muffled oars in the dead of the night. They were to land at a retired spot far from any habitation, and then he might find a shelter as best he could; or, as this seemed too venturesome, he would take him to his

own house and conceal him there for three or four days, and then, some morning, before dawn, he would take him to the gates of Canton, when he was boldly to inquire for the mandarin governor of Canton and show him the letters furnished by the Viceroy of the Indies and the Archbishop of Goa and addressed to the Emperor of China. The wary merchant took care to bind Xavier down, by solemn promise, never, on any account, or under any torments, to reveal who had brought him, or on what vessel he had passed the straits, or what house had afforded him shelter. "I was well aware," writes the saint to one of his friends, "that this compact involved two great dangers: in the first place, as the merchant was to receive his price before I set foot in his boat, he might easily, if he pleased, either throw me to the bottom of the sea, or land me on some desert island; in the next place, the mandarin governor might choose to vent all his anger upon me, in order to deter others from following in my steps,—in which case he would subject me to the most cruel tortures, and then execute me, or, if somewhat more leniently disposed, condemn me to perpetual imprisonment." He then goes on to say that, so long as he does but obey God, he cares not a single iota either for liberty or life. He eagerly stimulated the courage of the merchant; he placed the stipulated sum in the hands of a third person, and pledged himself, by oath, that no torments, nor death itself, should induce him to violate the everlasting silence which he promised.

When Xavier's hopes had reached thus far, they met with another check, which wellnigh destroyed

them: worldly interests, the implacable enemy of the things of God, came in the way. The European merchants became alarmed, and began to foresee that which would never happen: they murmured against Father Francis, saying that he was dragging them, as well as himself, into a precipice; the mandarin of the province would send a fleet against them, and take all their property, and perhaps their lives, and God knows what besides; commercial relations would no doubt be destroyed, and the Portuguese would not even be allowed this poor island whereon to traffic; incalculable would be the damage to the crown, as well as to individuals, &c. &c. Full of these dreary forebodings, they repaired to him in a body, entreating him, if he had no pity on himself, at least to have pity on them, who were all his children, and not to involve them in his danger; that they had not his virtue and courage; they explained to him the injurious effects to them which would follow his furtive entrance into the kingdom of China. But they had no occasion to say much in order to awaken his compassion in their regard, and he immediately promised them most faithfully not to stir from the island till they and all their ships were safe and far away. The Chinese, too, with whom he had made his agreement, also went away, promising to return at a certain specified time, which he could easily do, as his business would call him but a short distance from Sancian.

Whilst affairs were in this state, Xavier fell ill of fever, more tedious than dangerous. The mistaken kindness of his friends was more trying than his malady: they undertook to play the philoso-

phers, and assured him that his illness was a clear indication that his Chinese enterprise was not pleasing to God,—as if the saint had been so mentally blind and deaf as not to understand the commands of God, or as if God intended merchants to become the interpreters of his will in regard of an apostle!

He recovered in a fortnight, and returned—we will not say to his desires, for they had never wavered, but—to the preparatives of soul necessary to an enterprise so glorious to the name of God, and so advantageous to the souls of those poor pagans, as would be that of wresting from the grasp of the infernal monarch that vast empire which for ages had been wholly in his power. His chief consolation consisted in walking on the beach directly opposite to China and wafting sighs thither where his heart already was: in this manner did he try to cheat the tedium of delay and to gratify the anxious longings of hope. Naturally speaking, the nearer we approach the term of our desires, the more eager we become to secure them. Provided he were once able to set foot on that land, which cost him so much even at a distance, he set at defiance all anxiety about the uncertain future; for of the two contingencies probably awaiting him, one was scarcely less dear to him than the other,—viz., either of giving to the Chinese life in Christ, by converting them to the faith, or of giving his own life to Christ, by martyrdom, by preaching the faith to them. His approaching death would have changed this pleasing prospect into gloom, were it not that the saints ever find their chief delight in the accomplishment of the will of God,

their sole interest consisting in this: attentive only to his good pleasure, they forget themselves and their own wishes.

In the mean time, his whole soul became engrossed in the task he was now, as he believed, so near undertaking; and whilst the days of Xavier passed in earnest desires of amplifying the kingdom of God, the Portuguese ships had been gradually weighing anchor and departing on their return-voyage, till none remained but the one which had brought him from Malacca to Sancian. He sent letters to his friends at Malacca and Goa: he wrote in most affectionate terms to his dear friend James Pereira, again thanking him for all he had done and suffered for his sake. "May God repay you," says he, "for I am unable to do so; but he will know how to do it in my stead. As long as I live, I shall never cease imploring him to bestow on you health of body and spiritual graces, and that he will admit you among his blessed when you die; but, as I well know that the little I am able to do is as nothing in comparison with what I owe you, I earnestly recommend all the fathers of the Society in the Indies to concur with me in praying for you. If I should be so fortunate as to succeed in preaching the gospel to the Chinese, next to God it will be owing to you: you will have the honor of it, both in heaven and on earth, in the sight of God and men."

He likewise wrote to Father Francis Perez, desiring him and all the fathers at Malacca to quit that place; and he advised Don Peter Silva to do so too, and repair without delay to Cochin. He appointed Father Perez to the office of rector

there, in place of Father Eredia, ordered to the mission of Ormuz. As pestilence, famine, and other misfortunes threatened the wicked city of Malacca, there was no reason why the just should be left to perish with the guilty. He moreover sent back Brother Francis Pereira, whom he dismissed from the Society,—so that he was now left with only Anthony, the young Chinese, and another youth, both seculars. Great part of his letter to Perez was filled with lamentations over the deplorable state of Don Alvaro Ataïde: it was like Samuel weeping over Saul.

In his letter to Father Barzeus he bade him apply to the archbishop to see that the Vicar of Malacca published the sentence of excommunication against him; it was necessary that a man who, like Don Alvaro, cared neither for God nor for his own soul, should be denounced before the whole world, as an awful warning to others, and to teach his successors not to attempt to oppose the promulgation of the faith in the Moluccas, Japan, or China. He moreover ordered Barzeus to be very cautious in admitting members into the Society,—to try them well, and to dismiss those who did not submit well to the trial.

These letters were the last relics of the spirit of St. Francis Xavier, and were by him consigned to the hands of the merchants, to be by them conveyed to the Indies. He was unable to intrust these letters to the friend who had been his host ever since his arrival at Sancian, because, for some reason or other, his departure had been so sudden as to be more like a flight than any thing else. This unfortunate man resolved on returning to

Malacca so secretly as to let Xavier know nothing about it. For this purpose, he made his preparations in the night, and set sail while the saint was at the altar saying mass. Having finished, he looked carefully round among those who had assisted at it, as if in search of some one. "And where," said he, "is *so and so?*" naming the merchant in question: he was answered that he had sailed, and was already far on the way to Malacca. Then he, speaking as if in a rapture, exclaimed, "Oh, whither are his sins leading that unfortunate man? Who is he fleeing from? Who has driven him hence? Why did he not await his ship from China? there it is!" said he, pointing in a certain direction; but he only could see it: the others, who looked in the quarter indicated, saw nothing. Then, reverting to the merchant, he thus continued:—"He well knows what he is going in search of to Malacca; but little does he know what awaits him on his arrival there! Oh, what a death!" Here he paused, and said no more. The merchant who had thus fled arrived in due time at Malacca, almost immediately went to a forest to look at some timber which he required for the repairs of his ship, when he fell into the hands of robbers, who murdered him in a frightful manner.

When the ships had left Sancian, and Xavier remained with the few belonging to the ship which had taken him there, it would scarcely be believed how utterly he was neglected. Three eye-witnesses assure us that he was actually left without the bare necessaries of life: young Anthony was

obliged to beg a bit of bread for him, or he might have perished of hunger.

Some persons accuse the crew of cruelty, for they were men chiefly in the pay of the captain of Malacca, who, though at a distance, still waged war upon the servant of God; but it seems to me that we may safely carry our eyes up aloft, and there find a more worthy source of this dereliction: may we not ascribe it to that impenetrable wisdom which often shows most harshness toward those whom it best loves,—at the same time furnishing them with opportunities for increasing merit and glory, and enabling them to leave examples of heroic endurance to the whole world? Noble souls only are permitted to close life in circumstances resembling their divine Master, viz., in total privation of all human comfort, forgotten by his own people, uncared for by strangers; and, what is still more, apparently abandoned both by heaven and earth. And such in truth was the death-bed of St. Francis Xavier, a man so revered even by the Mohammedans and idolaters that, had he died among them, they would have crowded round him with most respectful affection.

But God would have him here in this solitary state. His express command had brought him thither from a distance and through such strange vicissitudes: nevertheless, to one who could have beheld him at that last hour, it must have seemed as if Almighty God had entirely given him up to sufferings, with patience for his only comfort.

The interpreter, who had willingly agreed to accompany him to the emperor's court, broke his promise, either through timidity or the bribery of

the Portuguese. Notwithstanding this disappointment, the saint was determined to go on, relying only on the imperfect skill of Anthony. The merchant and his sons, who were to row him across, proved equally faithless: he never saw them again. Still unsubdued in purpose, he formed the plan of effecting an entrance into China through the kingdom of Siam. But God designed him a better embassy,—that of heaven, whither he now invited him.

When Xavier left Goa, he had received a certain intimation that he should never return there again, and he signified as much to several of his friends, especially to Cosmo Annes, who asked him how soon they might expect to see him again. He answered, "In this life never: it must therefore be in heaven, or, at the latest, in the valley of Josaphat." He spoke more plainly later at Sancian; for, being in company with six Portuguese, he said to them, "Brethren, let us prepare for death; for within the space of a year the great number of us shall be dead." Before the twelve months had expired, six out of the seven were dead, and Xavier himself was of the number.

No further knowledge, then, was wanting to him than that of the day and hour of his death; and this God was pleased to reveal to him, and he made it known to the pilot of the ship, who affirmed the circumstance on oath. On receiving the announcement, Xavier's heart, so long fixed on China, now directed itself exclusively to heaven; and, as he strolled along the sea-shore, he would raise his longing eyes and soul to heaven, with

such vehement desires of eternal life that the present life became quite burdensome to him.

On Sunday, the 20th of November, he celebrated mass, and almost immediately afterward was assailed with fever: he was carried to the common hospital on board a ship; but as at that season of the year the winds and currents peculiar to those channels kept the vessel in perpetual agitation, which disturbed the saint and prevented the quiet application of his mind to God, he requested captain Lewis Almeida to have him landed again the next day. A kind-hearted Portuguese, named George Alvarez, seeing him thus left on the beach under a sharp north wind, transferred him to his own poor hut, composed of boughs and straw,—good only inasmuch as it preserved him from worse. On the following day he became worse; a pain in the side caused alarm, and Alvarez entreated him to be bled. No expert surgeon was to be met with there: nevertheless, Xavier would practise obedience to him who afforded him a lodging, and willingly submitted to the proposal. The operation was so unskilfully performed that contraction of the nerves was the immediate result: inability to take nourishment soon came on. A second bleeding, by the same awkward hand, was advised; and to this too he submitted, with the meekness of a lamb, but with no better success than before. He remained thus till the 28th of November, his eyes constantly fixed on heaven, or on a crucifix which he held in his hand: he grew delirious, but with the delirium of the saints, for he spoke only of heaven or of the conversion of China; but he then lost his speech for the next

three days, and was so excessively weak that his last breath was momentarily expected: he regained both sense and speech, however, and resumed his pious colloquies and affections as before, which he could continue without interruption, being left almost alone. Anthony, who assisted him, did not understand all he said, his pious ejaculations being chiefly in Latin; but the youth tells us that he repeatedly uttered, "Jesus, son of David, have mercy on me!" and to our blessed Lady, "Show thyself a mother!" but his most familiar expression was, "O most holy Trinity!" He passed the last two days without tasting any thing; and, after desiring that his church-vestments and books of instruction might be carried back to the ship, (these being his sole riches,) he disposed himself for his last hour, which was now approaching.

Anthony and another youth, who had accompanied him from Goa, were at his side, both intending to enter China with him: he fixed his eyes on the latter, and seemed distressed: then, with deep compassion and tears, he twice repeated, "Oh, unfortunate man!" The gift of prophecy remained with the saint till his last breath, as we find from the untimely end of this youth, who, in less than half a year after Xavier's death, fell into the most revolting debaucheries, and was suddenly killed by the discharge of a gun.

It was on Friday, (not Saturday, as some have miscalculated,) the 2d of December, 1552, when Xavier, at about two hours after mid-day, heard the voice of God calling him, as the good and faithful servant, to enter into the joy of

the Lord. Those who were present observed him cast his eyes tenderly on his crucifix: then, with an exulting tone, he cried out, "*In te, Domine, speravi, non confundar in æternum,*" and placidly expired. Bartoli gives his age as fifty-five; but, according to the more recently-discovered memorandum of his birth, he died at the age of forty-six,—of which he had spent twelve years in the Society of Jesus, reckoning from the date of its establishment as a religious order, and ten years and seven months in the Indies, in a most laborious apostolate, carrying the name of God to so many kingdoms, and generating so numerous a progeny to Jesus Christ, that the sovereign Pontiff, in the bull of his canonization, affirms them to be "*super stellas cœli, et super arenam quæ est in littore maris.*"

He was rather above the middle height, full and robust of body, of sanguine temperament, of pleasing and majestic aspect, fair and florid: he had an expansive forehead, a good nose, eyes inclining to azure; hair and beard thick, of deep chestnut color,—though before he quitted Japan his excessive toils and trials had made him gray.

As soon as the people belonging to the ship heard of his death, several of them repaired to the hut; and as they gazed on his calm and beautiful countenance, more like that of an angel than of a corpse, an irresistible impulse threw them on their knees, and they kissed his hands and feet with great respect. He remained unburied from Friday to mid-day of the following Sunday, when his last host, George Alvarez, dressed him in his sacerdotal vestments, and then deposited the body in a large case, filling it with quicklime, in order that, the

flesh being entirely consumed, the bones might be conveyed to Malacca. In this manner he was buried in a little field near the cross which he had erected at the foot of a hill. It must be recorded that the function took place, without any of the usual ceremonies of the Church, in the presence of only four individuals, affectionately devoted to the saint, namely, Anthony the young Chinese, George Alvarez, the pilot Aghiar, and another, whose name has not reached us. They divided his poor faded old habit among them, to be kept as relics; and Aghiar insisted on having one of his shoes, which he so prized and boasted of that it acquired for him the sobriquet of the *pilot of the boot*. The absence of the rest of the Portuguese was attributed to the sharp wind and excessive rigor of the weather; but it is doubtful whether cool affection had not more effect than the chilled atmosphere. In proof of this, we need only cite a passage from the letter written to Don Alvaro Ataïde by one of his flatterers then at Sancian:—"Master Francis is dead; and he died without working any miracle. He was buried on the sea-shore here, just like any other common individual: perhaps, when it is time for us to sail, if any part of him remains in being, we may bring it away with us, that the grumblers of Malacca may not be able to say that we are not as good Christians as themselves."

But Almighty God, who had hitherto condescended to the humility of his servant, would now make manifest to the world the high degree of glory to which he had raised him in heaven.

The first and most striking miracle to be recorded is of a curious old wooden crucifix pre-

served as an heirloom in the family of Xavier. During the last year of the saint's life, this crucifix was perceived to sweat blood every Friday,—which phenomenon ceased at the time of his death. By an after-comparing of dates of the memoranda preserved by his family with the details received from India, it was ascertained that precisely when Xavier was suffering in any unusual manner in the East, this crucifix distilled blood in the West,—as if the Crucified would reciprocate the feelings of this ardent lover of the crucifix.

The season for sailing from Sancian to Malacca being come, Anthony reminded the captain of the ship that the remains of the holy father ought not to be left behind: he therefore gave orders for the exhumation of the body, which took place on the 17th of February, 1553, two months and a half after death. On opening the case and removing the lime, the virginal body was found totally incorrupt, flexible, and still retaining the same fair, fresh complexion, as if he were only in a placid slumber; the vestments, too, like the precious corpse, were unaffected by the lime. A sweet fragrance issued from the case, which plainly told of paradise. Determined to secure some particle of the body as a relic, they uncovered the thigh and cut out a piece of the flesh,—when, to their astonishment, bright blood flowed, as if he were still alive. The spectators hastily returned to the ship to relate what they had seen, in proof of which they displayed the sanguineous piece of flesh,—whereupon they all returned to the sepulchre to kiss a body which had once been animated by so glorious a soul. With bitter tears did they pro-

claim the too long neglected merits of the holy man, whom they aloud besought to pardon them the extravagant cruelty with which they had treated him just to please their master Don Alvaro Ataïde; and, after a thousand demonstrations of respect, they replaced the precious deposit in the case, and, again covering it with lime, they carried it to the ship, in order to enrich the city of Malacca with it.

At the departure of his body from Sancian, the saint seems to have freed those seas from the terrible whirlwinds to which they had hitherto been so liable, for nothing of the sort was known there for many succeeding years: it seems, too, that he, from heaven, would also open the long-closed gates of China, for soon afterward the ministers of the gospel gained admission there, together with the embassy sent by the crown of Portugal.

On the 22d of March, the ship came in sight of Malacca. A boat was despatched to give notice of the treasure which was approaching; and, although there were then no fathers of the Society there, the inhabitants would of their own accord honor the saint. All the nobility, the vicar and his clergy, all carrying lighted tapers, went down to the beach to receive the body, which was carried in triumph through the principal streets to the Church of Our Lady del Monte, followed by an immense concourse of Christians and pagans. On arriving at the church, the chest was again opened, and the beautiful, lifelike body exposed to view and to the veneration of the public, who simultaneously noticed the fragrance which had excited so agreeable a surprise at Sancian. Every one had something

remarkable to relate in honor of the saint; whilst every one seemed again to behold him, as when before he lived among them working miracles.

Widely different from the behavior of the majority was that of Don Alvaro Ataïde, whose inflexible obduracy of heart nothing could subdue. As the procession conveying the precious body was actually passing his house, he was seated at the gaming-table: hearing the noise occasioned by the crowd, he advanced to the window, and, with mocking scorn, both of word and gesture, he ridiculed this display of reverential affection, and then angrily withdrew to resume his game. God, however, had patience with him for a time,—whilst the saint was more gratified by the piety of the faithful than displeased with the malice of the obstinate man. For several weeks Malacca had been ravaged by a fearful pestilence, which the saint had clearly foretold before his death in a letter to Father Perez: nevertheless, no sooner was the body landed, triumphant as it were in death, than this scourge immediately ceased: not one of those who were then sick died of it, nor did any new case occur; whilst those who were already infected recovered without the aid of medicine. In addition to pestilence, the town was also suffering from famine, which, like the former, also disappeared; for with the ship conveying the body, several foreign vessels ladend with provisions likewise entered the port.

In consequence of such manifest miracles, Malacca ought surely to have provided a suitable tomb for St. Francis. Nevertheless, either from dread of Don Alvaro, or because God so permitted

for the further and later glory of his servant, his interment took place without any distinctive honor. The sacred corpse was taken out of the case, and buried in the naked earth, outside the church: the grave was dug so strait and small that on forcing the body into it the flesh on one of the shoulders was lacerated, and fresh blood again flowed freely. Notwithstanding this sight, the earth was actually pressed down and stamped upon with the feet, to the injury of the body; so that it would seem as if Malacca was destined to outrage him both in life and death. He remained thus from March till the following August, when Providence brought Father Beira to Malacca, on his way from Goa to the Moluccas. Beira had been most devotedly attached to Xavier, and felt anxious once more to behold his loved remains: accordingly, one night, he, James Pereira, and a few others secretly disinterred the body, which, to their admiration, they still found in the same state of perfect preservation, no more injured by the damp earth at Malacca than by the quicklime at Sancian: even a small napkin, which was placed over the face when last buried, was found stained with fresh blood. The piety of the present spectators could not bear the idea of reconsigning such a treasure to the bare ground: Pereira therefore ordered a handsome coffin, to be lined with magnificent Chinese damask satin, in which the sacred body, enveloped in a brocade coverlet, was deposited,—the whole being placed in respectable security until means could be found to convey it to Goa, Malacca being evidently unworthy of such a treasure. A pleasing miracle rewarded the honor

shown to the servant of God: a wax candle, which under ordinary circumstances would have burned only for ten hours, continued burning for eighteen successive days and nights; and at last the wax which had swealed from it was found to weigh more than the candle itself in its original state.

No opportunity of conveying it to Goa occurred previous to Father Beira's departure for the Moluccas: he therefore left his companion at Malacca in charge of the sacred body. Lope Norogna had the good fortune of transferring it in his ship, a battered, old vessel, in which scarcely any one would risk his safety; but no sooner was it known that the precious relics were to travel in it, than crowds sought to procure a passage in her. Nor was the confiding piety of the people deceived on this occasion: they encountered a terrific tempest, which drove the ship deep into a sand-bank, from which they had no chance of escape except by miracle; and God wrought it in their favor. A strong breeze suddenly urged them through the shoal; and, as if to prove that the hand of God had done it, the moment the ship was out of danger the wind entirely subsided. In entering the Ceylon channel, they again struck upon a hidden rock, with such violence that the rudder was broken at the hinges, the keel remaining fast in the fissure of the rock. To lighten the vessel, the crew cut away the rigging, and were for throwing the cargo overboard; for, as the poor frail bark was tossed from side to side, it was feared that each successive concussion would completely annihilate her. In this desperate position, they had recourse to the protection of the saint. The coffin was brought

upon deck, where all the crew and passengers, holding lighted tapers in their hands, knelt down, and with tears in their eyes entreated him to preserve them. Immediately the prayer was ended, a loud report and crash were heard from beneath the water, and with a bound the ship was free: the rock had evidently yielded, or rather had burst asunder, and thus released the imprisoned vessel. Triumphant over all these misfortunes, she reached Cochin, the whole city going forth to revere the remains of its loved father and master. From thence they proceeded to Baticala, where, as the wind was against them, the captain lowered his sloop, and was rowed on to Goa, to be the first to convey the glad tidings to the authorities there. In the mean time, at Baticala, the wife of Anthony Rodriguez, the royal procurator there, was lying dangerously ill. On hearing of the arrival of the holy body, she felt a confident hope that if she could but see it she should be cured: her entreaties were so urgent that they carried her on board; and no sooner did she come in sight of the body than she found herself perfectly recovered. She begged a particle from the hem of his coverlet, which was given her: she enclosed it in a reliquary, and a volume might be filled with the details of the innumerable miraculous cures effected by it.

On the death of Father Barzeus, Father Melchior Nunez had succeeded as Vice-Provincial of the Indies. The viceroy immediately armed a light frigate, in which Nunez, some other fathers of the seminary, and four young pupils, proceeded to Baticala to receive the holy body. As it was lowered from the ship of Lope Norogna, all the

ships then in port saluted it with salvoes of artillery. On the 15th of March, 1554, they reached Rebenda, about half a league distant from Goa, where they halted for the night, whilst the city was making preparations for its solemn reception. On the following morning, which happened to be Friday in Passion-week, all the flower of the Portuguese nobility at Goa set out, in six barges magnificently adorned and illuminated. These were followed by twelve others, filled with three hundred of the most respectable inhabitants, each one carrying a lighted torch. Bands of vocal and instrumental music were dispersed throughout the different boats, with admirable effect. The frigate containing the saint's body was in the midst of them: they advanced with measured strokes, slowly, and in fine order. The remains were on deck, under a splendid canopy of gold brocade provided by Pereira,—lights burning all around, flags and banners floating on both sides. Every inhabitant, even the sick, was on the beach: those who were unable to walk were carried thither, and richly were they rewarded for their piety. It would be impossible to describe the varied emotions of the people as the beauteous little fleet came in sight; tears of devotion fell in abundance, crowds upon their knees, with outstretched arms, as if to receive and embrace him; his praises resounded on every side, and Goa was proclaimed happy in the possession of such a treasure. There were some who, too impatient to await its arrival ashore, jumped into the water to meet the frigate, which they kissed, and then swam back alongside of it to the beach. Here the viceroy with his

mace-bearers and guards, the royal councillors, and the magistracy, all in gala-dresses, were in waiting to receive the sacred deposit; whilst a band of youths advanced, the foremost carrying a large crucifix, the choristers at the same time entoning the Psalm, "Blessed be the Lord God of Israel;" and then the procession formed, in the following order. Ninety children dressed in white, crowned with flowers, and carrying olive-branches in their hands, opened the march. Next to them walked the brotherhood of mercy, followed by the clergy, —the body of the saint carried by fathers of the Society. Next came the viceroy with his magnificent escort, then the magistrates, and, lastly, the people. The streets on both sides were adorned with tapestry, flowers, and other ornaments; and every place was so crowded that the guards could with difficulty keep a clear passage for the procession. From the windows and roofs of the houses descended what might almost be called a perpetual shower of crowns of roses. But far more worthy of record are the miracles wherewith God was pleased to glorify this triumphal entry of his servant into Goa. In the first place must be noticed the exquisite fragrance exhaled from the holy body, perceptible even at a considerable distance, with a twofold effect, as we read in the Processes, for it gratified the senses and it inspired devotion. In the next place, we must allude to the cure of the sick, who would be carried out to see him pass, or, to use their own expression, that *he* might see *them* and cure them. Among those who were too ill to be moved from their beds was Jane Pereira, who had been dangerously ill for three

months: no sooner did she recommend herself to the saint than she was perfectly cured.

A young girl almost at the last gasp, and actually holding the blest candle in her hand, was recommended by her mother to Father Francis, promising to have a mass said in his honor. At that very moment, the daughter threw aside the candle, and rose from her bed in perfect health.

In the church of St. Paul, then belonging to the Society, whither the body of the saint was conveyed, the blind, the lame, the paralytic, the leprous, and, in fine, every other species of invalids, suddenly recovered. It is generally believed that never had any saint been panegyrized as Francis Xavier was by the immense crowds there assembled. Every one had something marvellous to relate,—among others, John Deïro, whom the reader will remember to have been his companion in Meliapor, Malacca, and the Moluccas. He was now a religious, and related, with many tears and in public, the secrets of his conscience, and the predictions of the saint in his regard, every one of which had been literally verified.

His body was placed in the great chapel, protected by a palisading to keep off the crowd. The precaution was ineffectual: no barrier could have resisted the popular devotion,—to gratify which, the saint was held up in a standing position, to the infinite delight of every one. He was left thus exposed for three days. The canons of the cathedral solemnly sung the mass of the holy cross on Friday; and the religious of St. Francis, so much loved by the saint, sung the mass of our Blessed Lady on the Saturday. Having so far gratified

public devotion, on the night following (Sunday) the body was deposited in a distinguished place, on the gospel side of the high altar.

We must not omit mentioning the after-fate of the vessel which brought the precious deposit from Malacca to Goa. As soon as the crew had disembarked and all the cargo landed, she opened and sunk, as if unwilling to be employed in any less glorious office.

With regard to the body itself, we may as well state that it was juridically inspected from time to time by the doctors and prelates of Goa, who always found it, not only incorrupt, but flexible, and of its natural color, so much so that, four years after the death of the saint, James Diaz Carvallo, landing at Goa, requested to see it, and at the first glance, petrified with awe, he exclaimed, "He is alive! he is alive!" On two occasions, some one applied their finger to the wound in the shoulder caused by the rough usage when he was interred at Malacca, and both times the finger produced a flow of blood and water. Fresh blood likewise flowed from his neck and stained the brocade pillow which supported his head,—once when the body was pressed into a coffin somewhat too short.

Another time, the body was exposed in the church with the feet uncovered, to enable the people to kiss them as devotion prompted: an old woman indiscreetly pious, anxious to have some relic of the saint, instead of kissing the foot, bit a piece off one of the toes; but she could not conceal her theft, for the flowing blood immediately betrayed her. Thus was our Lord pleased to honor

a virginal body which had been so instrumental to his glory.

It is true, the saint seems not to have been pleased at the amputation of his arm: at least, from thenceforward the body, though still incorrupt, did not retain the same florid complexion, or look altogether so handsome, as before. Father Claudius Acquaviva, general of the Society, sent orders for the right arm to be taken off at the elbow and sent to Rome to enrich the mother Church of the order, which, having given Xavier entirely to the Indies, thought it but fair that the Indies should restore at least one limb. Superiors there, however reluctant, were obliged to obey. On the 3d of November, 1616, the case was opened and the arm severed from the trunk. It was transferred the year following from India to Portugal, when, had not God watched over it, Rome would not have *gained* what Goa had *lost*. Father Sebastian Gonzales, the procurator of the province, accompanied it to Europe in a small vessel, quite unfitted to contend in battle against the large ships of war usually met with on those seas: they found themselves pursued by a Dutch man-of-war,—a double enemy, on the score of religion as well as of nationality. The Portuguese gave themselves up for lost: crowd what sail they would, there was no chance of outstripping their formidable adversary; still less had they to hope from an engagement, having neither soldiers nor ammunition. All at once they remembered that they had the arm of St. Francis Xavier to defend them, and they entreated Father Gonzales to hold it up in sight of the enemy, whilst they on their knees would

supplicate the saint to have pity—if not on them, who were unworthy of it—at least on so precious a portion of himself, and not permit it to fall into such impious hands. The Dutch were already so close upon them that they could hear their shouts of exultation in anticipation of an easy victory. Gonzales made his appearance, bearing the saint's arm. The crew instantly fell on their knees. The father advanced to the edge of the deck, directly facing the enemy, not invoking Xavier against them, but, crying out aloud in his name, he threatened them, and forbade them to advance another yard. And assuredly it was the voice of God and of the saint, speaking through his mouth; for there stood the Dutch ship, with all her sails spread, yet as motionless as if she had been suddenly embedded in ice, the Portuguese brig in the mean time pursuing her passage in safety to Lisbon. The Dutchmen seemed stupefied, or as it were bewitched, as they witnessed the miraculous effects, the cause of which was totally unknown to them.

This was not the only one, nor the greatest, of the miracles wrought by God in order to give celebrity to the name and authenticity to the sanctity of his servant. Scarcely is there a city of Europe, Asia, or America that does not record some marvellous intervention of divine favor granted to the merits and intercession of St. Francis Xavier. But, without dwelling on these for the present, we must briefly bear witness to the merits of Xavier by showing the high esteem in which he was held before and after his death by every person of every class and every religion. To begin with Mohammedans and savages. The licentiate Barbuda, who,

by order of the king, visited the coast of Africa subject to the crown of Portugal, tells us that at Mozambique, Sofala, and the neighboring islands the name of Father Francis was as much respected as in India, and that the people inquired as anxiously about him as if he had been personally known to them: in fact, he was more celebrated than any of their native potentates: he was spoken of as *the great father, the master of miracles, the man of heaven, the god of the world*, &c. Numbers of these people left country and family, travelling thousands of miles, only that they might see him; they addressed him on their knees, kissed his hand, and applied it to their foreheads,—which is considered a mark of most humble reverence. Still more wonderful to relate, those who most cordially hated the faith of Jesus Christ nevertheless loved Xavier, admired his sanctity, and carefully preserved whatever he had used or touched. At Saxuma, so late as 1615, the idolaters there still showed a stone, which they kept as something precious, because the saint had often stood upon it when he preached in public. And in Amanguki, though the town was often devastated by civil dissensions, those savages always watched over and saved from destruction the house which he had there inhabited, where the Christians had assembled on festivals to hear his instructions and on Fridays to take the discipline. When his life was published in Europe, some one carried a copy of it to Japan, where it was immediately translated into the language of the country and most eagerly read with admiration and applause. Merchants would pay at a double rate to be able to sail or send their merchandise in the

same ship with him: no matter how shattered or ill appointed the vessel might be, if the *great father* only were on board, every one felt safe, saying that there was no wind, no storm, no waves, which would not respect his commands. A certain Mohammedan related that he once left several new and strong ships, and sailed in a very old one, merely because the saint was there: as they all crossed the gulf in company, a formidable tempest arose, when every ship perished save the one which carried Xavier.

As for his predictions, the infidels relied quite as implicitly upon them as the Christians. There was a Mohammedan pilot, noted in all the ports of India, of whom Xavier prophesied that he would die a Christian. The man was so certain of it himself, that when the Portuguese used to try and persuade him to be baptized, he would tell them not to be uneasy about him, for he should most certainly not die unbaptized, the holy father having promised him this, but that it would not be till shortly before his death: they might, therefore, leave him in peace some years longer, and then he would go straight from earth to heaven. And so it proved; for in his last moments he received baptism, and then died immediately.

In public and private calamities, such as pestilence, famine, or storms, Saracens and idolaters, as well as Christians, invoked the aid of Xavier; and frequently were the votive offerings presented to the churches dedicated to him or in any other manner connected with his name. On the western coast of Comorin, the Mohammedans dedicated a mosque to him in gratitude, and also that they

might have a place where recourse could always be had to his intercession in cases of necessity. The King of Travancore, also a Mohammedan, built another, and endowed it munificently. Infidels of every sect went in crowds to his tomb, making these pilgrimages from far-distant countries. The ambassadors of the Great Mogul, having heard of the fame of Father Francis at their court, visited his remains, and on entering the church took off their shoes in token of respect, and approached the tomb with many profound inclinations and prostrations.

From the pagans let us pass on to the new Christians, when we need but remember the respectful welcome with which they always greeted his arrival among them after some little absence. Villages and hamlets poured forth all their inhabitants to go and meet him; children in troops, singing the Christian doctrine, mothers with their infants in their arms, and, in fine, all ages and both sexes, sallied forth to welcome the holy father. Along the Coast of Fishery, especially, people spread their garments, that he might walk upon them,—to his extreme confusion: nevertheless, he was obliged to submit to it in patience, because neither his entreaties nor forbearance could prevent it: moreover, he was fearful of checking the piety and faith of these new converts. Those deemed themselves most favored who gave him a lodging; every one seemed anxious to secure something belonging to him; and when his poverty had nothing left to give, they would request his name in his own handwriting, with some little word of advice for the good of their souls. These precious slips

of paper were most carefully preserved as family heirlooms, descending from father to son as a valuable part of the inheritance; and with good reason, too, both for the sake of the hand whence they proceeded, and the numberless cures which they effected. After his death, those whom he had baptized were held in singular veneration; and their best boast was being able to say, "I received baptism from the hand of Father Francis."

Churches in his honor were erected in many places, and so much prized, that when the Saracens overran the coast of Travancore, destroying twelve churches dedicated to other saints, the natives, being too poor to rebuild them all, restored but one; and that one bore the name of St. Francis Xavier. We may form some idea of the number of pilgrims that used to resort thither from various countries, from the fact stated by Father Nunez,—that the Christians there were obliged to sink another well for the accommodation of the strangers. Many of the more ancient churches lost their original titles if an altar or any particular image of Saint Francis Xavier were raised within them, his name soon superseding the older ones. The following instance of devoted affection, though carried to excess, will show how highly he was esteemed by the Indians. They could not bear to have it said that there was a greater saint in heaven than St. Xavier; and if any one reminded them of the apostles, "Well," would they rejoin, "and so was he an apostle too. To how many kingdoms did he carry the gospel! how many nations did he convert and baptize with his own hand! was the gift of miracles, of tongues, of pro-

phecy, wanting to him? Look at the sanctity of his life; look at his death, equivalent to martyrdom; look at his incorrupt body!"

They were scandalized that measures were not taken for his immediate canonization: therefore the King of Bungo, to gratify the Christians of Japan, the Bishops of Goa, Cochin, Angamale, and others, sent a petition in the name of the public to the sovereign Pontiff at Rome, requesting faculties to enter upon the canonical processes in the manner prescribed. And when the natives, who had been acquainted with the saint, were examined upon some point, and asked whether they considered Father Francis a holy man, they grew utterly indignant at the question, as if by any possibility such a thing could be doubted.

As a last circumstance connected with this subject, we may state that one of his Indian converts, regardless of the dangers of the voyage, traversed those many thousand miles of water between India and Europe, merely to visit the castle of Xavier and to kiss the walls and floor of the room in which Father Francis was born. Having satisfied his devotion, and picked a little piece of stone out of the wall to carry with him as a relic, he returned to the Indies, without caring to see any of the many wonders of Europe.

Nor was he in less veneration among the old Christians of India, especially the Portuguese, than among the converts. Father Francis was a never-failing topic of conversation with them: every one had something wonderful to relate about him,—of what he did for God, or what God did for him. We may say the same of the letters

which they wrote to their friends in Europe, where he was as far famed as in India. Even in his lifetime, preachers eulogized him from the pulpit, so that in the Old World the name of Father Francis was already glorious.

The Portuguese, both of the East and West, were firmly persuaded that Almighty God, for the sake of this his servant, preserved the Indian territories to the crown of Portugal. In the year 1552, which was the last of his life, when the captain of one of the royal ships was presented at court on his return home and was asked by the king what news he had brought from the Indies, he returned this answer:—"May it please your majesty, I bring you news that Father Francis is still alive; and so long as this is the case there is no danger of your receiving other than good news from there. May God long preserve him for the welfare of those states!" The wise monarch was himself so thoroughly convinced of this, that he sent positive orders to the officials out there, from the viceroy to the lowest man in office, to carry into effect whatever Father Francis judged proper, either for the reformation of the manners of the Portuguese, for the maintenance of the faith among the Indians, or for its propagation among the pagans; and that wherever the father or others of the Society had to travel, no matter how distant the countries might be, the king's ships were to give them passage, and all their expenses to be defrayed at the cost of the royal exchequer.

Two years later, when news of the saint's death arrived, the king was exceedingly grieved, more for himself and for India than for the holy man,—

of whose glory he felt so certain that in 1556 he wrote to the viceroy Don Francis Barreto, desiring that whilst the memory of Xavier was still fresh, and the eye-witnesses still living, juridical informations on the virtues and miracles of the servant of God, Father Francis Xavier, should be instituted in the four principal cities of Goa, Cochin, Bazaim, and Malacca. The Archbishop of Goa, Don Christopher of Lisbon, always wore a little picture of the saint upon his breast, which he often kissed and looked at. He was rewarded for his devotion by being miraculously cured once when he was suffering from a dreadful attack of the stone. Gonzalo Fernandez, converted by the saint from a life of profligacy, tells us that whenever Xavier called at his house he used to crawl on his knees to the door to receive him, not deeming any other attitude sufficiently reverential toward one so highly favored by Almighty God. Even James Pereira, with whom the saint was so extremely intimate and familiar, could not bear to stand in his presence otherwise than bareheaded; and he said that when he was conversing with him he experienced much the same feeling as he might if in the presence of Almighty God.

When he arrived in barbarous infidel countries, the Portuguese received him almost with regal honors, the most distinguished among them eagerly acting as his courtiers. When he walked out, they would take off their cloaks and spread them in the road for him to walk upon; or, if he were seated in the presence of some distinguished personage, they rolled their cloaks up, to make a cushion of them for him; and when his humility

was pained, (as on such occasions it always was,) and he would forbid them to do this, they pacified him by telling him they did it to show the pagans how highly the Christians respected the ministers of the gospel.

Fernandez Vellio, of whom we have before spoken, could never speak of him without tears. Houses in which he had lodged became so precious to their owners that money could not purchase them. Persons who would refuse a favor when asked it for the sake of God, or our Blessed Lady, became softened when asked to grant it for the love of Father Francis.

Every one seemed anxious to die in his hands, in the persuasion that their salvation would then be safe. A Portuguese happened to die at Sancian just before the body of the saint was exhumed and carried on board a ship. The friends of the deceased buried him in the vacant grave, saying that God would never leave that soul in purgatory whose body rested in a spot hallowed by the remains of Father Francis.

This very spot became such an object of veneration to the Portuguese, that a rich merchant who often passed that way to and from Macao and Cochin-China never passed it but with lowered sails and a full discharge of artillery.

In the year 1555, Father Melchior Nunez passed on his way to Japan. The fleet consisted of several merchantmen and men-of-war. They all cast anchor off the isle of Sancian; and soldiers, sailors, and merchants went all together in procession to visit the first grave of their saintly father. Finding the spot wild and overgrown

with weeds, they cleared it, and raised a bank breast-high around it, both to preserve it from wild beasts and as a future guide or memorial of the place. They then planted a large cross; and, raising a portable altar just over the grave, Nunez celebrated a solemn mass, with vocal and instrumental music, all passing off with the greatest solemnity and devotion. The mass being ended, he turned round from the altar, and, arrayed as he was in the sacred vestments, delivered a panegyric on the life and virtues of the apostolic man. It must be owned that great part of his address was lost, absolutely drowned in his own and his hearers' tears. The spot reminded them so forcibly of him whom they had lost, that they seemed to have him before their eyes, in a dead or dying state. After kissing the grave a thousand times, and each one taking a handful of the earth to distribute among their friends in India, they returned to their ships and weighed anchor. This respect for the place was no evanescent burst of piety. It so far increased as to awaken the suspicion of the Chinese authorities, who, fancying some enormous wealth was buried there, placed a guard upon the spot, to prevent it from being carried away.

It now remains to show in how great esteem Xavier was held by his own religious brethren, many of whom were his pupils and the imitators of his virtue. The first feeling of delight in those who were chosen for the Indian missions was occasioned by the expected meeting with Father Francis; and as Almighty God so often kept him at a distance from Goa, many of them were thus

disappointed,—when they feelingly expressed their regret under the disappointment in their letters to their friends in Europe. But whenever they were fortunate enough to meet with him, they one and all wrote of him in the same strain of respectful affection. In 1456, Father Paul Valle, not finding him at Goa on his arrival from Europe, followed him to Cochin under pretext of delivering letters to him, and thus writes:—"As soon as I cast my eyes upon him, I could not help exclaiming, *Truly, truly, truly, this is the servant of the Lord! and nowhere shall we find his like!* It is impossible to describe the effect produced, not alone by speaking to him, but even by the very sight of him. A desire of serving God is immediately enkindled in the soul." He then goes on to say that during the five days he spent with him he seemed to be in paradise, and that they passed like a moment.

Father Gonzales, too, thus writes of his first interview with Xavier:—"We were extremely gratified on reaching Goa, because we there found Father Master Francis, whose virtue is so admirable that I have never elsewhere met his equal. He is so replenished and, indeed, overflowing with the love of God, that one can see nothing else in him. We possess among us a living martyr. However, all that I can say of him is nothing; for it would be impossible to describe him as he is. Almost as soon as I arrived, he started for Cape Comorin,—to my great regret; for in losing him I almost felt as if I were no longer in the Society."

If I undertook to transcribe all that his companions in India wrote about him to their friends

in Europe, I might fill a whole volume. In place of this, then, let it suffice to give the opinions of two great masters of spirituality, namely, Father Nunez and the father of the whole order, St. Ignatius himself. The former was once asked whether he thought there was any comparison between Father Gonzales Silveira—that man so illustrious for the sanctity of his life and the glory of his martyrdom—and Father Francis Xavier. Nunez, who was intimately acquainted with both these holy men, returned this precise answer:—"Father Silveira was, as we all know, a saint: there can be no doubt about it. But, in comparison with him, Father Francis was an architect compared to a common mason." He then entered into a description of the qualities of his soul, which shall be given when descanting on his virtues. The said Father Silveira, though personally unknown to Xavier, had such an opinion of him that he used to call the Coast of the Fishery his paradise, and wish that he might live and die there; saying that it was the most sanctified place in the East, being rendered illustrious by the many memorials of him.

As for St. Ignatius, we cannot better show the high opinion which he entertained of Father Francis than by the fact of his recalling him to Europe, expressly with the intention, as we learn from Father Polancus, of resigning the generalate into his hands. The holy father sent him the order to return to Europe in a letter dated the 28th of June, 1553, in which he thus explains himself:—"Looking to the greater service of our Lord God, to the good of souls in those parts, and to that

which concerns their welfare in Portugal, I have decided on commanding you, in virtue of holy obedience, to add to your many other voyages that of Portugal, by the first favorable opportunity you can meet with; and I give you this command in the name of Christ our Lord. In order that you may support my decision against those who would seek to detain you in India, I give you my reasons for recalling you. In the first place, you must know how much the welfare and propagation of Christianity in those parts, as well as in Guinea and Brazil, depend on the orders given by the king and his Government at Lisbon. It is desirable, therefore, that so pious and well-intentioned a prince should be accurately informed on these points by an experienced person like yourself; when we may presume his majesty would, at your representation, be induced to do many things out there for the service of God our Lord. Moreover, it is important that the holy see should have full and clear information, from some person of credit, on the state of religion in the Indies, that it may be enabled to provide suitably for the necessities of that interesting Church,—for the advantage of the new as well as of the ancient Christians; and for this you will be better qualified than any one else, both on account of your intimate acquaintance with the affairs of those countries, and because of the consideration in which you are held. You know, too, how important it is to the welfare of the Indies that those whom we send out thither should be persons suited to the position. Your presence in Portugal will be of essential service in this respect: far greater numbers would pro-

bably be induced to seek those missions, whilst from these numbers you would be able to select those you deemed best suited to the purpose: besides, you yourself must have observed that your written description of those you want is not always sufficient to guide our choice: therefore you, or some other well-informed person, should see and be able to form an opinion of those who are to be sent. Besides these considerations, referring chiefly to India, you will be able to influence the king to look to the good of Ethiopia, which has so often been on the *tapis* without any thing effectual being done. In like manner, you may be able to do much for Congo and Brazil, which you would not be able to do in India, because there are no commercial relations between those countries. If it should seem to you that your presence is necessary to the government, you may surely govern them better from Portugal than from China or Japan. For the rest, I refer you to Father Polancus. With all my heart do I recommend myself to your prayers: I beseech the divine and sovereign goodness to be pleased to give us his perfect grace to know his most holy will and fully to accomplish it." This letter bore no other signature than the letter I,—which would, nevertheless, have been quite enough to insure obedience; for had the saint lived to receive this letter there is not the least doubt but that he would have taken his passage in the first ship that sailed for Europe, and have willingly braved all the dangers of the ocean to have thrown himself once more at the feet of his beloved father.

Once when St. Francis was writing to St. Igna-

tius, and expressing the hope of seeing him again before he died, he said that this happiness could only be hoped for through obedience, for that obedience could do all things.

To the above letter, written by St. Ignatius himself, Father Polancus, the secretary, added the following postscript:—"Besides what our father writes in his letter, (which, or at least a part, you can show to those who will require an account of your recall to Portugal,) there are other reasons, no less important than those he has specified. Your reverence must know that the subject has been mooted in Spain, Portugal, and Italy, so entirely to the general satisfaction, that all who have been consulted are of opinion that your return will contribute much to the glory of God and the universal good. Such is our father's belief; and his opinion is worth many powerful reasons. I beseech Jesus Christ our Lord to conduct all things to his service and to his greater glory. Amen."

Whilst these letters were preparing in Rome, seven months had already elasped since Xavier had passed from the Indies to heaven; but had Almighty God so permitted that the letter of Ignatius had found him alive, we should have seen how much he was prized out there; for the Indians would have thrown the whole world into commotion rather than have lost him, and in all probability a strict prohibition would have been issued against any of the vessels affording him a passage, in which case we should undoubtedly have witnessed some miracle of his obedience: had no other means been left him, he would have undertaken the journey on foot even across the ocean.

The fame of his sanctity and miracles was as far spread in Europe as in Asia: he was looked upon as an incomparable man, and, had he returned, he would have been received in a manner corresponding with his merit. When Cardinal Santa Croce heard that Father Francis was recalled to Europe and that Rome would see him, he wept for joy. Rome already talked of giving him a public, solemn reception; but her honors in his regard were to be reserved for the period of his canonization.

Having said so much of the esteem in which the man of God was held by every class and sect, let us now show how Almighty God was pleased to honor the memory of his servant after his death, by means of continued and stupendous miracles: not that I undertake to narrate all that have occurred, for this would be an endless task: we know that from the extremities of the New World cities and kingdoms have chosen him for their patron solely in consequence of the miracles granted to his intercession.

To begin with the two coasts of Travancore and the Fishery. About midway between the two lies a territory of idolaters, called Kotate, where there is a church consecrated to the name of St. Francis Xavier: it is unpretending, and less magnificent than many others, but is widely celebrated for the innumerable and stupendous miracles wrought by God before a picture of the holy apostle which Father Buserius placed there. The pagans make pilgrimages to it, and bring their votive offerings in gratitude for favors solicited and conferred. It had formerly been their practice to prove a judicial truth by the ordeal of red-hot iron or boiling oil;

but from the time when the name of Father Francis became so celebrated, to swear by his name was deemed a stronger affirmation of truth than any other: perjury in connection with so holy a name was believed to be impossible. Our Lord was pleased to authenticate this pious practice by a prodigy. It is related that a pagan, who owed a Christian a considerable sum of money, denied the debt; and as the latter could not juridically prove it, he insisted on his taking an oath upon it in the church of Kotate, before the picture of the saint. The pagan had no objection to commit perjury; but scarcely had he reached his own house on returning from the church when he was taken violently ill, burst a blood-vessel, and expired, to the great terror of all his acquaintance.

In the vicinity of this church dwelt an idolater named Peramy, a poet and scholar: he was seventy years of age, and was much respected by his own sect: nevertheless, in mind and morals he was far from the knowledge and love of God. Father Buserius used every endeavor to draw him from his errors; for it would have told much to the honor of Christianity if such a man as this could have been wrested from the hands of the Brahmins. He admitted the excellence of the Christain faith; but, as he was already grown gray in his own, he thought there would be a sort of shame in renouncing it, whilst his pride recoiled at the idea of becoming the pupil of a new creed, having been so long a master of his own. Whether he wished to gratify the missionary fathers, or that he really acted from the impulse of his heart, we know not; but at all events he composed some fine

poetry in praise of the law of Christ, of Father Francis Xavier, and of Father Nicholas Spinola, then Superior of that mission. Yet he still adhered to his own religion, despite his high commendation of ours. Almighty God and Saint Francis paid him well for the little he had done in their honor, by granting him the grace of salvation, though at the expense of the temporary affliction of his body: he was covered with a leprosy from head to foot, aggravated by several boils and wounds, which soon rendered his case deplorable: the best medical skill of the country proved unavailing, and he was left with little or no chance of life. One night Father Francis appeared to him in a dream, and, with a smiling countenance, bade him to be conveyed to his church, which was close at hand, for that if he anointed himself with the oil burning before his picture he would recover his health. He did so the following morning, performing more, however, than the saint enjoined; for on reaching the door of the church he paused at the threshold and there composed a stanza in honor of Xavier. On being placed before the picture, he anointed himself as desired, and had no sooner done so than all the scales of the leprosy fell from him and all his wounds were healed: in a word, he was perfectly cured. Within the space of two months he was solemnly baptized, to the great delight of the Christians. In gratitude to the memory of his deliverer, he took the name of Francis; and, not content with this, he devoted himself to the service of the said church, in quality of sacristan.

The pagans were exceedingly provoked at having

thus lost one of their most distinguished members: they would often insult him, and reproach him for his inconstancy, tauntingly asking how a man of his age could consent to lose all merit before the gods and all honor before men. What could there be in the Christian religion worthy of being believed by so learned a man as himself? Could he find in his new church the ever-standing miracle of the one he had renounced? viz., could the Christians use water instead of oil to burn in their church-lamps? And yet this miracle was continually witnessed in their pagodas. This was one of the inventive stratagems by means of which the Brahmins imposed on the credulity of the people, pretending that water burned in the lamps before their idols. Francis ridiculed the idea of comparing the two religions, and answered that he had only discovered one point of difference between the two, namely, Christianity was all truth, whilst their creed was nothing but the chimeras of intoxication. Nevertheless, this miracle which they so strongly insisted upon weighed heavily on his heart; and he felt most anxious to be able to affirm with truth of his church that which his adversaries falsely ascribed to theirs. And as it was Almighty God who inwardly moved him to honor Xavier, so did he inspire him with the idea of coming to the trial in that very church of which he was the sacristan. This worthy man used to speak in the most familiar manner to his patron when before his picture. One day he filled a lamp with holy water, carried it before the picture, applied a lighted match to the wick, and then addressed the saint in these terms:—"There, now!

let us see whether you will suffer yourself to be overcome by your enemies: they feign miracles; now show us that you can work true ones. I light this lamp in your name; and if the honor of God, and your own, be dear to you, take care that it burns brightly." Having said this, he not only lighted it, but two or three more besides,—not from want of faith, but from exuberance of delight at seeing the first burn so brilliantly. Satisfied with the saint and with himself, he rushed out of the church, calling all the pagans he could meet with to come to his church, where they might really see water endued with the properties of oil: he was not relating distant events: the miracle was at their own doors: they might witness it with their own eyes: there it was, in actual existence before the picture of the holy father, &c. At first the people believed him crazed; but as it would only cost them a few steps to clear up the case, Christians and pagans flocked to the church, where both sight and touch convinced them that the lights before the picture were sustained, not with oil, but with plain water. Suspicious, however, either of sorcery or imposition, the pagans would themselves experimentalize in the very church; so, fetching water and wicks of their own, each one provided as many lamps as he pleased,—which, when a light was applied to them, all miraculously continued burning: whereupon the Christians fell prostrate, blessing God; whilst the pagans, according to their custom, raised their hands to heaven, praising the saint as well as the powerful God of the Christians. The fame of this miracle was soon circulated through the neighbor-

ing states, and Moorish and pagan pilgrims, equally with the Christians, flocked to the saint of Kotate, (as thenceforth they styled Xavier,) some attracted by curiosity and others by devotion. To all who wished it, the faithful sacristan proved the truth of the miracle, by renewing it in their presence: more than this, he published an account of it in verse, which was sung with acclamation all over India. Innumerable miracles are related in connection with this one. A Paravan from Manapar brought fifteen new lamps with him, which he filled with water, and they all kept alight. Anthony Caxado, in gratitude for the recovery of his sight through the intercession of the saint, brought seventy, which he filled with oil, whilst he lighted four others with water, to convince himself of the miracle: they all burned with equal brilliancy, and continued to do so for four whole days. A Christian widow, whose son had been miraculously cured by the saint, brought twenty, filling some with oil and some with water. Finally, whenever there was a scarcity of oil at this church, Bellario Toti, another of the sacristans, invariably filled the lamps with water, which always burned just as well as oil. If the wind or any other accident extinguished these lamps, it was remarked that no sooner was a light applied to one of them, than all the rest simultaneously lighted of themselves, or, rather, were lighted by the invisible hand of some angel.

Nor did the favors conferred by the saint of Kotate on his faithful poet-sacristan end here. One day he was seized with most dreadful spasms, to which no human remedy afforded the slightest

relief; so, presenting himself before the picture of his beloved saintly father, he thus accosted him:—"How can you have the heart to see your sacristan, who so willingly serves you day and night, in such excruciating pain? Will you not stretch forth your hand to cure me?" The pain entirely ceased as he ended his little petition; nor did he ever after experience a return of it. The following incident, though trivial in itself, deserves to be recorded for the very charm of its simplicity. On entering the church one morning our worthy sacristan found, to his dismay, that a rat had been busy in the night, and had gnawed three large holes in the canopy over the saint's altar. The amount of mischief proved that the offender must have been a large one. He had no trap, and could devise no scheme of destruction. According to the account given by himself in the Processes, he felt half angry, and, standing up before the saint's picture, thus gave expression to his irritated feelings:—"Father Francis! people say that you passed from this life in the vicinity of China; that you were a saint; that your body still remains entire and incorrupt at Goa. Now, here am I, the sacristan of your church; and I ask, is it consistent with your honor that a rat should have the audacity to gnaw the ornaments of your altar? I demand his death at your hands." The affair ended just as our good man wished; for on opening the church-door the next morning he found the culprit stretched out at full length, quite dead; and, in truth, it was of enormous size.

The miracle of changing the nature of water, of making *that* serve as fuel to fire which naturally

would have extinguished it, contributed more than any thing else to render the name of Xavier famous among the pagans. Others, equally beneficial to another class of persons, were of constant recurrence. During the prolonged calms to which sailors are occasionally exposed at sea, fresh water often failed,—a more fearful trial even than the storms. After the saint's death, it became usual on such occasions to have recourse to his assistance,—when he never failed to grant it, either transmuting salt water into fresh, or unexpectedly raising a favorable breeze, which carried them speedily to their place of destination, or by driving them to some unknown coast, where they found fine springs of fresh water.

In like manner, the fishermen on the coast of Cape Comorin, when they met an unfavorable season, would cast their nets in the name of Father Francis; and then they were rewarded with an abundant draught.

Of his assistance in storms at sea we have innumerable instances of miraculous intervention: from among many others, we select the following. Captain Emanuel Silva was sailing from Cochin to Bengal, with a great number of passengers and merchants. They were in high sea, when a furious storm arose, which soon shivered the sails, damaged the masts, and completely disabled the ship: the waves rose to such a height that, without exaggeration, they might be called mountainous: hope of escape there was none. Merchandise and luggage were thrown overboard, till little more was left than the hull of the ship and the bodies it contained: they were wholly at the mercy of the wind

and waves, and were in momentary expectation of sinking. As they could look for no succor but from heaven, they recommended themselves, some to one saint and some to another,—among the rest, to St. Francis Xavier. Wonderful to relate, though the fact was attested by all on board, a furious wave was on the point of overwhelming the ship, but as his name was uttered the wave recoiled, as if suddenly bridled in, and rolled off in another direction. At this sight the poor dispirited crew took heart, and with one accord called on St. Francis Xavier. That there might be no doubt as to where the succor came from, whenever they forgot or omitted to call on him, the waves resumed their natural impetus and struck upon the vessel. Amidst this succession of miracles of defying the waves in his name, and guided by his hand, they passed through this terrific tempest, and reached Bengal without loss of life.

The seas between China and Japan are very dangerous to navigate; but the sailors made it a rule, when undertaking that voyage, to fasten a picture of St. Francis Xavier to the mast; and they were invariably preserved from the whirlwinds and other perils peculiar to those parts.

Francis Rodriguez, in company with several ships, was returning to Coolan, when, to avoid shoals, they stood out at high sea. Here they encountered heavy gales, incessant rain, and other inconveniences. The other ships, being larger and heavier, cast anchor and halted; but the vessel of Rodriguez, unable to do this, was driven into shelter, where, to his extreme distress, he found he should be obliged to winter, the season being

already too far advanced to admit of further progress. He deeply deplored the injury which this delay would occasion to his merchandise; but, after spending two days in great dejection, he remembered St. Francis Xavier, so famous all along that coast for his miracles. He recommended himself fervently to the saint,—promising that if through his intercession he reached Coolan in time to fulfil his engagements, he would in gratitude present a votive offering to his church of Kotate,—the offering to consist of some handsome draperies for the altar. The request was no sooner made than it was granted. The storm subsided, a favorable breeze sprung up, and he reached Coolan without encountering any further dangers. The other ships did not make their appearance for another week; nor did they then arrive in company, but dropped in one by one as wind and tide permitted.

Gonzalo Mendez, an Indian and a Brahmin by birth, was once in similar distress at sea. He recommended himself earnestly to St. Francis, promising some handsome donation to the church of Kotate in case of deliverance. He was on the point of throwing all his merchandise overboard, as the only chance of saving his ship, when Xavier appeared to him in his sleep, and kindly warned him not to do so, because he would certainly reach Cochin in safety, as in effect he did.

Several miraculous apparitions of our holy apostle are also recorded, granted as well for the benefit of souls as for the restoration of bodily health. We give a few of the more remarkable instances. An Indian named John Fernandez, a schoolmaster,

was leading a life of sin; but, for the sake of his reputation, he strove to do so in secret. On one occasion he hid himself in a church where there was a picture of St. Francis Xavier. Here he intended to remain till daybreak and then steal home again. He fell asleep, when the saint appeared to him and mildly reproved him for his wicked course of life. On awaking, Fernandez reflected a little upon the circumstance, but concluded that it was nothing more than a dream, and therefore unworthy of notice. The same thing occurred the next night, with this difference, that the saint showed more severity of countenance, and threatened him that unless he renounced his sin and returned to penance he would pay dearly for his obstinacy. Though somewhat intimidated, Fernandez persisted in treating the affair as a dream. In a short time, however, he was taught wisdom. A violent rheumatic affection seized him all over,—more especially in his hands and feet, the nerves of which were contracted, and he suffered most excruciating pain. His limbs were utterly useless to him: he could neither raise himself nor move without assistance. The doctors gave up all hopes of his cure, having exhausted all the resources of their art. Whilst he was in this deplorable state, the unheeded vision and threats of the saint often recurred to his mind; and, to his cost, the threats were indeed realized. Nothing now remained for him but tears and repentance. After suffering severely for six months, finding he had no longer any chance of health, he resolved to provide for the safety of his soul. With a sincere heart did he return to God, made a general confession of his whole life, accepted his infirmity

and death in a spirit of penance,—acknowledging that he well deserved all he suffered, and resolving that if he ever recovered he would yet live as if each day was to be his last. Then the saint again appeared to him in his sleep, telling him that since he now recognised the true cause of his illness, viz., his sin, Almighty God had sent him there to cure him, having only afflicted his body to effect the cure of his soul; that, as he now saw his error, he might be of good heart. Having said this, the saint blessed him and disappeared. Fernandez awoke, and found himself perfectly cured.

Less useful to the body, but more salutary to the soul, was the following apparition of our saint to a lady of Malabar, who had been suffering from a long infirmity. The Saracens had ravaged her native country, and she was reduced to a state of great destitution. Being deprived of all human aid, she had recourse to Xavier, beseeching him to cure her. One day he appeared to her, encouraged her to wish for nothing but the accomplishment of the will of God, adding, "It is his good pleasure, and will be to your welfare, that you should soon die. Devote the short remnant of your time to the care of your soul; and it shall be *my* care to send a father of the Society to afford you the necessary helps in your last passage." At the same time, he inspired Father Gonzales with the idea of visiting and comforting the Christians on the coast of Travancore. On arriving at the village where the sick lady was lodging, he happened to hear of her, and went to see her. The moment she cast her eyes upon him, she well understood the purport of his visit: with tears of gratitude

she thanked St. Francis Xavier, gave Gonzales an account of her vision, foretold her last hour, received the holy sacraments, and then placidly expired.

In the year 1559, Father Gaspar Villela was appointed to the very important mission of Meaco. After making the requisite preparations, he started in September, and afterward wrote as follows, when giving some details of his journey:—"I went on board a ship without the slightest hope of reaching land alive; the corsairs infesting these seas being most ferocious, and in every sense of the word they are the active emissaries of the devil. I own that I felt somewhat timid and dejected: nevertheless, I applied myself to prayer. Whilst thus engaged, it seemed to me that I beheld Father Francis Xavier, precisely as he used to look when alive. With a smiling countenance he promised to assist me. Hereupon all my cheerfulness returned, together with a strong hope of reaching my appointed destination." The issue showed that the protection promised him from Heaven had been no phantasm of the imagination; for, after encountering and escaping the most unheard-of perils, Father Villela succeeded in reaching Meaco.

An Indian woman was brought to death's door by a lingering infirmity: she had already lost both sense and speech, and every moment was expected to be her last. Her friends, who deeply regretted her approaching loss, incessantly recommended her to the holy father, who testified in a very extraordinary manner that he heard their prayers. He appeared to a certain pious woman,

and to a certain minister of the church, in several different parts of the village, surrounded by troops of children, as he was usually seen when alive; and he seemed to them to be walking anxiously and hurriedly, as if on important business. As he passed the two above mentioned, he told them he was going to restore *so-and-so* to health, naming the dying woman. At that very time the latter seemed to awake as if from a deep sleep, when she found herself restored to perfect health and strength.

Still greater compassion did Xavier show to an Indian named Jambaratecura; for, without being asked, he restored his sight, which he had lost many years before. This man had been the treasurer of the church of the Holy Cross in Colush. As he was manufacturing some artificial fireworks, with which he intended to enliven the festival of the Holy Cross, a spark unfortunately fell on a parcel of gunpowder, which exploded directly in his face, burning him severely and entirely destroying his sight. He remained in this state for several years, till our holy apostle, moved to compassion, appeared to him in a dream and inquired whether he wished for the restoration of his eyes. He replied that, indeed, he wished it above all things; but who could restore them, since nothing remained but the sockets and lids, the orbs having long since perished? "Do not trouble yourself on this score," rejoined the saint. "Induce some one to conduct you to my church of Kotate, about six leagues distant: make your petition there, and undoubtedly you will recover your sight." At daybreak the poor man set out, accompanied by one of his

friends,—praying to the saint as he went along, and promising all sorts of things if he did but obtain this great favor. This, however, was to cost him something more than just kneeling down before the picture of Kotate, God being pleased to try his fortitude and increase the merit of his faith. Nine days did he persevere in prayer and in hope, resolved not to quit the saint's feet till he had fulfilled his promise. At last he obtained it, and on recovering his sight he found it stronger and more perfect than it had ever been before. He proclaimed the miracle in verse, (for he was a poet,) and by this means it was published throughout the Indies.

Little less than blind may we style a Portuguese named John Fonseca, who, led into slavery by the savages, was shut up in a dark dungeon, where his eyes could serve no other purpose than that of weeping over his captivity. Being tenderly devoted to St. Francis Xavier, he incessantly besought him to release him either from his dungeon or from life: by the latter he should die but once, whereas, as he was, he lived but a lingering death. The saint heard his prayer, giving even more than he asked; for he appeared to him, encouraging him with the most consoling expressions, and bidding him have patience for three more days,—when, contrary to all expectation, Fonseca was, without any apparent motive, set at liberty.

Any thing but consolatory was the apparition, once, of Saint Francis to an avaricious Christian, a native of Meliapore. This man was the treasurer of the church in Coolan, and shamefully ventured to raise money for himself by pledging the bell

and the drapery belonging to that altar; but the saint soon came to shake his conscience, for he appeared to him in a dream, and with a very severe countenance reproached him for what he had done, adding, "Unless you restore what belongs to me, you shall pay dearly for it." The man awoke in a fright, and saw the saint still standing before him, but, rising gradually in the air, he soon disappeared.

These are few of the miracles wrought, as we may say, by Xavier in person; but it would be impossible to enumerate those effected by means of things which had once belonged to him or which were consecrated to him. The earth of Sancian which had covered his remains, his habit and sacerdotal vestments, his autographs, the oil of the lamps burning before his pictures, the measurement of his tomb at Goa, his breviary, the beads of his rosary, all were means of miraculous cures, as we see in the *Processes*. The crosses which he had erected in the public thoroughfares and on the sea-beach became trophies of his glory; for they were laden with votive offerings brought by Christians, Mohammedans, and idolaters in gratitude for favors due to his intercession. The most famous of all was at Kotate, the value of which was first discovered at the funeral of one of the natives, a Christian by profession, but worse than a pagan in heart: in presence of all the spectators, this cross sweat blood so copiously that five streams ran down the trunk of it. In awful astonishment at the sight, people strove to trace the effect to its cause; and on inquiry it was ascertained that the unfortunate deceased had led a

very wicked life, having been addicted to witchcraft and sorcery. Having thus sold herself to the devil, and having died without the least sign of repentance, her body was thrown out to the dogs. From thenceforward the saint continued to work many miracles in favor of his clients by means of this very cross. By merely kissing it with devotion, a blind man recovered his sight and a paralytic his limbs: this latter lost his speech, as well as the use of one side; the best medical aid proved unavailing: so, having nothing to hope for from human means, he turned himself to his holy Father Francis, to whom he had a great devotion. Hearing of the miracles of the cross of Kotate, he sent to Father Toscan, rector of the college at Cochin, who possessed a small fragment of stone broken from this cross, beseeching him to let him have it. On receiving it, he dipped it in some water, reciting a *Pater* and *Ave* as best he could in honor of the saint: he then drank a little of the water, made the sign of the cross with it on his tongue, when he found he could speak as fluently as ever he did in his life: thus encouraged, he bathed his neck, arm, and, in fine, the whole of the diseased side, with the water; and as the water touched each limb, so did it recover life and warmth. In a word, he was restored to perfect health and vigor.

Still more remarkable were the miracles wrought by the saint in the city of Cochin by means of a medal, which had his effigy stamped on one side of it, and the Madonna and child on the other. It belonged to Lucy di Valangan, a Chinese widow, who had been converted and instructed by Xavier

himself: she had reached the great age of one hundred and twenty, when she was juridically examined on the *Processes:* she declared that the most inveterate complaints and most irremediably-distorted limbs had equally been cured the instant she applied this medal to the part affected, or sprinkled them with water in which it had been immersed, adding at the same moment no other form of prayer than this:—"May thy health be restored, in the name of our Lord Jesus and of Father Francis Xavier." One of the eye-witnesses thus speaks:—"I have seen many malformed heads, arms, and feet corrected; consumptive patients saved, though reduced to skin and bone; putrid wounds and other sores cured the instant that the medal was applied. I saw a child prematurely born, which was either dead, or at least without sign of life, and another which had fallen out of the nurse's arms and was actually at the last gasp, touched by Lucy with the medal, who at the same time recited the usual invocation,—when both were instantaneously restored to life and health. A lady, blind for many years, a mute, a deaf man, another who had been paralyzed for fifteen months, when blessed with the medal, or sprinkled with water in which it had been cast, all immediately recovered their lost faculties." We have merely hinted at the foregoing, preferring to give more ample details of the three following, because noticed by the sovereign Pontiff in the bull of the saint's canonization.

A deep imposthume was formed in the left side, near the region of the heart, in a man named Gonzalo Rodriguez. Its dangerous position deterred

the surgeons from making any deep incisions, or from applying hot iron: their only resource was to dry up the humors, if possible, though with this there was danger of gangrene. The poor man underwent most excruciating pain, with little or no prospect of relief; but, as Almighty God intended his cure, He contrived that he should, by some chance or other, hear of the miracles effected by Lucy's medal: hereupon he repaired to her house, threw himself on his knees at her feet, and gave her an account of his deplorable condition. She thrice made the sign of the cross with the medal on his breast, saying, "In the name of Jesus Christ and of Father Francis Xavier, mayst thou be cured!" At that instant the wound and all its unpleasant effects entirely disappeared.

The second miracle occurred in the person of Mary Diaz, whose right side, and more especially the arm, was paralyzed: in addition to this, she was stone blind; nor had she any hope of cure except by miracle; and a miracle cured her. She requested to be carried to the good Chinese, who, in her usual way, blessed some water with the medal, desiring the invalid to sprinkle and make the sign of the cross with it on the affected parts seven times a day: she did so, and regained the use of her eyes and limbs so perfectly that she was able to walk, without guide or assistance, to the church belonging to the Society, where, in sign of her liberation, she suspended the crutches she had been accustomed to use.

Finally, Emanuel Figheredo experienced the miraculous power of St. Francis Xavier, in a case where human aid was utterly unavailing. For

some years both his legs had been in a state of putrefaction, breeding worms and corruption, and occasioning such intense pain that, unable to stand, he was obliged to crawl about on his hands and knees. The doctors used every endeavor to dry up these humors, but to no purpose: by degrees the nerves of one leg contracted, so that it became materially shorter than the other. In addition to all this, he was seized with violent dysentery, which, in his debilitated state, and at his age, (for he had reached his seventieth year,) was considered a desperate symptom, and all hope of saving him was lost; but Heaven placed him in the hands of St. Francis Xavier. The Chinese gave him some of the blessed water to drink, when the old wound and the new complaint both simultaneously disappeared.

A picture of the saint, copied from that of Kotate, was brought to Cochin by Gaspar Gonzales. He had landed at about ten o'clock at night, and in an hour afterward the house adjoining his was discovered to be on fire. The season being dry, the wind fresh, and the house built chiefly of wood, the flames spread rapidly: great was the confusion, the neighbors endeavoring to secure their own property by hasty removal to more distant quarters, and so forth. In the height of the commotion, Gonzales recollected the picture he had brought with him: drawing it from its case, he held it up directly opposite the burning building, and, kneeling before it, together with all his family, he and they loudly invoked the aid of Father Francis. At the moment he was praying, flames were bursting through the windows and

roof of the house; but as he concluded his invocation, the flames retired within the walls, and the fire was suddenly extinguished.

More powerful in miracles than his picture proved the tomb of our glorious apostle,—miracles which might be counted by the hundred; but, not to weary the reader, we select one of the most memorable. A child was born at Goa, whose legs were no thicker than a common thumb,—nothing more, in fact, than a small bone covered with skin. Age brought no improvement in this respect; so that when the child, according to the ordinary laws of nature, ought to have been able to walk, he could only crawl about on all-fours, like an animal. A pious and noble lady, named Jane Fonseca, undertook charitably to provide for the helpless boy, but could never see him dragging himself along without being deeply moved. For five years did she persevere in procuring the best surgical skill for her poor *protégé;* when God was pleased to reward her tender charity, by suggesting to her mind that there was one at least who could cure him, and that one was the holy Father Francis Xavier. To him then did she earnestly appeal, beseeching him to add to the many incomparable miracles of his charity that of bestowing on an innocent child the common functionary powers of life. She pledged herself to carry him for nine successive days to his tomb, and made her first visit on the very day she made the promise. On the third day, as she held the child in her arms before the tomb, he felt a thrilling sensation run through his knees and legs, and he asked her to put him on the ground, that he might try to stand. This was done,—

when he stood up quite erect, for the first time in his life: his legs, which had hitherto been shrivelled and useless, were found now to be duly proportioned. The lady continued her daily visits to the tomb, each day improving the healthy condition of the little boy. In a word, the miracle was complete.

We have still to narrate instances of the dead being restored to life after the period of his own decease; but first of all we must notice a few cases where the persons, according to nature, would not have been born. Many motherless wives owed the blessing of maternity to his powerful intercession: the before-mentioned church of Kotate abounded in votive offerings presented by gratified mothers, many of whom conferred his name on their children at their baptism. One of these mothers was indebted to him twice for the life of the same infant. It had been granted to his prayers, and great was her delight, though but of short duration; for at the end of two months the child fell ill, and soon afterward died. In a state of desperation, she seized the lifeless body of her infant and flew with it to the church of the saint, where, kneeling down before his picture, and weeping bitterly, she addressed him more in reproach than in prayer:— "Where could be your compassion in granting me (after many years of disappointed hope) a son, if you intended to deprive me of him at the expiration of two months? Is this the sort of favor you confer on those who trust to you? on those who invoke you, and who cast themselves at your feet? Better would it be not to listen to our prayers than grant them only as fresh subjects of affliction."

Thus did her distracted grief impel her to speak. With outstretched arms she held the child up toward the saint, as if she would return it to him dead unless he would restore it to her alive. Xavier looked down on her from heaven, restoring life to the infant and the infant to its mother. Wild with delight, she exultingly proclaimed the miracle, showing her restored child in confirmation of the truth of it.

Maria Miranda, a married lady of Manapar, gave birth to a dead child, which was a source of double grief to her. A pious relative who was with her at the time, compassionating her affliction, took the child up in her arms, and, raising her tearful eyes to heaven, prayed thus aloud:—"O holy father Xavier! thou who in this our country of Manapar didst undergo so much to win souls to heaven, I know that if thou wert alive and present here thou wouldst have pity on this poor object: how much more easily canst thou do so now that thou art with God! for in him thou canst do all things. For the salvation of this soul, restore it to its body; and, in grateful memory of such a favor, we promise to call the infant Francis." Scarcely had she finished her prayer when the babe opened its little eyes: it was, in fact, restored to life, and, we need scarcely add, received the name of Francis at the sacred font.

Still more wonderful was the resuscitation of the son of Thomas Croci, a worthy citizen of Manacorim, on the coast of Travancore. The very day the child was baptized, which was not till a month after its birth, it was seized with vomiting and dysentery, which soon occasioned its death. As

they were preparing it for burial, one of the friends, compassionating the violent affliction of the father, endeavored to comfort, and advised him to have recourse to the saint of Kotate, who, having favored so many others, could equally favor him by restoring his child to life, adding, "Would he who listens to the prayers of the pagans turn a deaf ear to the prayers of a Christian? Have confidence in him, and ask St. Francis to grant your petition: it does not cost him much to revive the dead." Hereupon Thomas raised his eyes to heaven, and with tears rather than words invoked the name of Xavier and implored his aid, promising that if his prayer were heard he would offer a large sum of money in alms to the church of Kotate; promising, moreover, that the child should thenceforward be called Francis. Having made this promise, he turned toward the babe, when it appeared to him to open its eyes. Nor was he mistaken; for, on a closer inspection, he found the child not only alive, but in perfect health. The miracle did not end here: three times in as many years was this infant reduced by some malady or other to death's door: the good father made new promises, and again recommended him to Xavier, whom on each occasion he saw, in his dreams, on his knees before God, praying for the health of the child; and the next morning he was sure to find him cured.

The following miracle deserves recording. Benedict Coglio was sailing from Malacca toward China, and had so rough a voyage that six or seven of the passengers fell dangerously ill. On their arrival at Sancian the invalids were immediately carried to the little field where the precious body of the holy

father had been deposited: here they all knelt down, and with lively faith sprinkled some of the earth upon their heads. Nothing more was needed: every one of them was perfectly cured.

It has been our object only to select the miracles related in the *Processes*, and the miracles which occurred in India. They are all remarkable; and the reader will observe that there is scarcely any species of calamity in which our saint has not signalized his charity in behalf of his faithful clients. Fever-patients, the blind, the dumb, the deaf, the paralyzed, the leprous, the poisoned, the wounded, all restored to health in a moment by merely invoking their protector. With still greater astonishment do we see the dead of either sex, and of all ages, restored to life. Not only was the compassion of the saint excited when the sufferings of his fellow-creatures were in question: irrational beings even shared it. This remark recalls to our mind many interesting incidents which occurred in Calabria, but on which we shall merely cast a glance, in order that we may not swerve from our original design of confining ourselves *chiefly* to the miracles wrought by our saint in the Indies: his pious clients will no doubt willingly pardon this slight digression. In the year 1651, two fathers of the Society traversing Upper Calabria repaired to Potami, a small territory in the Marquisate of Arena: here they recommended devotion to St. Francis Xavier, and left a small portrait of him. No sooner was it exposed in the church of Our Lady of Favors than the people began to invoke *him* with great confidence; and he began to reward *their* confidence with a succession

of miracles, as many as forty-two occurring within the space of eighteen months. There is a peculiar grace and condescension about many of these miracles, strikingly illustrative both of the kindly disposition of the benefactor and of the genuine simplicity and trustfulness of the favored recipients.

At the prayers of a devout female, he arrested an epidemic which was destroying all her silkworms. We read of several instances of cattle, chiefly laboring bullocks, quite cured by his intercession; others, too furious to be serviceable, were in like manner instantaneously tamed. A certain youth, driven to desperation by grief at the near prospect of his mother's death, vented his frenzy upon an unoffending calf which happened to come in his way: he struck it mortally in the side with a hatchet. Horrified at his own act, he had immediate recourse to the saint, beseeching a remedy to his mischief. He obtained it; for the next morning he found not only the animal cured, but his own mother restored to perfect health.

He once appeared in person to a poor shepherd whose flock had strayed, and directed him where to find them. Still more condescending was he to a poor girl in desolation at the loss of all her hair by sickness. With childlike simplicity she represented her distress to him, and the next morning awoke with a full head of hair.

A dreadful storm threatened to devastate a small field, the sole fortune of a poor family. The father addressed one short prayer to our saint,—when in an instant not a shadow of the storm remained. On the other hand, in an obstinate drought, a small landholder recommended his fields to the saint,—

when immediately a copious rain fell upon them. Another perceived with dismay that his corn-field was so bare that there was no chance of its produce enabling him to provide for the necessities of his family. He contemplated flight as the only means of escaping imprisonment for debt, but first would have recourse to the holy father. As he gazed despairingly on the thinly-scattered ears of corn in his field, he besought his patron to increase the crop so far as to afford him twenty-two measures of corn: that was all he needed, and that was just what the land would produce in an abundant season. He obtained precisely what he asked. Having gathered in and measured his crop, to his astonishment and delight, it exactly reached the twenty-two measures he had prayed for.

If any one should curiously inquire how it is that miracles are no longer wrought by means of this famous picture of Potami, I can only account for the fact by relating the information given to a father of the Society by a marchioness of Arena, the owner of the territory, to the effect that, whilst this succession of miracles was at its height, serious discords arose with regard to the jurisdiction of the Church, for the sake of the paltry interest of the presents which were offered to the picture, or rather the chapel in which it was exposed. The saint soon found means of appeasing the dissensions; for from that time the miracles have entirely ceased,—as if to show that his benevolence should be no source of discord, nor be made subservient to the purposes of avarice.

It remains for us now to show how Xavier became himself a miracle, having sufficiently demon-

strated that God rendered him miraculous for the benefit of others, and for the promotion of his own greater glory; and this will be done by describing his virtues, in comparison with which all his supernatural works cease to be wonderful, at least in the estimation of those who understand the true value of things.

Much that we read of this man of God is unquestionably very wonderful: so many dead resuscitated; so many tempests appeased; salt water rendered fresh; future events foretold; distant events witnessed; unknown languages infused; present in two places at one and the same time; whole armies put to flight by a word: these and other similar things may well awaken our profound admiration. But those who should find nothing deserving of still greater admiration in Saint Francis Xavier than these things would, in my opinion, be no wiser than Holophornes, whose eyes and heart were captivated by the shoes of Judith rather than by the impressive beauty of her features. These miraculous prerogatives were indeed great in Xavier; but they were no more necessary to his greatness than stilts are necessary to a giant.

None but a master-hand should venture to delineate the beauty and describe the combination of virtues which formed the sanctity of Francis Xavier,—a sanctity copied from a divine original, our Lord himself: to me, then, the task is almost as difficult as if I undertook to paint a soul, or to render palpable that which is immaterial and invisible. True, science has its rules, by means of which an artist may, from the print of a foot, calculate the dimensions of the whole figure; but

we have not the advantage even of so safe a guide as this for our sketch of Xavier's sanctity. During the ten years and a half that he traversed vast kingdoms in the East, the majority of his heroic acts of virtue were performed amidst barbarous people, unable to appreciate them, and still less likely to preserve the memory of them. Those of the Society with whom he occasionally sojourned for brief intervals seem, as it were, only to express astonishment in little else than general terms, telling us that so many and such great things might be said of him that, rather than lessen them by attempting to describe them, they prefer passing them over in respectful silence; that they deemed themselves fortunate who could gain admission to his chamber even for a few minutes, because the mere sight of him aroused the heart and inflamed the soul more than the longest meditation. This, though important, is but meagre information, more especially when we connect with it the habitual caution of the saint's humility in concealing from every eye the treasures of grace conferred on him by Heaven.

Notwithstanding all these disadvantages, we shall use our best endeavors to give an idea of his apostolic virtues, beginning with his charity or love of God, the sum of sanctity, the root which nourishes and on which all other virtues flourish. We shall show the high degree of perfection in this virtue to which Xavier attained, both with regard to its inward effects and its outward operations. As for the former, his soul was inflamed with such vehement love and affection for God as to betray itself upon the body; for, to use the

express words of the supreme Pontiff, "he was seen with a countenance so inflamed as to represent most fully the charity of the angelic spirits;" whilst the furnace of his heart burned so intensely that, to moderate its ardor, he was often obliged to apply cold water to his breast, or else to plunge entirely into some bath. As he walked along the public streets, with his eyes fixed on heaven and his heart on God, the flames which burned within him frequently became so intolerable that he was obliged to throw open his vest to cool his throbbing heart. We have already described his painful journey from Amanguki to Meaco, when his feet were lacerated by thorns and stones, which were sprinkled with his blood, and yet his soul was so immersed in God that he seemed unconscious of the sufferings of his body.

The reader will remember many instances of a similar nature recorded in this work. These loving alienations of mind, these ecstasies of charity, were so continual that, when celebrating holy mass, or making his act of thanksgiving after it, he was usually so absorbed as to be unconscious of what passed around him. In vain was he pulled or shaken: nothing could divert his attention from the loved object which then engrossed his mind and heart. Still more powerful were those attractions of love which, together with his soul, raised his body and held it suspended in the air, his face, and sometimes his whole figure, being environed with bright rays of light, which gave him the appearance of a seraph rather than of a mortal man. We learn from the testimony of eye-witnesses that he was often seen raised a cubit from the

ground. Thomas Fernandez, who watched him through the crevices of the door in the middle of the night, saw him thus. Others seeking him in the gardens, or in the woods, whither he had retired to pray, found him raised in the air. Others who served his mass tell us that generally at the elevation, or the communion, he fell into ecstasy and was raised from the ground. Others, when conversing with him on the things of God, have been startled by seeing him suddenly raised up aloft. At Goa these elevations became quite notorious, especially when giving communion to the people, —a function which, from respect and humility, he performed on his knees. One remarkable instance of this nature has been already recorded.

We could but ill describe the delight of his soul on these occasions. Surely, if there be on earth a foretaste of heavenly beatitude, it must be when the soul, from excess of love, is thus closely united with her God,—when, absorbed, and as it were plunged, in the ocean of his infinite goodness, she becomes utterly lost to self and sensible things. Then years flee like moments, and the whole world disappears like an atom in presence of the sublime objects which then entirely occupy her; as if the soul were absent, the body remains without actuality. All these effects appeared in St. Francis Xavier. Another singular privilege in him was that of remaining not only undismayed, but even overflowing with delight, in the midst of the most appalling dangers. In the isle of Moro, where he had scarcely sufficient sustenance to maintain life, and where he was momentarily exposed to death, either by poison or some other treacherous mea-

sure, his heart nevertheless swam in delights, occasioned by his love of and his union with God, insomuch that had this excess continued much longer he must have died of very joy. In a word, the sweetness which God and his charity infused into the soul of Xavier was commensurate with its capacity, or rather more; for he was sometimes compelled to entreat our Lord to withhold his favors, as was the case in the college-garden at Goa, when he was heard to cry out to God, in the exuberance of his delight, "No more, O Lord, no more!" at the same time opening the front of his habit to refresh and cool his burning breast.

Considering the incessant toil and occupation in which our saint was engaged, the reader may be tempted to suppose that but little time remained to him for purposes of prayer and interior recollection. Indeed, he himself writes from the Fishery Coast that the children were so eager for instruction that they left him no peace, night or day, and that he could with difficulty steal a few hours for the recital of the Divine Office and for necessary rest. In the same manner, whilst he was in Japan, the bonzes and others scarcely left him free for a moment. Notwithstanding this, no day passed in which he did not afford his soul its nourishment of several hours' prayer. It may truly be said of him that throughout the day he was an apostle, and an anchorite throughout the night. Two, or at the most three, hours of sleep was all the rest that he allowed himself: whatever else remained was given to God. During his sea-voyages he invariably began his prayer at mid-

night and continued it till sunrise. The sailors were so well aware of this that they used to say the ship was quite safe during those hours, because Father Francis was then its guard and guide.

Whilst he was at Meliapore, after a short repose, it was his practice to rise and repair privately to the church, and there spend the night in prayer before a famous image of our Blessed Lady: nor was he to be deterred by the assaults of the devils who visibly assailed and tormented him.

At Manapar his host watched him during the night, and always saw him on his knees before a crucifix, his face and eyes shining resplendently.

When he was at Goa, the church was his usual place of repose: he allowed his body a short sleep and his soul a long contemplation. At Malacca, the sacristy was his chamber; a mat was his bed, on which he rested for three hours; then, withdrawing to the church, he spent the rest of the time on his knees before the blessed Sacrament, or before a picture of the glorious Queen of Heaven: sometimes, overcome by recent fatigue, he fell exhausted, and would doze with his head resting on the altar-step.

It was his custom to say mass at dawn of day: the time occupied in this holy function could not be restricted to any formal measure; for then his heart was no longer in his own power: it was in the hand of God, who took it away and restored it, sooner or later, according to his good pleasure, but always so full of the sweets of paradise as to overflow, and as it were extend to him who served him at the altar. Anthony Andrada, a young soldier, tells us that Xavier once asked him to

serve his mass, during which he enjoyed such inexpressible delight—a species of delight so wholly new to him—that afterward he used to go of his own accord and offer to serve him in this solemn function.

Those who were familiarly acquainted with him testify that, on returning from his most laborious and trying duties, the moment he applied himself to prayer his whole soul was absorbed in God: even his exterior occupations did not seem to divert his heart from him,—so that he was at the same time wholly taken up in what he was about, and wholly in Him for whose sake he was acting; not only was he actuated by love, but was actually loving in the very act itself. This was so manifest as to give him the appearance of an angel or of a beatified soul; and many persons declared that, when they looked at him at the time his soul was thus submerged in God, the dazzling lustre of his countenance compelled them to withdraw their eyes, or at least to shade them from its brilliant rays. Sometimes, when engaged in conversation with his religious brethren or others, feeling himself inwardly called by God, (acting upon his mind and heart by means of some sudden illustration,) fearful of betraying his secret, he would quickly slip aside and retire, which exciting the curiosity of his friends, they furtively followed and watched him, when they always found him absorbed in high contemplation, or else in some private place using the discipline.

Sparks of the fire which burned in Xavier's heart occasionally burst forth in certain brief and fervent aspirations. The most familiar one was,

O most holy Trinity! He used it so frequently that the peasantry on the Coast of Fishery, in Travancor, and in the Moluccas picked it up, and were continually repeating it, though without understanding its sublime significancy: even the most savage idolaters, in moments of danger or surprise, have been observed to raise their eyes and hands to heaven, as Xavier did, and exclaim, "O Sanctissima Trinitas!" In consequence of this perpetual union with God, his mind even in sleep seemed to wander in search of him: incessantly did he in his slumbers repeat the invocation of the blessed Trinity, or, *O my Jesus! O sweet Jesus! Oh, the Jesus of my heart!* and others of a like nature. In the delirium of illness, he could only speak to God, or of God,—so that he seemed to be carried away by an extraordinary access of charity, rather than by the frenzy of fever.

From the interior effects of the soul, which we have taken as the first indication of Xavier's charity, we pass on to the second, or the exterior effects of charity, which, according to the rule laid down by St. John, is to exclude all fear. Now, he who prizes nothing but God finds no good out of him, and, having him, fears no evil: hence he desires nothing and fears nothing. The reader will at once feel how fully this was all realized in Xavier. Moreover, one great proof of love is, to suffer much for the object loved. On this point, let us listen to the sovereign Pontiff, who expresses himself in the following terms:—"It is utterly inconceivable how much Xavier underwent for the love of Jesus Christ: he traversed many immense kingdoms, always on foot, and often bare-foot; he

crossed vast plains of burning sand, or travelled paths overrun with thorns and brambles: often was he outraged, derided, reviled, struck, and stoned. In danger from enemies; in dangers on the road; in danger of shipwreck at sea; continually watching, and this in cold and nakedness, in hunger and thirst; and, in addition to his indefatigable labors, he suffered from dangerous illnesses. Nevertheless, like the apostle, he cared not for himself, provided he could but accomplish the duty of his vocation by publishing the gospel of God's grace. All these things, so arduous and so bitter, he confronted, sustained, and triumphed over with courage of soul and joy of mind, exulting in them and rendering thanks to God for them."

The sufferings to which he was exposed in his voyages could scarcely be surpassed. God called him from Meliapore to the Moluccas: so determined was he to go thither at once, that, had no ship been at hand, he would have attempted that dangerous passage in an open boat with a pair of oars. This voyage, however, was accomplished in safety; but not so the next, when he crossed from Amboyna to Ternate. Thrice was he shipwrecked; and on one of these occasions he spent three days and nights on a plank of the wrecked vessel, tossed about by the waves, till at last Almighty God was pleased to have him cast ashore, more dead than alive. Let us take his own account of one of his voyages. "My recent voyage from Cape Comorin to Malacca proved difficult: we encountered many dangers, both from storms and pirates; but this was the worst of all. Our ship, which was a very large one, was unex-

pectedly driven by the winds upon the shoals, and for the space of three miles the keel furrowed the sand as we went along. Had we then struck on any hidden rock, or had the shoal itself presented any essential inequality of surface, as we apprehended, we must inevitably have sunk. Much weeping and much anguish of heart was betrayed whilst death was thus before our eyes. God was pleased to instruct us by this danger, and to show us the insufficiency of our own strength at such times, and how little we can then expect from human aid: we are taught the fallacy of earthly hopes, and the little reliance we can place on men; whereas, when our confidence is placed in the Creator of all things, he gives us strength and courage not to fear in the midst of dangers encountered for his sake, giving us the conviction that all events are ruled by the dictates of his sovereign will. We moreover proved that the dread of impending death is not to be compared with the consolations which he imparts to those who meet with bitter trials for his love: on the contrary, they to whom God gives this sense of joy feel no fear of death. I know not how we escaped this danger; nor, in relating it, do I know how to describe the greatness of it: at all events, it has left a lively impression on my memory, giving me this beneficial admonition, —viz., never to be dismayed by whatever adversity I may meet with in the service of so good a God."

To his dangers by sea we may add dangers by land, no less severe and terrifying. How much had he not to suffer from the cupidity of some of the government officials!—as, for instance, the irreligious captain of Malacca. Others have pub-

lished the details of these iniquities, which I would willingly overlook, in order that posterity may not unjustly ascribe to all the malice of the few. And as to Xavier himself, contradictions and afflictions were his delight,—of which, in truth, he had his share. How much it must have cost him to subject so many barbarous kingdoms, so many rough uncultured populations, to the obedience of Jesus Christ! No better proof than this is needed of the generosity and refined nature of his love for God, for whom alone he endured these sufferings, and who, enduring them for him, rejoiced in them. He repeatedly prayed that Almighty God would never deliver him from a difficulty, unless it were to throw him into a greater. We revert again and again with astonishment to that mysterious dream so often repeated previous to his departure from Europe,—a dream which seemed to presage his future toils in the East, and in which it appeared to him that he was carrying a ponderous Indian on his shoulders. So oppressive was the burden that, on awaking, he found himself bathed in perspiration and panting from exhaustion. Though partially correct, the dream failed at least in one respect; for, as our holy apostle carried on his shoulders the burden, not of one, but of many kingdoms, never did he show symptoms of weariness or over-toil.

This assertion is borne out by his own words; for in the last year of his life he spoke of himself, in one of his letters, as just preparing to begin his work, planning his measures (after the conversion of China) for passing into Tartary, then to Ethiopia, or, if this were found impracticable, for pene-

trating into the inland kingdoms of Asia. And if he did not realize these plans, at least he opened the perilous paths to his successors, one of whom tells us that, whatever dangers and sufferings he and his companions might be exposed to, never could they bear any comparison with those of Xavier; that, in conducting souls to paradise, there would ever be as great a disparity between him and them as there was between the two leaders of the people of Israel, Moses and Josue: the one led his followers through a vast sea, and the other through a rivulet.

Let us now give a few details illustrative of the generosity of his charity, so utterly devoid of fear whenever the service of God was in question. The devils threatened him most fearfully if he ever attempted the passage of the Moluccas: no fear had he. The same was the case when his friends prognosticated poison and other treachery if he ventured to set foot in the isle of Moro: equally courageous was he at the prospect of death or perpetual imprisonment in China: we have shown how boldly he exposed himself to all these dangers. As for the last, we gather his own opinion of it from his letter to his friend James Pereira, inviting him to rejoin him in China, "where," says he, "you will either find me at the royal court of Pekin, or chained and in prison for the faith of Jesus Christ."

In Amanguki and Funaï he was continually warned that the bonzes had armed men in ambush, watching their opportunity to massacre him; yet he never desisted from walking out either day or night to preach in the public streets, or for private discussions whenever they were required. How

far these threats were from alarming him, may be inferred from the fact of his calling Japan *his delight, his beatitude, his paradise*,—so completely did the God for whom he toiled and suffered change all his trials into joy and bliss of soul.

This seems to me a fitting place to dilate a little on what I call a *spiritual secret*,—a secret of high importance to those whom God invites to great and difficult enterprises in his service,—a secret which I have learned from hundreds of letters penned by fervent workmen engaged in the conversion of infidels; namely, that whenever they found themselves in savage countries far away from all their brethren, in utter abandonment of every human subsidy, seen and known only by Almighty God, laboring day and night, preaching, catechizing, and baptizing, yet, in recompense for all they did, but too often persecuted, expelled, hunted unto death, and, humanly speaking, in the most deplorable condition possible,—nevertheless, amidst all this, they enjoyed the most exquisite delights, showered upon them from heaven, —delights of which they express themselves in terms to us so apparently exaggerated as scarcely to be intelligible. And yet, when upon occasions these same fervent laborers have been recalled to the peaceful comfort of their colleges, where every thing would seem to promote holy joy and happiness, no sooner did they find themselves surrounded by all these appliances than they lost that keen sense of bliss, those intense delights, in which their souls had revelled, as we may say, so long as they were in the midst of trials and persecutions. To use

their own words, they seemed to have lost a sea and found a font.

Let us now return to Xavier, the proofs of whose intrepid charity are not limited to a defiance of future threats; for most undauntedly did he confront present evils. When, in a vision soon after his conversion, God showed him, as heretofore he had showed the great Apostle of the Gentiles, how great things he was to suffer for his name, so far from being dismayed at the dread view, with generous impetuosity of heart he exclaimed, "Yet more, O Lord! yet more!"

At Amanguki, at Meaco, and in the isle of Moro, he was stoned: he was twice wounded on the coast of Travancore; elsewhere he was beaten; elsewhere he was shot with an arrow. At the Fishery, he was continually sought unto death, sometimes by the Badages and sometimes by the Mohammedans. But God, who reserved him for greater things for his own glory and for the salvation of those blind pagans, saved him on many occasions by evident miracle; and he, too, in obedience to our Savior's precept, sometimes fled and concealed himself in caves or amidst the thick foliage of the forest. Nevertheless, he ardently desired martyrdom; and we remark one striking peculiarity in this apostolic man, namely, the virtue with which he tempered his burning desire of shedding his blood for the faith so completely as never to transgress the limits prescribed to religious generosity by his divine Master. When God so permitted, he travelled to distant nations in quest of death, as we may say, and yet, when it was before him, he fled from it; not because he feared to die, but be-

cause he feared to displease God, who would have him save his life, well knowing that obedience, as Samuel told the ill-advised Saul, is better than victims.

Twin-brother with the love of God stands the love of our neighbor; and as the latter is twofold, having for its object both body and soul, let us consider the degree of proficiency with which Xavier exercised this second branch of charity. First, with regard to the corporal necessities of his neighbor: he used to call attending on the sick his reserved delight; and, in truth, the eagerness with which he threw himself into the task well showed that he found delight in it. In the course of this work, much has already been told of his charity in this respect. After five months of a wearisome voyage from Lisbon to Mozambique, the only relaxation he allowed himself was to step from the ship to the hospital, where he assisted the sick soldiers, amounting to some hundreds, day and night, with so much solicitude and charity that it was generally believed that the greater part of those who recovered owed it solely to his care and prayers.

On returning from any distant voyage to Goa, Cochin, Malacca, Coolan, or Bazaim, where there were hospitals, his first visit on landing was, not to his dear brethren, but to the sick; from them he went to call on the Franciscan and Dominican fathers, kissing the hand of each one of them on his knees, with more than the affection of a brother and with more than the respect of a servant. Having satisfied this devoir of charity, as he called it, he at length went to the college of the Society,

where his first inquiry was whether there were any invalids in the infirmary, and, if there were, his first care was to go and comfort them. His method, too, of assisting the poor sick was admirable: he begged for them; nor was he ashamed of being seen with a wallet on his shoulder, collecting relief for them from door to door. He procured them little delicacies from his Portuguese friends, and would even go to considerable expense to procure suitable remedies. When he found any sick lying about in public places, he would carry them to the hospital himself and there attend to their wants. He generally washed their feet on his knees, cleansed their filthy limbs, washed their rags, emptied and purified the foulest vessels, made their beds, cooked for them, fed them, and, in a word, handled and dressed the most loathsome wounds, making himself all to all, and giving these poor creatures the affection of his heart as well as the assistance of his arms.

Amidst the sufferings of others, he entirely forgot his own. Not that he was without them: far from it; but, as we have already related, in one of his voyages, when he was actually dangerously ill, overcoming the weakness of nature by the strength of his charity, he dragged himself along to render service to his sick neighbor,—to whom, if he could afford no other relief, the mere sight of him gave consolation.

Nor was he less compassionate toward the dead: he washed the bodies, clothed them in the winding-sheet, (generally begged as an alms;) and in barbarous countries, where there was no Christian burial-ground, he dug the grave with his own

hands, buried them, and then recited the Dead-Office on the spot. If any Portuguese happened to be present, he took care to make a suitable discourse on death. It was his invariable practice to pray for the deceased every morning after his mass; and we have already alluded to his evening custom of going through the streets with a bell in his hand, reminding the people to pray for sinners and for the dead.

Next to the sick, prisoners were the objects of his solicitude. When he was in any town with a prison in it, he regularly spent one day every week among the prisoners to assist their souls; but, besides this, he provided for their corporal necessities, supplying them with food and clothing, and often satisfying the creditors of those who were detained from their hapless families on the score of debt. Having great influence with the governors and with the viceroy, many a poor captive was restored to liberty at his solicitation. Suffice it to say, the poor and the afflicted with one accord styled him their father. And well they might: he proved himself such to them, both in tender affection and in active deeds. Whatever was given him by the generosity of his friends or the piety of his penitents was immediately transferred from his hands to those of the poor. In sailing from Portugal to the Indies, he declined the governor's proffered invitation to his table; but he accepted the dishes sent him from it, though for no other purpose than to distribute them among the sick, he himself subsisting on the fragments of bread which he begged among the passengers.

He was perpetually soliciting alms, not only to

ward off the more pressing calls of poverty, such as hunger and nakedness, but also to relieve many respectable families. Merchants, for instance, ruined by some disastrous speculation or by losses at sea, widows, orphans, abandoned children, &c., all became objects of his solicitude, and for all did he endeavor to provide. Then, again, there were idolaters and Mohammedans, who perhaps forfeited the means of subsistence by embracing Christianity: all these appealed to Xavier and depended on his charity. He wrote even from Japan to the Indies, beseeching his friends there to send him wherewith to succor his new Christians, many of whom were of noble birth and previous to their baptism had been accustomed to all the luxuries of life, but afterward, at the instigation of the bonzes, their property was confiscated and themselves reduced to poverty. They were, as Xavier justly remarked, all the more deserving of charity, as they cheerfully encountered privation, and would readily have been martyred, for their faith.

Whenever the saint made these large demands on the liberality of his friends, he took care to remind them of the hundredfold with which God had pledged his word to recompense them.

The greater number of his miracles were wrought either to alleviate public calamity or private misery, which his heart could not bear to see his dear children undergoing. They may, therefore, be styled the miracles of his fraternal charity, as well as of his confidence in God. We notice this in the tempests he appeased, in the transmutation of salt water into fresh, in the wrecked vessels

guided into harbor, in the pestilences subdued, in the armies put to flight, and other similar incidents already recorded.

If the charity of Xavier was so active and effective in behalf of the corporal and temporal welfare of his neighbor, what was his fervent zeal when their eternal salvation was in question! Here, in truth, he was unwearying and unwearied. Those who were well acquainted with his labors for the conversion of the Indians declare that they were far beyond the ordinary powers of nature, and that Xavier's greatest miracle was not raising the dead to life, but that one of continuing himself alive in spite of the many concurrent circumstances which would, naturally speaking, occasion death. The Archbishop of Goa and the viceroy Don Alexis Menesis were utterly astonished at the amount of labor effected by Xavier in the short space of ten or eleven years. The latter thus expresses himself on this subject:—"I look upon it as a great miracle that he should have been enabled to convert, in so short a space of time, so many populations in provinces and kingdoms so distant from one another. For he conferred the sacrament of baptism on an almost infinite number of people of every race, sex, and condition, having previously instructed them in the truths of religion."

Notwithstanding these superhuman toils, his zeal for the salvation of souls not only gave him life and vigor, but even cheerfulness and joy, in toil; insomuch that what in him was the effect of the most refined charity seemed to be the instinct and inclination of nature. This is the highest degree

to which virtue can be carried. In confirmation of this opinion, I adduce the testimony of Father Melchior Nunez, a man of rare virtue and well versed in the things of God.

Speaking in one of his letters of Father Francis Xavier, he uses these precise terms:—"In propagating the faith, in preaching to the Christians, Mohammedans, and pagans, Father Francis appeared to be actuated not so much by virtue, either infused or acquired, as by pure inclination of nature: nevertheless, his life depended upon this. He could have found delight in no other occupation than that of bringing souls to the knowledge and love of God. In this exercise alone did he find his peace and repose. No sooner was there a glimmer of hope that some new pagan kingdom might be won over to Christ, than he eagerly hastened thither; and, as it frequently happened that the voyage was dangerous or out of season, or that the people were savage, his friends would, out of affection and compassion, advise him not to expose himself to such manifest dangers; but he, following the dictates of his heart, would immediately reply that he was ready to give, not one, but a thousand lives, if he had them, for the salvation of a single soul. The very infidels, most especially the Japanese, were in utter astonishment at a charity which could have brought such a man so many thousand miles for no other purpose than that of conveying the truths of salvation to an unknown people. And, indeed, when we trace the course of his journeys by sea and land, we ask, in astonishment, how he can have found an hour of time for work. At his first starting, thirteen

months were consumed in the voyage from Portugal to the Indies: he wintered at Mozambique, touched at Melinda and Socotora, and next reached Goa. From hence he proceeded to Cape Comorin, along the coast of the Pearl Fishery as far as Negapatan; thence to Cochin, and back to Goa; again to the Fishery, and then farther inland, as far as the kingdom of Travancore. Travelling along the coast, he again reached Cochin, again returned to Goa, and from thence proceeded to Cambaïa, along that coast up to the mount of the Indus. Returning by Cochin, he crossed over to the isle of Ceylon, visiting three smaller islands in his way to Negapatan. He quitted the latter to undertake his pilgrimage to St. Thomas or Meliapore; after which he crossed the gulf to Malacca. Crossing the equinoctial line, he visited Banda, Amboyna, Nuliager Ulate, Banarra, Rosolao, and other islets unknown to geographers, and therefore unnamed. From these he went on to Ternate, Moro, Morotia, and Morotaij; then to the Celebes, from whence he returned to Ternate and Amboyna; and, repassing the equinoctial line, he again found himself at Malacca. Directing his course westerly, he took port at Cochin, where he was scarcely arrived, and before he could rest or recruit himself at all, he returned to the Fishery; then was summoned to the kingdom of Kandy. His next voyage was to Goa; thence along the same coast up to Bazaim, back to Goa, next to Cochin, and again to Goa, again to Cochin; and then, coasting along the promontory as far as the gulf, he crossed it and reached Malacca. Advancing northerly along the coast of China, he

landed in Japan, between four and five thousand miles distant from Goa. Here he founded the first Christian Church in the kingdom of Saxuma. Advancing inland, he entered the kingdom of Firando, and afterward that of Soowo, of which Amanguki is the capital. Continuing his journey on foot for two months, he arrived at Meaco, where he remained but a few days, and returned by the same toilsome road to Amanguki: from thence he was summoned to the kingdoms of Figen and Bungo. After contending against the bonzes and laboring in his apostolic vocation for upward of two years, he quitted Japan, sailing first to Sancian, and then, after encountering one of the most fearful tempests on record, he reached Mindanao. After preaching the faith there, he returned to Malacca and to Goa. Finally, he returned to Malacca, from whence he sailed to the Straits of Singapoor, and, after a brief sojourn among the islets there, he repaired to Sancian; and here Almighty God put an end to his wanderings and his labors, by calling him to the rewards of the blessed.

This is but a brief outline of the travels of the Apostle of the Indies, St. Francis Xavier: we have omitted his visits to the Javans, Acheens, and numberless other islands, to which we know for certain that he carried the light of the gospel, though we do not know the precise epoch at which he did so. Now, a moderate computation of the many thousand miles he thus traversed would prove that, had his travels been in one uninterrupted line, he must have accomplished far more than the mere circumnavigation of the globe. Nevertheless, his voyages form the least part of his work. Who-

ever reflects on the amount of labor which he went through, in winning over to the faith and in instructing and baptizing so many hundred thousand individuals, would wonder how he could have found any time for travelling. Well might he say, as he often did, that if he could have been in ten places at once it would only have been the realization of his own wish, so eager was he to convert souls to God; nor would this ubiquity have enabled him to do more than the urgent press of work which he so well knew there was to do. We have alluded to his gigantic figure on one occasion when he was conferring baptism; but this was no solitary instance: it was frequently repeated during the ten years that he devoted to the evangelization of the Indies. And as in stature he surpassed the ordinary measure of mankind, so too was he superior to ordinary men in vigor of soul and in operative virtue. No man could excel therein as he did otherwise than by miracle. If the conversion of one hundred thousand infidels suffice to make an apostle, the number baptized by Xavier's hand alone suffice to make many apostles. In the year 1549, he said, in one of his letters, that should Almighty God prolong his life for another ten years, fruits well worthy of the culture given to the soil would be collected. In the mean time, he went on forming plans of vast enterprise, as if he were to live through a long century, yet working as indefatigably as if he had but one day left to labor. Often was he so completely immersed in his salutary toils as to pass two or even three days without taking any other nourishment than such as was heretofore pre-

sented to St. Peter in the mysterious sheet let down before his eyes from heaven when he heard himself so wonderfully invited "to kill and eat."

The sweet delight arising from his close union with God never interfered with the less sublime and more ordinary occupation of attending to the wants of his neighbor. He willingly deprived himself of enjoyment *with* God, if by it he could give joy *to* God, by winning over some poor soul to him. He has often been interrupted six or seven times whilst reciting one hour of the Divine Office,—which he always resumed with equal cheerfulness, to be again interrupted with as much content as it had been resumed.

It may possibly occur to the reader that, considering the immense number of infidels baptized by him, he must have given them but very superficial instruction. Quite the contrary. Children, the unmarried, the married, widows, servants, masters, and slaves, all had their respective hours appointed for instruction. Each class was separately taught, and made to understand not only the principles of religion, but likewise the obligations of their respective states. He made them one by one recite the articles of belief. He carefully trained masters to supply his place, and he translated into the language of each country he converted all that was necessary to be believed and practised in order to salvation. He disputed with the Brahmins, bonzes, and other learned men; nor did he quit one place to go to another until he had firmly rooted the faith in the one he was leaving. Of all the countries converted by him, none (with the exception of Tolo, and that

but for a short time) returned to paganism. We know for certain that towns and kingdoms had been left for ten and fifteen years after Xavier had converted them, without being visited by any priest, and yet at the end of that time were found as fresh and fervent in the exercises of religion as if they had only been baptized the day before. We know, too, of numberless slaves carried off by the idolaters, who, rather than prove renegades, boldly confronted martyrdom. Such, then, were the converts of St. Francis Xavier. As for the number of his converts, the *Processes* for his canonization rate them at upward of seven hundred thousand; but, in real truth, the number could not be accurately stated. In one place, we are told, he converted twelve thousand, in another twenty-five, elsewhere forty, and elsewhere a hundred, thousand; and we are expressly told that he baptized the population of a whole territory in one day, going on till his voice became extinct and until he could no longer raise his arm to perform the baptismal function. It was often impossible, therefore, to enumerate his converts.

His apostolic zeal, ever active and industrious, gives us another subject to dwell upon, as surprising to us as it is glorious to him,—namely, the churches he erected,—churches which originally were, indeed, composed of poor materials, boards covered with evergreens and thatched with straw, having within an altar, a cross, and in the more sumptuous ones perhaps a picture of our Blessed Lady. Being raised, however, in the midst of wild, uncultivated savages, they supplied the place of temples and basilicas to them, who knew no-

thing of marble quarries or the glories of architecture. A chapel was raised in every territory and village converted by him. He raised no fewer than forty on the Coast of the Fishery, some less and some more elegantly adorned. He did the same in the kingdom of Travancore; and where he was unable to build churches he contrived to plant crosses in some sheltered spot, round which the faithful could assemble in prayer. All the churches which he built, however, were not so poor as those we have been describing: as the piety and numbers of the faithful increased, they enlarged and embellished their churches, one town vying with another as to which should have the most splendid house of worship. But, whether they were well or ill adorned, the faith and devotion of the people supplied the place of ornament.

In his voyages by sea, if by chance the ship cast anchor off some island or touched at some port, a sort of shade or canopy was quickly raised upon the beach, and other arrangements for the celebration of the holy mysteries, where soldiers, sailors, passengers, and merchants collected around him to hear him preach; for preaching was another of his zealous works. In it, he adapted himself to the condition of his audience; but, whether he preached in polished city or in rustic hamlet, in presence of born Christians, recent converts, or infidels, his sermons were all equally full of the spirit of God, breathing naught but charity and zeal. On some of these occasions such troops of Indians flocked to hear him that, unable to meet with any building sufficiently capacious, he would lead them forth into the open country, when he

preached to them from an elevated position or from the branch of a tree. The general topic of these discourses was the eternity of rewards and punishments after death,—on which he would speak so touchingly and so energetically that when he had finished they rushed round him, exclaiming, "Great is the God of the Christians!" or they would protest that they believed in Jesus Christ, that they abhorred their idols and idolatry, and that they were ready to die rather than lose the grace of God and the faith.

In a word, such was his confidence in the insuperable force of the eternal truths of the gospel, that had he succeeded in entering China, and there have been committed to prison, as his friends prognosticated, he declared that he would then preach the name of Jesus Christ to his fellow-prisoners, some of whom might in process of time be liberated, and so through them the knowledge of the true God might be propagated and even reach the ears of the emperor himself.

Places too remote for his voice to penetrate were, nevertheless, the objects of his thoughts and zeal. His pen effected what his tongue could not; and thus he preached by the mouths of others.

He composed and transcribed a number of instructions, adapted to the capacities of all ages and all ranks, translating them into the languages of the countries he converted. They were read in public several times a week, that they might be well impressed in the memory of the hearers. He drew up an epitome of the principal events occurring since the fall of Adam till the preaching of the apostles; and, that this might be more in-

teresting to the children and the peasantry, he threw it into rhyme, when it was learned and sung with delight. Experience taught him the advantage of versifying his written instructions. The Indians have a quick ear for melody and poetry. The plan, too, proved doubly useful; for, besides imparting a knowledge of the principal mysteries of religion, it also expelled the profane, immodest songs to which the people had previously been much addicted. All along the coasts of Malabar and the Fishery, and in the Moluccas, we are assured that, night and day, men, women, and children might be heard singing the *Our Father*, the *Hail Mary*, the *Creed*, the *Commandments*, and the chief mysteries of faith, all reduced to hymns by the holy father.

These are some of the specimens of Xavier's indefatigable charity, directed indifferently to the common good of all sorts of people. The following are still more remarkable. We begin with the skill and prudent measures with which he strove to gain over to the service of the King of kings the idolatrous princes with whom he came in contact, and this, not merely for the honor redounding to Jesus Christ when crowned heads bowed down at his feet, but still more because, generally speaking, the conversion of the sovereign was accompanied by that of his subjects. He attempted it with the Moorish King of Travancore, with two idolatrous princes of Ceylon, with the satraps of the Pearl-Fishery, with the Kings of Saxumo, Amanguki, and Bungo, and with the grand Vo of Meaco; but in all these, plurality of wives, and the privilege of other sensual abominations, proved

insurmountable obstacles, for a time at least. Nevertheless, Almighty God, who holds the hearts of kings in his hand, would not permit all the endeavors of the saint in this respect to remain ineffective. His first royal converts were two princesses, the sisters of Cachil Aerio, King of Molucca: their baptism was soon followed by that of two nephews of the same prince. Next came the learned Moor, Neakil, daughter of the King of Tidor and wife of the King of Ternate. He also converted the Kings of Nuliager and Ulate, together with their vassals. Nearer to the Moluccas is the isle of Rosalao, whose inhabitants and king he converted, giving the latter his own name, Francis, in baptism. To these may be added the King of the Maldives, and a king of one of the Celebes, together with the young prince his son.

Besides those which we have mentioned, there were many others not specified in the *Processes*, because their names have been lost in the lapse of time. Of their large number there can be no doubt, because the sovereign Pontiffs expressly say, "Many kings and great princes were by him subjected to the sweet yoke of Jesus Christ."

Although several instances of his inventive charity for the purpose of converting sinners have been given in the preceding pages, we cannot dismiss this important subject without a few additional details. Strange as it may appear, we may safely say that the engaging sweetness of his manner effected more conversions than the force of his virtue and miracles. He was gentle and forbearing toward all, but used most condescension and familiarity with those whose souls were

in the most desperate condition,—affecting ignorance of their notorious scandals, the better to win their good will, the first step toward the important point. When among a set of licentious soldiers, he adapted himself as well as he could to their repulsive ways, seeming not to see or hear their offensive words and acts. He would request them to perform little services for him, which he would cordially return, thus to ingratiate himself with them. At one time he happened to have such an old pair of shoes that he could scarcely keep them on his feet. A soldier wished to give him a better pair, asking him whether he would accept them. Anxious to show grateful appreciation of kindness, he readily consented: so the man ran off to fetch them: he presented them, however, with a blush, making some apology for the color, for they were yellow; but the saint seemed quite pleased with them, replying, in a jocular tone, "I see! a clever trick of yours to escape giving me the shoes, yet paying me the compliment of offering them. No! no!" and, taking the shoes, soon put them on his feet, saying to the donor, "See how admirably they fit me! and, after all, why should not I be shod in soldier fashion?" He wore the shoes for a few days, in order that the rest of the soldiers might see how much he had been gratified by the attention of their comrade; and then he asked his consent to have them blackened, telling him that if he made his appearance on shore in colored shoes the children would run after him and pelt him.

On quitting any of the colleges for some long journey, he took nothing with him but his habit,

his breviary, and the vestments necessary for mass; but of further clothing or provisions he had absolutely none. The soldiers on board a ship would lend him some old rag of a shirt till his own could be washed and mended. The very calls of his poverty gained him the affection of his benefactors. Whenever they invited him to their table, he did not sit there with a stiff, austere countenance: on the contrary, he was the first to start some agreeable topic, in order to prevent them from introducing any thing less pleasant. To beguile the tedium of a long voyage, gaming seemed the chief resource. To check the strifes and oaths of the players, he would take his seat among them: sometimes, as he made his appearance, they would hide the cards and dice, at which he would pretend to be offended, telling them they were not monks, therefore he did not expect to see them with their office-books in their hands all day long; that, though swearing, cheating, and quarrelling were forbidden, there was no prohibition against a game of cards, &c. Thus encouraged, they resumed their game, he deciding their points of dispute: in this manner their amusement passed without any offence against God. This affability led to the salvation of many a desperate soul; for, after engaging these men, one at a time, in private conversation, beginning, as usual, on military topics, he insensibly passed on to what more immediately concerned their souls, their exposure to death, both by storms at sea and battles by land, reminding them of the hell which awaited them if death perchance overtook them in their actual state of sin. By these means he not only brought

many to repentance and to a Christian mode of life, but several others, moved by his words, and still more by his example, renounced the military profession and put on the monastic habit.

He acted in the same manner with merchants, men who, generally speaking, are so completely immersed in the affairs of this life as to care little for those of heaven: with these, too, he knew how to make himself *all to all*, showing an interest in their prosperity, blessing their ships, often inquiring about their purchases, &c. But, after discoursing of merchandise, sales, manufactures, and so forth, he dexterously changed the subject to a comparison between the goods of earth and heaven, of the perishable nature of earthly treasures in contrast with those which will never have an end, and expatiating on that vast capital of beatitude which they might so easily secure for themselves in the kingdom of God. "Oh, how foolish of heart are we!" would he exclaim; "created as we are for such great things, yet coveting the viler things of this world; deeming ourselves happy if we have them, and unfortunate if we lose them! Acting as if there were no other life but the present to look forward to, and as if no other goods were worth purchasing but the silver of Japan, the silks of China, and the spices of the Moluccas: nevertheless, *what will it avail a man to gain the whole world, if he lose his own soul?*" This sentence generally closed his discussions with commercial men, many of whom he succeeded in gaining over to God so effectually that they sold their merchandise and ships, gave the produce to the poor, and entered religious orders; whilst others, who

did not go so far as this, became most liberal in almsdeeds; and to these he could always apply when he needed a handsome sum for any special emergency.

His paternal charity and patient forbearance were extended in an equal degree to his new converts. Uncivilized as they were for the most part, he conformed himself to their customs, taking them such as they were, not requiring more than could reasonably be expected from men trained to such offensive habits and grown old in vice. As the majority of them were poor, especially the Paravans, Xavier obtained the remission of certain annual tributes, which weighed heavily upon them, and which had often been exacted by the crown-collectors with great cruelty and avarice.

It remains for us now to consider the line of conduct adopted by the holy father in regard to individual sinners, whom he first strove to win to himself that he might afterward surrender them to God. Lorenzo Suarez Fighieredo, who was intimately acquainted with him, says, "The affable familiarity of Father Francis was such that no one could ever be annoyed at his conversation: he was so full of true humility that the meanest and poorest could not feel afraid of him, or hesitate at calling him to their houses whenever the necessities of their souls required it. His intimacy with all sorts of persons produced innumerable conversions; and the greater the sinner, the more did he endeavor to show him attention and kindness. At first, so far from expressing horror of their loathsomeness, he did not so much as seem surprised at it; but when once he had them in his

own hands, he probed their wounds so lightly, yet so effectively, that he completely cured them of their brutalizing propensities, and led them from a life of guilt to a life, first of penance, and then of sanctity. All this was accomplished so gently, so smoothly, that the change was scarcely perceptible in its progress to the individuals themselves; and, when it was effected, they asked themselves in astonishment how it had been done. The consequence was, none could ever grumble or find fault with him. Then, again, his authority, his dignity, and his humility were so imposing that scarcely any one could refuse him whatever he might ask. Wherever he went, and wherever he was, he was wholly occupied in the service of God, everywhere gaining the souls of sinners by the grace of the holy spirit dwelling in him, by the sweetness of his manner, and by the example of his saintly life."

The following is an instance of his irresistible power of persuasion. A certain man, who had been long living in sin, was urged by Xavier to purify his conscience by a sincere confession: he refused positively, but was afterward so tortured by the regret of having resisted such a man that he could neither eat nor sleep, till, with tears in his eyes, he went and threw himself at the saint's feet, entreating him to receive his confession.

His freedom with soldiers, sailors, and all kinds of people—this fashion of making himself *all to all* —sometimes led to a strange misapprehension of his character, as the following instance will show A noble Portuguese named Norogna had heard so much of Xavier that he had long been wishing to

become acquainted with him, and happened to be his fellow-passenger in one or other of his voyages. He showed great delight on being informed that Xavier was on board, and eagerly inquired which was the saint, pointing to a large group before him. Great was his astonishment at beholding, engaged in some common occupation, one whom he had fancied to himself as a man wholly belonging to another world; a man, in fine, who neither ate, drank, nor slept in the same way as ordinary mortals; a man wholly abstracted, wholly recollected within himself; *one who "whether in the body, or out of the body, God knoweth;"* a man who could never speak or be seen in public but to work a miracle or preach. Such is the expectation usually formed of saints by persons who have not a right understanding of the things of God. Xavier, on the contrary, might perhaps be seen playing at draughts with one of the most dissolute of the crew, to Norogna's great horror, who, turning to a friend, exclaimed, "Is this the man you call a saint? I cannot believe it: to me he appears a priest, but certainly nothing more." He adhered to this opinion, in spite of all that his friend Don Peter di Castro (then on board, and who was well aware of Xavier's real character) could say to the contrary; for whenever he looked after him, as he often did, he was sure to see him talking either with some of the soldiers or sailors. During the voyage, they touched somewhere on the coast of Malabar to take in water. Most of the passengers went ashore, and Xavier among the rest, who set off in the direction of a neighboring wood. God so disposed that Norogna should be watching him

at this moment, with more surprise and curiosity than respect. He said to himself, "What in the world can he be going to do in that wood?" and, being resolved to fathom what seemed so mysterious to him, he ordered one of his servants to follow the saint, to watch his conduct, and then to give him an account of whatever he might see. The man obeyed, and with some difficulty secured a suitable position. The saint had penetrated as far as possible into the thicket, and was on his knees in prayer. The spy observed that his face shone with surprising brilliancy; his eyes were immovably fixed on heaven; his body was raised considerably from the ground, his ecstatic prayer continuing whilst he was thus suspended in the air. In utter bewilderment the man ran off to call his master, who, accompanied by many others, hastened to verify with their own eyes the strange statement of the servant. They found Xavier precisely as described by the man, and utterly unconscious of their approach. Norogna was now quite satisfied that Xavier was something more than an ordinary priest, and that he was a saint. If he had before been unwilling to believe that they had an *apostle* with them on board, *now* at least he declared there was an *angel* before their eyes in the wood. From thenceforward he honored him as much as he had previously slighted him.

The very pagans loved him, when they noticed his wonderful innocence of life, his affability toward others, and his severity to himself,—revering him as a man descended from heaven, to use their own expression.

In Japan, where he adapted himself to the intel-

lectual inclination of his hearers, he would discourse with them on the measurement of the heavenly bodies, of the order of the planets, of the cause of eclipses, of the atmospheric phenomena of the winds, thunder, lightning, hail, snow, and other similar things wholly unknown to them, yet always mingling with these topics some apposite remarks on the power of the God who created and of His providence which directs the world. This affability on his part won him their respect and esteem; and they were very frequently heard to say that they could remain forever in the company of the learned European bonze, without feeling wearied or annoyed.

So far we have dwelt chiefly on the manner rather than on the effects of his amiability toward sinners,—an amiability assumed for no other purpose than that of gaining them to God: we will therefore give an instance or two of the latter, in addition to those already dispersed throughout this work.

There was a merchant living in one of the islands bordering on China, whose life was notoriously scandalous. The saint, happening to meet with him, saluted him very cordially, and then began in a joking manner to complain that, whereas so many of his friends invited him to dinner, this one never did: "so this is a sign," said he, "that you do not reckon me among your friends. At all events, I am sure you will not refuse to the demands of poverty what you might refuse from want of friendship. Will you have the heart to refuse me half a roll?" The merchant, who would never have ventured to ask him to his table,

answered, honestly and civilly, that if he were worthy of receiving Father Francis he should indeed esteem it a great favor. This was precisely what the saint wanted: he at once accepted the offer and fixed the day. The dinner was sumptuous and abundant; but Xavier praised the cookery most of all, appeared to relish his dinner as he had never done before, blessed the hands that had so well cooked it, &c. The host, who did not see through the mystery, was highly gratified. In due time, Xavier rose to take his leave, and, after courteously thanking the gentleman, expressed a wish to see and thank the cook who had taken such pains to gratify his palate,—whereupon an ill-favored Japanese made her appearance. She was a slave, professedly a Christian, but one whose life was a disgrace to her religion. He praised the good dinner she had served up, exhorted her to be steady and industrious, and to serve her master faithfully, who would no doubt remunerate her much better than she expected. Then, without explaining himself any further, he went away. Not long afterward he again met the same merchant; and, after the usual greetings and a few unimportant remarks, the saint asked him how that capital cook of his was going on. Without the slightest suspicion, the other answered that she was quite well. "Oh," rejoined Xavier, "how much I wish I could reward her for cooking me such a good dinner! but I am so poor that I really have nothing to bestow, unless it be from your funds, if I might venture to beg an alms of you." The merchant immediately began to assure him that Father Francis had full liberty over all he

possessed, with a number of other fine speeches, but all really said in full sincerity. Nor were his words fairer than his acts; for when the saint had brought him to this point he said, "Very well: give that slave her liberty, and consign her to me; I will secure a suitable position for her: your soul and hers too will be all the better from this arrangement. God will reward you for the charity you have shown me, by giving you the premium of everlasting salvation, which I am sure you value more highly than the price of a poor slave." The merchant's eyes were now opened; he saw through the saint's object in seeking the invitation to his table, in praising the viands, and in noticing the cook. To use a homely proverb, he saw that Xavier meant to kill two birds with one stone, or, rather, to win two souls to God which otherwise would probably have perished. He was most deeply affected by the charity of the holy father, and readily entered into all his views and wishes.

But I should never end if I undertook to narrate in detail the many incidents of a similar nature which occurred to Xavier. They were numberless; and, though the means used to effect his purpose varied, his object and his engaging charity were ever the same.

A rich man, named Velloso, lived at Malacca, leading a most profligate and disgraceful life. Xavier, who had long had his eye upon him, followed and overtook him one Sunday as he descended from the pulpit. After a few kind words on either side, the gentleman began to praise his sermon. "My lord," interposed the saint, "fine as your praises are, they are of little use to a poor fasting

and wearied preacher like myself. Your table would be much more to the purpose than your words." The other supposed him to be jesting; yet he could not civilly avoid making an invitation which, if accepted, would put him to shame. He began by making excuses, as being unprepared; that he could wish to prepare a fitting dinner for such a guest, and so forth,—concluding, in a subdued tone, that, if he could put up with what he found, he was truly welcome to it. The saint, who wanted nothing but the invitation, eagerly accepted it. In fine, to say all in a few words, he made such good use of his time, gained such an ascendency over the mind of his noble host, and worked upon it so effectually, that by degrees he corrected all his vicious propensities, renounced all further intercourse with his wicked associates, made a general confession to the saint, and began a new life; and, as Almighty God is ever liberal to those who make great sacrifices for his sake, he filled the soul of our good Velloso with such abundant consolations that he had no occasion to regret the sensual gratifications which he had renounced.

Let it not be supposed that these results of his incomparable charity cost the holy father nothing more than words. He did not enter upon such important negotiations with men until he had concluded and made his bargains with God,—watching whole nights in prayer, scourging himself, shedding floods of tears, and using other instruments of penance. On more than one occasion has be been reduced to death's door by the macerations and austerities to which he has subjected himself for the conversion of some obstinate sinner. Even

when he had brought these sinners to his feet and had received their confessions, they were still the subjects of his penances; for he imposed some light penance upon them, acquitting the remainder of their debt upon his own poor shoulders and with his own blood. If it so happened that he met with any desperate character, impervious alike to reasoning, entreaty, or threats, he would not on this account give him up, awaiting him in patience and in hope; going in search of those who fled, and, when found, welcoming them more cordially than ever,—proving to them that his arms were ever open to receive them. We have already stated that when he quitted Ternate for Amboyna he only left two persons in the island whom he knew to be in mortal sin. The first ship which sailed from Amboyna to Ternate conveyed letters from him to one of his friends, requesting him to present his kind respects to those two, and to tell them from him that he was ready to return thither at any moment to hear their confessions.

As it was as much his object to maintain souls in a good state as to win them from a bad one, he was assiduous in providing them with remedies to prevent future relapses. To the better-informed classes he gave the spiritual exercises of his blessed Father Ignatius; though, generally speaking, the exercitants were chiefly confined to the first week. To those who had been unfortunate in life—for instance, merchants who had been ruined by speculations or shipwrecks, or Government officials (of whom India was full) who had been displaced by the envy of rivals—he recommended the election of a new state; teaching them to look up to and

serve a Master who can discern the merit of his servants, and who can reward them with treasures beyond the power either of tempests or of malice, —treasures which "thieves cannot steal, nor rust or moths consume."

Pious souls found no greater consolation than in conversation with him; nevertheless, he knew how to introduce a word of discreet rigor when requisite, or when he wished to excite a tear. To a certain lady of holy life, who accused herself in confession of some degree of levity, he said, "You deserve not that God should look upon you, since by your levity you expose yourself to the risk of not seeing God." This was quite enough: she never again needed such a reproof.

From the two virtues relating to God and his neighbor, which raised the soul of our holy Father Francis to so eminent a degree of perfection, let us pass on to the consideration of others, which, more restricted to himself, perfected him both in his own self and in the estimation of his religious brethren. First of all, his humility, which, in a man of such note, was absolutely wonderful; for, as St. Bernard justly remarks, "honored humility is a great and rare virtue." When Almighty God by the evidence of continued and stupendous miracles, and when men by their extrinsic demonstrations of esteem and honor, concur in raising any one to fame, should he, notwithstanding all this, measure himself only by his knowledge of himself, of his own miserable frailty, of his own nothingness, and of the vileness of his sins,—if, amidst the honors to which he is raised, he looks upon himself not as greater, but as less, than others,—such

a man possesses rare and admirable humility. Now, with regard to St. Francis Xavier, throughout the East no one was so much spoken of as him: he was revered even by the pagans as a man of heaven, (they called him the god of the world;) wherever he made his appearance, ports and ships saluted him with salvos of artillery, cities and villages alike poured forth their inhabitants to meet and greet him; hymns were sung, garments were spread in his path; men raised him aloft and bore him as in triumph on their shoulders. Idolatrous kings surnamed him *the great father, the wonder-worker, the saint.* So great was his dominion over nature, that it was commonly said, "It is a miracle when Father Francis works no miracle." When to all this we add, as we justly ought, the merit of his toils, wanderings, shipwrecks, sufferings from heat, cold, hunger, and thirst, his persecutions, wounds, and exposure to death in all directions,—when we cast a glimpse on the innumerable islands and kingdoms which, previous to his day, knew not God, and then count up the hundreds of thousands of converts baptized by his own hand,—when we see the boundaries of the Church thus widened by him, and yet, amidst all these subjects of exultation, to see him yet more and more profoundly annihilate himself within himself, to be lost as it were to his own sight, seeing nothing in himself but a subject of self-abasement and confusion,—this, yes, this is the measure of the humility of St. Francis Xavier. His humility vanquishes even his merits. The success attendant on his labors in the service of souls was by him ascribed to the merits and

prayers of his brethren. "Your prayers," says he, in a letter to the fathers at Rome, "have undoubtedly obtained for me light from God, to see and know the infinite multitude of my sins; notwithstanding which, I feel all the more encouraged to labor indefatigably among these idolaters."

Peter Ordonez Chevallio, who travelled all round the world, tells us that he met with a Christian in some part of Asia who, giving him an account of himself, made the following curious statement:—"You must know that I am a Japanese, and was a bonze by profession. Once, in a council of the bonzes, the wonders wrought by Father Francis Xavier formed the topic of discussion; and it was then decreed that he should be ranked among the gods: the bonzes accordingly sent him a notification of their design. Instead of exulting in so distinguished an honor, the father expressed the greatest horror of it, and gave utterance to the most sublime praises of the one true and living God, speaking in the most lowly and contemptuous terms of himself. His answer to us made a deep impression: many of us, reflecting on his words, and much more on his works, changed from being priests of the idols into worshippers of Jesus Christ." Such was the narrative of the converted bonze, and such was the effect of the humility of Father Francis.

He used to declare it to be a miracle of divine goodness that the most unworthy man on earth, as he styled himself, should be made serviceable to the cause of God; but that it was so permitted in order that others of greater virtue might be encouraged to engage in the conversion of infidels;

for that no one need despair when they saw one so deficient as he himself was, laboring with success in the Lord's vineyard.

Whenever he was planning the conversion of any new kingdom, he would write even to Europe, to his brethren there, soliciting their advice, as if he was a mere novice. In one of these letters he thus writes:—"I am preparing to set out on the task of converting some pagan and Moorish populations: for the love of Jesus Christ, I beseech you to write and tell me how I had best proceed and what plan I ought to follow; for I am quite certain that Almighty God will suggest to your minds, and you will dictate to me, the means best adapted for winning them over to Christianity. Should I, before the receipt of your letters, unfortunately enter upon a wrong path, I shall hope to be admonished and corrected by them." In the same spirit of humility, he recommended himself to the prayers of the children, especially those belonging to the Fishery Coast. In like manner, he always attributed his preservation from shipwreck at sea, and other dangers on land, to the merits of his good mother the Society,—feeling assured that God spared him on these occasions only in consideration of the prayers of his brethren.

Whenever any of his pious projects failed, as in the cases of the chastisement of the King of Jafanatapan and the Chinese embassy, he invariably ascribed the failure to his own sins, never to the malice of others,—accusing himself before God as the sole culprit, and deploring the defeat of His

work through the fault of the unworthy workman.

As for the miracles which he wrought, he declared they were owing to the faith of the pious petitioners, or the innocence of the children whose prayers he engaged, to serve as a cloak to his own good deeds. When, in face of some stupendous miracle, the crowd unanimously shouted out, "A miracle! a miracle!" he would strive to slip away and hide himself; or, if escape was impossible, he would bury himself as it were in the deep recesses of his own nothingness, where not an atom of the people's praise and honor could gain admission.

His humility seemed in a manner to blind him, so that he did not see or understand what really was miraculous,—as was shown in the instance of the dead boy restored to life on the coast of Comorin.

The usual subject of his letters and familiar discourses to the fathers was the knowledge and contempt of self: nor would he be satisfied with a mere speculative knowledge of self; he would have it practical; he would have public acts of humiliation; and here he was their master by example far more than by precept. He was continually seen in the hospitals, making beds, cleansing foul vessels, washing feet, dressing wounds, lifting the most loathsome lepers; and this he called his heart's delight; and such in truth it was, as was evident from the joy with which he undertook it. Frequently, too, was he seen with slaves and prisoners; with the poor, especially poor children, singing with them in the streets, collecting money

and food for them, and sometimes partaking of the latter with them.

The true lover of holy poverty, his clothes were usually so patched and faded that the children of the idolaters mocked and insulted him on this account. He mended his clothes with his own hands; nor would he ever change his habit till it was so tattered as no longer to hang together on his back.

When he returned from Japan to Malacca and Goa, and was received with such marks of honor, he wore such a patched habit and such an old torn hat that no mendicant would have thanked him for them: nevertheless, these were the sole riches he brought with him from those distant regions. When he was at Goa, he never wore any thing better than a coarse canvas tunic, without a cloak. His poor wardrobe was often noticed, and many were the offers of his pious friends to furnish him with a supply of clothing; but never could they induce him to accept so much as a vest a little less tattered than his own. A cheat once effected what entreaty could not: unperceived by him, his old tunic was carried off in the night and a better one substituted in its place: the saint, whose mind was wholly absorbed in God, dressed himself without noticing the change; but in the evening, happening to be at supper with Francis Païva and some others who were parties to the trick, Païva began to examine his dress somewhat narrowly, as if in surprise, and then told the saint what had been done: he blushed on perceiving himself so much better dressed than he would have wished, but turned it off with a smile, saying,

"It is scarcely to be wondered at that whoever came for this good habit in the middle of the night should have taken in mistake that one of which I am no longer worthy."

All the furniture of his chamber consisted in nothing more than a narrow bed,—that is to say, a frame-work interlaced with ropes pretty wide apart, without either mattress or pillow; a small, worm-eaten table, with a few books and manuscripts upon it, a crucifix made of wood from St. Thomas, and at the foot of it was a stone on which he rested his head more frequently than on his bed during the two or three hours allowed for sleep. His chief treasures were his weapons of penance, his hair shirts, disciplines, and iron chains: he had one chain-discipline garnished with sharp rowels, and with this he used fearfully to lacerate his shoulders. No doubt he treated himself with this holy cruelty in fear and distrust of self; like St. Paul, the Apostle of the Gentiles, he dreaded lest "whilst he preached to others he himself might be cast away."

And yet, if we look only to the needed chastisement of his body, this excessive rigor seems uncalled for. We know from positive testimony, especially the Vicar of Meliapore and John Lizzano, who heard his confessions, that he undoubtedly lived and died a virgin. It is the opinion of many that the incorruption of his body since his death is a strong confirmation of the above testimony, and that it is likewise the reward of his unsullied purity. To this must be added the lawful attestation of his confessors, that in none of his

confessions did the faults acknowledged ever include a deliberate venial sin.

He was exceedingly reserved and discreet in his conduct when females were in question; and, unless with a view to their conversion, he shunned their company as much as possible, conversing with them seldom and briefly.

But to return to his austerities, which were no more habitual to him during what we call his short intervals of respite—that is to say, whilst he resided in the colleges of Goa, Malacca, and Cochin—than in the very height of toils, journeys, and all that he had to go through in converting idolaters, and in the other difficulties of his apostolic ministry. When he was at sea, the cable was his pillow and the bare deck his couch: if, when ashore, he sought a more luxurious resting-place, he threw himself on the sands, with the heavens for his canopy. He fasted for two and three successive days, and he has been known to pass a whole week without taking so much as a mouthful: indeed, his allowance of food was at all times so sparing, that one of his companions tells us the measure of it for the whole day, sometimes, would not have amounted to the value of a farthing. His diet when on the Coast of Fishery is thus described by an eye-witness:—"Wine he never touched; wheaten bread he never tasted, unless he was invited to the tables of the Portuguese; for then, shunning all singularity, he took what was put before him. When he was alone, or with his own people, he took a little ill-prepared rice, or fish, or a little plain milk: on great solemnities he would order a rice cake to be baked, reminding his com-

panions to thank God for such a delicacy, and not to eat more of it than was necessary to maintain strength to be able to labor in his divine service. But during the two years and a half that he spent in Japan, he abstained even from fish, in order that the bonzes might not boast of practising greater austerities than the ministers of the gospel. The remembrance of his self-denial still lingered in Japan even when Father Nugnez went there; for, among other particulars, the natives told him that Father Francis used to live on certain wild herbs, so exceedingly bitter that they themselves could scarcely bear to taste them, and that in the depth of winter he wore nothing but an old patched robe, which, though it sufficed to cover his limbs, was no defence against the cold. He used occasionally to retire for a week or two to some solitary cave or uninhabited island, abandoning himself entirely to fasting and other austerities."

Such was Father Francis Xavier,—all severity and rigor to himself; continually crucifying his body as if it were a rebellious enemy, which it was not: on the contrary, it was an obedient servant, and the faithful companion of his noble soul in all the generous enterprises which he undertook for the greater glory of God.

Toward his religious brethren, over whom, as provincial, he was the superior, he felt more than the tender charity of a father. With the exception of the mission of Ormuz, he sent none of his companions to any place which had not first been visited and examined by himself; so careful was he to measure each one's field of labor according to his capabilities of mind and body. He desired

each one to send him minute details of every thing connected with his mission, as well to mature his judgment by the experience of others as to increase or diminish their sphere of labor as circumstances might require.

A certain religious man, speaking to Father Perez of Xavier, blamed his perpetual journeys, adding, "Unquestionably Father Francis is a holy man, but he would be more holy if he travelled less." The good man forgot that he had been sent to the Indies by the sovereign Pontiff to act as apostolic nuncio both in Asia and in Africa. Perez, however, repeated the remark to Xavier, who expressed great gratitude for the interest thus shown toward him by the religious, but said he could not act otherwise than he did; assigning many weighty reasons, of which we only mention one,—namely, that he could not and ought not blindly to dispose of his brethren, nor send them to labor for the salvation of others in places where they would be likely to risk their own. Certain talents of virtue and nature were requisite in one place and not in another; that one judged very differently of places and things at a distance from what they might be in reality; and that in these things actual experience was the safest guide.

He was most compassionate in consoling, and most anxious in providing for the necessities of, his sick or infirm subjects. Once, on his return to Goa after a long absence, he found one of the brothers at the point of death. He hurried to the infirmary, embraced him, made the sign of the cross on his forehead, made a short prayer, and cured him.

Still more tenderly did he treat tempted souls. Father Anthony Vaz relates of himself that during his novitiate, whilst he was alike young in age and in virtue, he was strongly tempted by the devil to return to the world. So incessant and so violent were the assaults that at last he yielded and decided on going away. The holy father, becoming aware of this, called him, and very affectionately said to him these few words:—"Child! do you really wish to leave us?" These few words dispelled the charm: his heart was at once entirely changed, and neither then nor afterward, to the end of his long life, was he ever troubled with a thought of inconstancy on the subject.

He introduced a custom which contributed much to strengthen the vocation of his young religious and to attach them still more closely to the Society. Instead of reading in the Refectory during table, he made each one in turn relate the ways and means used by Divine Providence in drawing him from the world to religion, mingling with the facts of the narrative considerations of affection and gratitude to God, each one praising and blessing him for so great a grace in the manner dictated by his own heart.

There were some who, impelled by zeal and by a wish to emulate the example of the holy father, were anxious either to accompany him in his difficult enterprises, or to be employed in such,—imagining they only lost their time where they were,—and asking to be removed either to more arduous, or more ample, or more cultivated missions, where they flattered themselves they should be more useful. But he, whilst commending their generous

fervor, curbed their indiscreet zeal, kindly encouraging whilst he gently admonished them, cautioning them against leaving a present and certain good for another uncertain and distant good, though apparently greater. One of these was Father Francis Henriquez, a most fervent laborer, employed on the coast of Travancore, who, fancying his labors wasted there, requested to be removed to some other place, where the harvest might be more in keeping with the culture of the soil. The saint wrote him a letter full of solid spiritual philosophy and therefore worthy of being recorded here:—

"How much more gladly would I consult with you in person, my dearest brother, instead of having recourse to my pen, if it were but possible at present! I do so wish to comfort and encourage you under the trials which you have to encounter for the love of Christ! Full well I know you have no desire for those consolations enjoyed by the votaries of the world. Their life is truly deserving of our pity; whilst, on the contrary, we may envy those of whom the apostle says 'the world is not worthy.' Do not grieve because your labors prove less profitable than you could wish, in a country so ill favored, and under a persecuting king. You are effecting, perhaps, a great deal more than you imagine for the kingdom of heaven, by baptizing such a number of infants as fall into your hands; and, all things well considered, probably there are but few of our Indians, either blacks or whites, who go to heaven, excepting those who die between the interval of baptism and the attainment of their fourteenth year. Do you not perceive, then, my

dearest brother, that your labors are more profitable than you imagine? How many infants and children, baptized by you, are already enjoying God! Souls which would have been irreparably lost, had not you been there to baptize them. On this account, if for no other, the enemy of mankind abhors you. For this reason it is that he so strenuously endeavors to persuade you to quit a territory over which he has so long held undisputed sway; because if he can but get you away from the kingdom of Travancore, no more souls will thence be sent to heaven. It is one of his most insidious artifices, to place before you the hope of realizing a greater distant good, merely to arrest the damage which your present labors are actually inflicting on his cause. I have no doubt but that your wish to quit that coast is the effect of his machinations; but remember that you have gained more souls to God by the baptisms you have conferred on dying infants, during the eight years you have spent in these parts, than you had in the whole course of your previous life, either in Portugal or in the Indies. You cannot, therefore, be surprised that the devil should molest you; and he does it dexterously, too, hoping not only to drive you from a place where you do much good, but to send you to another place, where you would effect but little."

But if we undertook to transcribe all the letters of the saint, with a view to show the esteem, affection, and respect with which he treated his religious brethren, we should exceed all bounds. Most pressing and tender were his letters to his dear Father Ignatius, in which he entreated him

to allow some of his brethren to write and give him the most minute details of every thing connected with the Society; the number of the provinces already established in Europe as well as out of it; how far Almighty God had been pleased to extend it; how many colleges, and where; the number and names of the professed; the various qualifications of sanctity and learning in the more distinguished of the members; assuring St. Ignatius that these details formed the chief source of his solace and delight under all his trials, toils, and difficulties in Japan, and that they cheered him under the prospect of those other and greater ones which he believed awaited him in China.

He cut out the signatures of all the letters which he received from the fathers of the Society, either in Europe or the Indies; and these signatures he wore suspended round his neck, as relics of holy men and as sweet memorials of consolation to him. Nor ought we to be surprised that he thus carried on his breast the names of those whose image was so ineffaceably stamped upon his heart.

He gives the following conclusion to a letter, consisting of many sheets, which he wrote from Japan to his brethren in India:—"I now conclude; for if I attempt to express the affection of my soul for all of you collectively, or for each of you individually, I should exceed all measure, and should never know when to end. If it were but possible for those who are bound together, as we are, by the chains of Divine charity,—if we, who so cordially love each other, could reciprocally see into one another's hearts,—most assuredly you would all behold your images impressed and sculptured in mine;

and yet, in real truth, if you could see them, you would scarcely recognise your own effigies, because they are sketched according to the original of your virtue; whilst your humility and disesteem of self would induce you to consider the portrait a mere exaggeration instead of a true copy."

In another letter to the fathers at Rome, he writes, "The knot of charity which binds our souls together is too tightly drawn to be unloosed, either by distant bodily separation, or by the length of geographical limits. We are now no longer in sight of another, as formerly we were: nevertheless, I still behold you: you are ever present to the eye of my mind. This is one of the blessed fruits of holy and sincere charity: to be united, though at a distance; to be able to maintain union of heart, in spite of separation of body. And yet, for this perpetual remembrance which I have of you, I owe it more to you than to myself. It is you who by the power of your prayers and sacrifices, so often offered for me a sinner, awaken such sweet recollections of you in my heart. You yourselves, my beloved brothers, stamp your own portraits in my soul: may God reward you for it, for, in truth, I am unable to repay you as I wish and as I ought." If, as he expresses it, his heart was thus filled with the image of his absent brethren, it is no wonder they should have haunted him in his sleep, as he says they did. They were then continually present and conversing with him, to his indescribable consolation. He used to say that these nocturnal interviews served as restoratives both to his body and mind.

He regularly renewed every day the vows

which bound him to the Society: the reliquary which he wore upon his breast contained the three things which he most prized on earth, viz., a particle of the bone of St. Thomas the Apostle, the autograph of his beloved Father St. Ignatius, and his religious profession in his own handwriting. The signatures of the other fathers, (as mentioned above,) though always worn at his breast, were not enclosed in this one special reliquary.

We must not omit to mention the deep ardor of his affection for the Society, as a body, and for each individual member of it. On his arrival at, and departure from, any of our colleges, he invariably embraced every one of the brothers, performing this act of affection on his knees. Those who arrived from Europe were received and welcomed by him with tears of delight. In his letters he commended them to the very utmost of their deserts; especially when he had to announce the death of any one of them. The first of those in the Indies who passed to our Lord was Brother Adam Franceschi, who died in 1549, before he had received priest's orders. He was one of the most fervent laborers employed in those missions. Xavier thus speaks of him in a letter to Father Simon Rodriguez:—"Our Lord has been pleased to summon from this life our best-beloved brother Adam Franceschi, to bestow on him the reward due to his numerous and immense labors. His death corresponded with his life; and his life was a beautiful realization of sanctity, as I myself can attest, —an attestation in which I shall be fully borne out by others. He was truly a pious and highly-spiritual man, full of fervor for the conversion of

infidels. Much more earnestly do I commend *myself* to him than I commend *him* to God; for I firmly believe him to be safe in the enjoyment of the beatitude for which he was created."

As a last proof of Xavier's affection for his Order, we need only quote his well-remembered expression, "If ever I forget thee, O Society of Jesus, may my own right hand be forgotten!"

To the tender charity of the father he added the prudence and zeal of a wise and faithful superior. He would often return a distance of four or five thousand miles to visit his subjects; to be able to see them himself, and take an account of their conduct and labors; to apply suitable remedy, if perchance there might be some diseased soul in the little community of the Society committed to his charge; or to lop off any useless, putrid member. This was done with a discreet yet resolute hand; and when once he had expelled a subject, no entreaties—even of the viceroy himself—could induce him to readmit the delinquent: he said, and with reason, that large communities were often more injured by the bad example than benefited by the number of their members. No soft complaisance influenced him in the admission of subjects to the order, or deterred him from expelling such as were insubordinate or turbulent. He dismissed Gomez and Mansilla, notwithstanding their many advantageous qualifications, and notwithstanding the need he then had of additional laborers. The conversion of souls, the peculiar object of the Society, ought not, in his opinion, to be allowed to depend solely on the industry and skill of the workmen: it ought to be

effected by the soul, which, from its own redundancy, should fill and operate in the souls of others; whereas, if the missioner's heart be devoid of virtue and of God, how can he impart to others that which he himself has not? With this conviction in his mind, Xavier used often to warn his followers that there were many now in hell whose sermons and instructions had sent many souls to heaven.

He gave excellent written advice for the guidance of some who were in important posts, that they might not be at a loss how to act during his long intervals of absence. We give as a sample the following which he left with Father Paul di Camerino, whom he constituted superior of the province when he set out to Japan. When I say superior of the province, I must except the college of Goa, which was left to the government of Gomez, out of respect to Father Rodriguez, who had nominated Gomez to that charge. "Above all things," says the saint, "I recommend mutual charity, in the first place between you two, and then with all the rest of the fathers and brothers, as well those of the college of Goa as of the other residencies of India and of those who may arrive from Portugal. From what I know and have seen of ours, I have such confidence in all of them, that I do not believe they need a superior: nevertheless, for the greater merit, and that all things may go according to order, Father Anthony Gomez shall govern the college of Goa, and you the rest of the province. Again let me recommend to you, as in duty I am bound, charity between you two,—the one not interfering in the office of the other. Let

all the fathers and brothers dispersed throughout the Indies be specially dear to you. Provide for all their necessities as far as you possibly can, having great consideration for the trials they undergo: therefore, whenever they apply to you for any thing, either for themselves or their converts,—whether the necessity be spiritual or temporal,—use every possible endeavor to provide it for them expeditiously. Let the letters which you write to those who are at a distance be full of affection and charity, taking care that neither through haste nor negligence any unkind words should creep in to afflict or discourage them; remembering the great sufferings which they undergo in the service of Jesus Christ, especially those at the Moluccas and those on the coast of Comorin; for indeed they truly carry the cross. As you have but little experimental knowledge of the quality and condition of the various residences out of Goa, do not recall or change any of those who labor in them, without first consulting the local superior, and then only making the change with his approbation: otherwise, instead of doing good, you may occasion difficulty and trouble. Those who may have occasion to visit you of their own accord, or who may be sent by superiors for the benefit of their souls, must be treated in the most considerate manner, and every means be employed to restore or strengthen their fervor of spirit.

"Often write to me, giving me a full account of yourself, of the whole province, and of those who arrive from Portugal: give me the most minute information with respect to the latter; who they are, what they are, and how many;

the number of priests, and the number of brothers; whether there are any preachers among them: when there are, send them to preach in the fortresses, which have been a long time neglected, especially those of Cochin and Goa. Inform me of all this by letter, twice a year at least, whilst I am absent in Japan; sending your letters *via* Malacca and Sunda. As for those who are dispersed about the country, take care to let me know what they effect to the glory of God; particularly Father Gaspar in Ormuz, Father Melchior Gonzales in Bazaim, Father Nicholas Lancillotti in Cochin, Father Criminale at Cape Comorin, Father Perez at Malacca, and Father Beira in the Moluccas: give me minute information of them and their companions,—how they are in health, how they live, and with what success they labor. I request you to read this written memorandum, which I shall leave with you, once a week; that the directions may not be neglected through forgetfulness; giving good example yourself, as you hitherto have done, and still continuing to advance in virtue: moreover, by reading them so frequently, you will be reminded of me, and so recommend me to Almighty God, which I beseech you and all pious friends to do. In like manner, beseech all ours of the college to recommend me to God, whom I implore to remain with *you* and to accompany *me*. Amen! Goa, April, 1549."

In consequence of his incessant occupation in the service of his neighbor, he often could not find an hour in the day to spend with his own brethren: he therefore gave them his nights, during which he gave them excellent instruction and

advice, often committing the latter to writing for them, adapting his advice to the necessities, the office, and the disposition of each one. It was generally believed that his arrangements for the public good, as well as the private arrangements, of the Society, were suggested to him by revelation from heaven: at least, he certainly received special assistance from the Holy Ghost: it was quite remarkable to see how completely Xavier in the Indies governed in conformity with the constitutions of St. Ignatius, which were not written when he left Europe, and of which a copy did not reach India until after the death of our holy apostle. He ruled, nevertheless, as if Almighty God had placed them before his eyes before He dictated them to the holy founder: the government of the Society would have gone on precisely as it did, had Xavier been at Rome and Ignatius in the Indies.

During his long intervals of absence, he did not fail often to be present with his brethren by means of his letters; and, if nothing else remained of him besides his letters, they would suffice to give the true effigy of his mind, so completely do they depict himself. As he describes the perfect idea of an evangelical minister, he gives (though unconsciously to himself) his own exact features, his life being but the copy of what his letters were the model.

His letters were so precious to his religious that they were sent from hand to hand to be copied: copies were even sent to their friends in Europe, one of which, reaching Majorca, fell into the hands of Jerome Nadal, a man of remarkable talent, and

it decided his vocation to the Society. His letters, which have been printed, have done so much good that we may not inaptly say of them what St. Gregory Nazianzen says of the martyr St. Cyprian: —"He did more for the martyrs by his letters, than those who attended on the martyrs, assisting them in their struggles;" because a great number of most distinguised laborers were induced, by the perusal of these letters, not only to enter the Society, but likewise to devote themselves to the missions of the East, where many of them crowned a life of zeal with the glory of martyrdom.

Xavier was as solicitious for regular observance at home as he was for active labor abroad. When any one failed, he recalled him to the right path, either by friendly admonition, or by sharp reproof, as the case required. He insisted on all his subjects showing marked deference and entire submission to all ecclesiastical superiors, such as the Bishop of Goa and the Vicars of Cochin, Meliapore, Malacca, and other places. Apostolic Nuncio as he was, he gave admirable example in this respect: whenever he met any of them in the public streets, he would kneel and kiss their hand; nor would he ever undertake a journey, or other important affair in the service of God, without first consulting the bishop.

He was informed that a very learned priest, to whom he had intrusted the church of St. Thomas, lived at variance with the vicar of the place, or at least that their opinions did not coincide: he wrote him a very sensible and serious letter, although he was an aged man and had lived some time with St. Ignatius,—a circumstance of itself

sufficient to secure the respect of Xavier. The letter accomplished its intended object, as well it might, considering the substance of it. In it he reproves the father for having so little profited in virtue by his intercourse with and by the example he had seen in St. Ignatius, their blessed father: indeed, it seemed, on the contrary, to have been more injurious than beneficial, judging from his own imprudence. After which he goes on to say, "You are mistaken, as well as many others who resemble you, if, not having great humility, and showing it by its effects, you fancy that just because you belong to the Society you may follow your own notions, without any regard to the virtue of our Father Ignatius, who, for the sake of his virtue, has been raised by Almighty God to such repute and authority. And do you aim at the authority, without the virtues which alone can acquire it? Remember, it is better to do a *little* with peace, than a *great deal* with turbulence and scandal. Where there is the latter, we destroy more with one hand than we build up with the other; and, by trying to grasp too much, we lose all." After other things, he thus resumes the subject:—"By that love and obedience which you owe to Father Ignatius, I entreat of you, on the receipt of this letter, to repair immediately to the vicar and place yourself on both knees before him, most humbly asking his pardon for what has occurred, and then kiss his hands. It would even be more gratifying to me if you were to kiss his feet, promising him never more to oppose his will in the smallest degree. Believe me, when you lie at the point of death, you will rejoice to have done

this. Rely on God, and be convinced that when his divine Majesty, and men too, shall have witnessed your submission, the very fact of it will draw such blessings upon you that you will succeed in whatever you undertake for the honor and service of our Lord and for the benefit and salvation of your neighbor." He concludes the letter with these words of more than paternal tenderness:—"O my dear brother, if you could but know the affection which dictates the words I now write, you would remember me day and night: perhaps even the love I bear you might excite your tears. If in this life it were permitted us to behold each other's hearts, believe me, you would see yourself enshrined in mine."

Thus, like a good father and an equally good superior, he qualified the bitter with the sweet; and, as St. Gregory Nazianzen expresses himself, he knew how to act the part of a prudent as well as of a gentle shepherd, by applying the crook when the voice of song did not suffice to recall the wandering sheep.

The expressions and reference to St. Ignatius contained in this letter remind me of the great respect which Xavier ever entertained for his holy father: he evidently thought that his mere name ought to be sufficient to correct a wayward subject and bring him back to the strait path of duty. In the superscription of his latter letters he expressly calls him *holy father*, and always appeals familiarly "*to your holy charity.*" Whenever he spoke of him, which was very often indeed, he always added the term *saint* to his name. He

wept over his letters with mingled feelings of reverence and delight; and he himself tells us that he never read the letters written to him by St. Ignatius, or wrote to him, otherwise than on his knees. He implored him for the love of Jesus Christ to send him some pupil according to his own spirit, to be his director and the master of his soul,—one who might stimulate his sloth, and warm the tepidity of his heart, so cold in the things of God, —one who would bring with him a spark of the glowing fire which burned in the soul of Ignatius.

More than once did our blessed apostle profess his readiness to abandon all his vast enterprises in the East, and, at the least sign of his holy father's will, to recross the ocean and again become a novice in the school of his great master.

Our task would be incomplete if we entirely omitted to notice the magnificent shrine and tomb provided by the devoted zeal of Father Marcellus Mastrilli, or if we neglected to inform the reader that the right arm, which, by order of Father General Aquaviva, was severed from the blessed body and conveyed to Lisbon, as already related, was thence transferred to the capital of the Christian world, where a magnificent little chapel was prepared for its reception by the pious munificence of Monsignor John Francis Negroni, one of the most distinguished prelates of the Roman court. Here, exposed to the veneration of the public, in close proximity with the tomb of the holy father, is deposited the arm of the most glorious of his sons,—an arm which had destroyed so many idols, baptized so many nations, raised so many dead to

life, and wrought so many other stupendous miracles.

The body of the Apostle of the Indies remained at Goa, continuing after death a succession of the same wonders which had rendered him so illustrious in life. About eighty years after his entombment in the manner before narrated, the body was again examined, and rehabited in a magnificent chasuble embroidered with pearls and other precious stones, the gift of her catholic majesty Queen Isabella, who deemed herself rich in receiving in exchange for it the old one in which the saint had previously been buried. The new shrine in which the precious body was at the same time deposited is very large, composed of massive silver superbly worked, adorned with statues, gold embroidery, enamels, and jewels: its cover is equally valuable, made in the form of a close crown, the whole surmounted by a splendid canopy sustained by several beautiful columns. It is generally believed that no saint honored by the Church has ever been more magnificently entombed than St. Francis Xavier: this is due to the reverential love of his devoted client Father Marcellus Francis Mastrilli, who, as he passed through Goa, on his way to the mission of Japan, procured this valuable piece of workmanship by means of alms collected by him for the purpose in Europe and the Indies.

The singularity of the circumstances connected with the life and death of Father Mastrilli would almost seem (according to human views and notions) to tell us that the holy apostle was hardly

satisfied in heaven, and that, having been unable to obtain the crown of martyrdom himself, he would positively find a substitute, who should win the honor, if not for him, at least instead of him. For, appearing to Father Mastrilli in the garb of a pilgrim, and as if still anxious to pursue his voyages, labors, and preaching, which death had interrupted, he dictated to Mastrilli a formula of prayer imploring the grace of martyrdom in these words:—"I earnestly implore the grace of shedding my blood for thee,—a grace which the Apostle of the Indies, Francis Xavier, after all his labors, did not obtain." Men of holy penetration are of opinion that Almighty God permitted Xavier to find a substitute for martyrdom in the person of Father Mastrilli, and allowed him to suffer, through his beloved friend and client, what he himself was no longer in a condition to undergo. Facts, at all events, go far to justify this opinion; for He miraculously restored him to life at a moment when the doctors had declared his case hopeless; He led him through a succession of miracles from Europe to Japan, where, naturally speaking, we might have imagined him destined to work numberless grand conversions: nevertheless, scarcely had he set foot in Japan ere he met with martyrdom,—as if for *this*, and *this alone*, had Xavier guided him thither. His death was of the most torturing description. For four consecutive days did he remain in *the pit*, hanging head downward, in a rapture all the time, enjoying the sweet consolations of Almighty God and of his glorious patron. Being still alive when removed from the *pit*, he was decapitated on the 17th of October, 1637.

It remains now for us, who so admire the greatness of this glorious apostle, and who enjoy the advantage of his protection from heaven,—it remains for us, I say, to aspire to the imitation of his virtues, as the Church expresses herself in the prayer appropriated to the saint:—"May we, who venerate his glorious merits, imitate the example of his virtue! Amen."

THE END.

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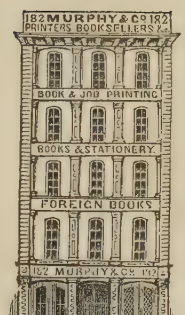

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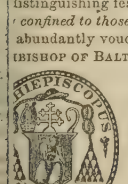

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